

PATRICK CUDAHY

HIS LIFE



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1849-1912

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PATRICK CUDAHY
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Dedicated to
MY OLD SWEETHEART
ANNA M. CUDAHY

PREFACE.

Please do not imagine that it is egotism or self-esteem that causes me to write this story of my life, for my story is the same that thousands of other men can tell, only much more flattering to themselves than what mine is.

My purpose in doing so is, that I presumed it might be of interest to my children, or to their children, when I have passed away. It has also served as a pastime, and afforded me some pleasure to call up those old by-gone days.

PATRICK CUDAHY.

PATRICK CUDAHY: HIS LIFE



CHAPTER I.

I was born, so I have been told, in a little village or town named Callan, in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland, on the seventeenth day of March, 1849, which, as everybody knows, is St. Patrick's Day. Being born on St. Patrick's Day, they said I brought my name with me, so they named me Patrick.

My father was left an orphan at about ten years of age and was adopted by a religious order known as Franciscan Friars. He was known among the people of the town as the Priests' Boy. Those friars were a community something after the order of the Jesuits. They had no parish assigned to them, consequently were obliged to look for their means of support in a general way, principally from the farmers of the surrounding country. My father used to tell about what they called "questing expeditions." A couple of the priests, accompanied by their priests' boy, would mount horses and ride out into the country, visiting among the farmers in search of means of support, and it was very interesting to hear my father tell of his experiences in this way. Some of the farmers felt highly honored to have the priests call and would prepare quite a feast for them, while others, like the society lady, were "not at home." On Sundays my father also passed the contribution box, or as he styled it, "collected the pennies." In this way he had quite an opportunity of making sheep's eyes at the girls of the

parish, and he finally succeeded in securing one of the handsomest girls of the parish for a bride.

She was the daughter of a man named John Shaw, who had a little pottery and made flower pots for those they styled "gentlemen" in the old country, holders of large estates, who had greenhouses, etc. John Shaw's daughter was a brunette, about ten years younger than my father, and, according to family talk later in life, I should judge she was something of a belle. She used to tell about the small shoes she wore, how she had to soap her stockings to get them on. It was good fun to hear my father and mother chaffing one another. My father would sometimes boast of the girls he might have had, and my mother claim that the only girl he ever knew, besides herself, was one of the dried-up, wrinkled-faced class of uncertain age, named Nellie Shasby, and he in turn would get back at her in the same manner. She certainly made him a splendid wife and a splendid mother to her children. She was the financial manager of the family. My father, as well as his sons, turned over their earnings each week to her and asked no questions.

Grandfather Shaw was a chipper, bright sort of a man and was very proud of his pottery. He used to tell of a couple of priests who called on him on one occasion. One of the reverend gentlemen thought he would be witty, and on account of Shaw's trade—making articles from clay—said to him, "Shaw, you come nearer to the Creator than any other kind of work we know of." Shaw returned, "A potter's work, and a potter's air, no man but a potter can compare." He was very proud of the fact that he was admitted within the walls of some of those large estates. At one time he attended a celebra-





MY MOTHER



MY FATHER

tion of the blooming of a century plant, and I remember his telling about how the roof of the hot-house had to be opened so as to allow the stem of the plant to grow through.

During the years 1847-48-49 there was a famine in Ireland, owing to misgovernment, lack of employment, and the failure of the crops, and anybody that could scrape up money enough left there and came to America. As I have heard my mother say, years before the famine, when people were leaving Ireland, there was great sadness and sorrowing, but during the famine, wherever people had means enough to go away, sorrowing was changed to rejoicing.

Grandfather Shaw sold out his pottery and business, for which he got something like five hundred pounds. He was the capitalist of the party and loaned my father enough money to take his family along with him to America. They left Callan in June, 1849, three months after your humble servant saw the light of day. They took passage on a sailing vessel named the "Good Wind," but I have often heard my mother say that it should have been called the "Bad Wind," for they knocked about on the ocean for something like three months, lost their course, and had all kinds of trouble. The "Good Wind" was loaded with pig iron, and whenever she would roll from one side to the other there would be more or less rolling of the pig iron with her. I have often tried to imagine the sufferings of my dear mother taking care of an infant three months old under such conditions.

They landed in Boston and came direct to Milwaukee by way of canal and lake, which was another long, tedious journey. Milwaukee in those days was one of the

boomed towns. Immigrant agents were sent east to picture the "land of milk and honey," and they did so to the queen's taste. People were made to believe that they could pick up gold dollars on the streets in Milwaukee, but it certainly was a very sore disappointment when they reached their destination.

Our first place of residence was somewhere about the corner of Eighth and Clybourn Streets, and in those days a man could get a fifty-foot lot in that neighborhood for a week's work. Grandfather Shaw had still in his possession something over two hundred pounds sterling, and if he had invested it in city lots at that time he would have made everyone belonging to him rich, but as the fellow says, "If your foresight was as good as your hindsight, you would know a great sight."

We moved from this location out to what was then quite a distance in the country, into a little log cabin located directly south of what is now West, or Washington Park. My father got employment with a man by the name of Beecher, who owned a farm and nursery. We lived there for probably five or six years, and I can remember well going to our nearest neighbor for milk. They were an American family by the name of Breed. Mr. Breed was short and chunky. He also carried around something of a corporation. The old lady was just the opposite, pale-faced, tall and slender, of very kindly disposition, and I can today see her kind smile as she would give me the pail of milk free of charge.

In those days there was very little employment to be had, as there were no factories or manufacturing of any kind. About the only employment was what was furnished by brickyards and railroad building. The first

portion of what is now the great Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul system was then being built as far as Waukesha. There was a brickyard located a short distance east of the Beecher farm. My father moved from the log cabin into a small cottage at a point which would now be Thirty-fourth Street and Cold Spring Avenue and found employment in this brickyard.

The brickyard was owned by a man named Joseph Carney. The Carneys were Irish, but must have come to this country at a very early period, for the son, Joseph, was quite an American in his ways and spoke without any foreign accent. Joseph's mother was a tall, strong old lady, of the genuine Irish type. Both she and her husband used to smoke a pipe, and sometimes one of the pipes would disappear and it would get down to one pipe between the two. The old lady's name was Nell and the old man's name was Michael, but Mick for short, and when they were down to one pipe between them, it would be, "Mick, what did you do with the pipe?" and sometimes there would be lively disputes as to who had it last. Mick was one of the old foxy Irish type of a man, and as his son Joe got to be something of a swell, it devolved on the old man to run the business. There were no trades unions in those days and the length of the day consisted in the length of daylight, it was from sunrise to sunset, and no pay for overtime.

The manufacture of brick was very crude. The machine was made by spiking three inch planks, about five feet long, together in the form of a box without ends. This box was set in a perpendicular position. On the inside were wooden spokes and a wooden shaft set in a socket at the bottom and also at the top, with wooden

spokes. On the top of the shaft was attached a sweep, and a horse hitched to the end of this sweep went round and round. This machine did the grinding or mixing of the clay, the clay being shoveled in by hand with plenty of water thrown in with it. At the mouth of the machine stood a man in a barrel sunk in the ground, and as the mud came out he took handfuls of it and slapped it into molds, scraping off the surplus mud with a stick made for the purpose. Then the molds were carried out and the brick were laid in the yard until ready to be placed in a kiln.

Now, if there came a shower before those brick were put into what was known as hakes, the brick would be spoiled, and it was a generally understood thing that if there was any sign of rain the employees of the brickyard turned out and haked the brick, without pay, whether it was Sundays or nights, it made no difference. And old Mick Carney was not slow to take advantage of this voluntary, or involuntary, service. Whenever a cloud appeared on the sky of a Sunday afternoon or in the evening before dark, he would go out drumming up the boys to come and hake the brick; and the boys, knowing what they were to expect in case there was a cloud, generally made themselves scarce.

Most of the men that were married lived in cottages on the property adjacent to the brickyard, owned also by Carney. Then they had a large boarding place with a lot of bunks in it for the unmarried men. On the door of this boarding shanty where the boys bunked was a loose thumb latch that made a terrific noise when it was rattled. Old Mick was always up before daylight and one of the means he had of awakening the boys was to

rattle this latch, so they nicknamed him "Rattle-the-hasp." One devil among the crowd thought he would play a practical joke on the old man, so he got a shot gun, loaded it with a good sized charge of powder and arranged, by tying a string to the trigger, the other end to the hasp, so that it would discharge the gun when the old man came to rattle the hasp in the morning. It worked perfectly—the gun went off as planned—the old man, scared to death, dropped on his knees with his hands up in the air and recited several litanies before rising. Yet, although badly scared, it did not interfere with his rattling the hasp the next morning.

This old man had a pair of lungs equal to any bellows that ever worked an organ. There was no steam whistle or bell to signal the men to begin or quit work. Old man Carney used to stand on the top of a knoll, make a kind of a funnel of his two hands, and yell "choo-oo" and you could hear that "choo-oo" for a mile around.

The younger Carney, as I have already stated, like a great many other Irishmen, could not stand prosperity. The brick making business was quite profitable and they made plenty of money, but the young fellow had to have a couple of driving horses and finally got into politics, was elected a member of the state legislature, and between fast horses, politics and whiskey, it did not take long to wind him up with a long string of creditors and little or nothing to meet his indebtedness. Some of the younger men that were employed by Carney were inclined to allow their earnings to remain with him and when he failed, he was owing some of those men a hundred dollars or more, which was a lot of money in those days. There was not very much recourse to the courts

at that time. Physical force was resorted to oftener than courts, and I remember well one good, strong, husky fellow calling at regular intervals to give Carney a thrashing in order to get some of the money that was due him. Every time he whipped Carney or threatened to whip him, Carney gave the fellow some money. So finally things wound up by Carney skipping the country and going off to some place unknown to his creditors. Some said California, but nobody knew where.

While I still have the brickyard in mind I must tell something that is quite comical. There was a slaughterhouse adjacent to the brickyard which was used by the Milwaukee retail butchers. They bought their cattle in the country in small lots, brought them to the slaughterhouse and killed them; and, by the way, it was in this slaughterhouse that my oldest brother, who is now in the pork packing business and is several times a millionaire, first got his insight, or taste, for the business, and in fact placed the rest of the brothers in the same line.

Among the other animals around this slaughterhouse there was one particular animal that no one laid claim to. It was an old boar, and this old boar used to go about and do about as he saw fit. One of his favorite walks was over into Carney's brickyard, and occasionally he would get onto the soft brick, walk about on them during the night, and, of course, spoil quite a bit of property. Carney notified the slaughterhouse people that unless they kept that dashed hog at home he would shoot him, but as nobody in particular claimed the ownership of Mr. Boar, nobody paid any attention to Carney's threat. So a night or two after the aforesaid threat, Mr. Boar, in his walks, took in the brickyard again. Carney

was laying for him, brought out his double barreled shot gun, loaded with buckshot, and fired, and I presume he imagined that he would have some fresh pork for breakfast, but instead of that, our old gentleman hog simply gave a grunt and walked off as though he never was hit at all. Anybody that understands what a boar's hide is will not criticise this statement as to its truthfulness.

My father and one of my brothers worked for Carney in the brickyard. The character of the men that were employed at such work those days was very different from the character of the men that are employed at such work today, for, as I have stated before, it was about the only employment there was at the time. Some highly educated men, as well as men that had once seen good times, left their homes in the East and came West and were obliged to go into brickyards, or anywhere they could, to make a living.

Directly in front of our little cottage was a piece of heavy timber land. Some of the trees would cut three cords of wood. It was commonly called Cudahy's woods. The owner of it I think was an eastern party, but my father assumed ownership and whenever a tree blew down he was ready with his axe to cut it into firewood, and if anybody else turned up and wanted one of those trees he would order them off.

My brother and myself one day got some of the offal from the slaughterhouse, such as lungs, livers, etc., and gathering some sticks and branches, made a toy shop alongside of an old fallen tree three or four feet in diameter, near our house, and went through the form of keeping a butcher market, or, in other words, we played butcher market.

The next day my mother, after washing and wringing out a towel, snapped it in the air to take the wrinkles out of it, making a report which started up a big black bear from where we had our butcher shop the day before. Mr. Bruin was having a feast all by himself. He ran off through the woods, and the men in the brickyard, on hearing about it, left their work, picked up shovels, picks, or anything they could get hold of, to chase the bear. Finally an old farmer, who was in the habit of shooting deer in the wintertime, put an end to Mr. Bruin and also to the excitement, with his rifle.

The bear incident illustrates how thinly settled the country, which is now a part of a great city, was at that time. It was a common thing to have Indian callers at your house, trading baskets, beads, etc., for food.

My father was a very simple, honest Irishman. To illustrate: He and I were out walking one winter day and he found a very handsome shawl that fell out of some sleigh in which some well dressed woman was riding, and instead of bringing the shawl home and waiting for the owner to call for it, he hung it up on a rail fence near the spot where he found it, feeling that he had no right to take it with him. I have often heard about people being so honest that they lean backward, and I think my father must have been troubled that way. When he got home he told about his experience and received a curtain lecture from my mother for being so foolish.

There were no such things as delivery wagons for delivering meats or groceries at that time. The house-keeper had to take her basket on her arm and carry home her purchases. From where we lived to the first store in the city was a good three miles, and my mother used to

tramp that distance back and forth and carry home her large basketful on her arm. Whenever she happened to be late in getting home, some of us would be out to meet her half way and help to carry the load. I remember one evening my father took me with him for that purpose, and as I was only a child he thought it was rather hard on me to walk so far, so he picked me up and carried me for a short distance. Just then a man came along with a horse and wagon and father pitched me in the hind end of the wagon, thinking he would walk behind. The fellow must have been a pretty mean kind of a chap, for as soon as he got me into the wagon he whipped up the horse and drove away and left my father running as fast as his legs could carry him behind, yelling out, "Let out my boy. Let out my boy." I seemed to have had sense enough myself to take in the situation, for I jumped out the hind end, or rather tumbled myself out in a bundle on the road.

About this time father bought a clock, and I want you to understand that a clock was quite a dignified piece of furniture in those days. People that could afford to buy clocks were considered working up. The clock was one of the old fashioned square kind, with a couple of heavy iron weights that were hung on fish cord. It was wound with a key made in the shape of a crank. The space between the floor and ceiling of our cottage must have been fully fourteen feet, and father fastened the clock to the wall, or placed it on a shelf, snug up to the ceiling, so that when he went to wind it he was obliged to stand on a chair to reach it. Presume his object in hanging it so high was to place it in a position where the youngsters could not get at it.

The winding of this clock was as regular as though automatic. He wound it every night just before going to bed at nine o'clock. Like all other clocks, of course, it got out of repair now and then and would not keep proper time. We had a man in the neighborhood, a sort of jack-of-all-trades, named Kelch, and whenever the clock got out of repair, Kelch was called in. The clock was taken down off the shelf, laid on its back on the table, and Kelch would take some of the wheels apart, get a bottle of castor oil or goose oil, or something like that, and with a goose feather proceed to oil up the clock. This was quite a piece of work and Kelch generally had an audience. If the weather was real warm and the flies were kept out of it, the clock would continue to run, but if it got cold the oil or grease got hard and the clock balked.

I had this old clock in my possession at the time that I got married, but my wife was not much of a hand for heirlooms and it disappeared, where, I know not.

CHAPTER II.

As employment in the brickyard was only for a short period during the summer, the men were obliged to save up what they could during the summer season and put in supplies to take care of them for the winter. Outside of the brickyard there was little to do, only chopping cord wood for fifty cents a cord, so my father bought quite a piece of standing timber from our friend Breed, which he chopped and sold. I was his partner at the chopping. There was a great deal of snow that winter and when a tree was chopped down it would pretty nearly bury itself in the snow, so the first thing that was to be done was to dig away the snow in order to work at the tree. As soon as the snow was shoveled away my father got at the trunk of the tree and I at the limbs. I chopped off the limbs and cut them in four-foot lengths, piled up the brush, and after he had split the logs into cord wood I did the piling. The weather was dreadfully cold and the sap was frozen in the wood. The iron wedges with which we split the logs were like ice, so when one attempted to drive the wedge into a log it would bound ten feet in the air after each blow with a mall. To overcome this, we had to make a fire and heat the wedges. We also found a fire necessary to thaw out our coffee, which was frozen into a solid chunk. Our bread, too, froze and we had to cut it in little square pieces with the axe in order to eat it.

This may all sound like a good deal of hardship, yet we did not seem to mind it and rather enjoyed our work. I do not think that I was over ten years old at the time I was helping to chop this wood. Such a thing as getting a boy ten years old nowadays to undertake such hardship is out of the question. If there was such a thing it would be written up in the papers in large headlines.

After telling this story of hardship I can also tell of a good many pleasant days, for it was in the neighborhood of Carney's brickyard that I spent my boyhood days. Through the woods and meadows on a farm nearby ran quite a stream, where we used to go fishing with bent pins for hooks. This little stream was full of bass and bullheads, large turtles, and occasionally we saw a large black water snake sunning himself out on the bank of the stream. In the spring of the year, during what we called the freshets, those streams would fill up and large fish, known as suckers, would swim up from Lake Michigan to spawn. The neighbors and farmers all around would turn out and go fishing for two weeks during this sucker season.

The suckers were caught with a square dip net, made with two hickory bows crossed and the net fastened to the ends of the bows. This net was dipptd into the stream and hoisted out again every little while. If there was a fish, or a number of fish, passing over the net at the time it was lifted out, they were caught. The fishermen built campfires all along the stream and camped out until twelve o'clock at night, and sometimes all night, fishing.

The red glow of the campfires burning at intervals on the edge of the little river and the fishermen moving

quietly about, dipping and hoisting the nets, the splash of the water and shouts when a good haul was made, all made quite a picture, especially on the mind of a young boy, as I was then.

One family of boys that I used to play with, by the name of Kirk, quite a numerous family, had one boy who used to stammer terribly, so much so that it was painful to look at him making faces while trying to talk. During this fishing season, if he saw some of those large fish in the water, he would get so excited that one could not understand a word he said. He went off something after this fashion, "Yook-yook-yook yite-yite-yite in th-there. S'saw yate bid sutter yun yi-yite onder yot yog."

The Kirks were north of Ireland people and the old lady could quote scripture by the yard. She was one of the slovenly kind that would sooner tie a knot in her skirt than put a stitch in it. They subscribed for the "New York Ledger," which was a very popular weekly at that time, containing continued stories, and she put in most of her time reading the New York Ledger. She would say that it did not make much difference about the back, but the belly had to be kept up, meaning that it did not matter what she had to wear, as long as she had something good to eat, and she looked it. The poor old drudge of a man was at work all the time and was a fair wage earner, but they always appeared poverty stricken.

The Kirk boys and I used to run together and fish and swim and play, as boys always did play and always will. One day we went to what was known as the old Cold Spring House, which was run by a man named Borum. Borum was an old sport. He kept a meat market in the city before he became proprietor of the Cold Spring

House and people used to tell this about him : that if any fellow who was handy with his fists came into his shop, Borum and he would spar a bout, no matter how many customers were waiting to be waited upon.

Borum got the oldest Kirk boy and myself, made a ring for us and set us sparing. We punched each other until I got a bloody nose, then I begged my opponent to wait until I had stopped the blood, when I went at him again and fought it out to a finish. I was somewhat heavier, and although Borum called it a draw, I think that Kirk got a little the worst of the fight.

When I was about eight years old I was packed off to school. The school was in a small frame building, contained but one room, twenty feet by forty feet, with desks in the rear end and one bench down along the wall in front. Our teacher was a woman of about forty, a very fine looking person, named Pendergrass. There was only one other of my own size and age attending the school. She was a roly-poly little German girl with the waist of her dress up under her arms. The teacher did not dignify us enough to put us in a class, but had us recite at her knee while she sat in a chair, yet there was rivalry enough between my little German friend and myself to make me work good and hard.

This Miss Pendergrass boarded with a family named Rood. There were three of the Rood girls and their brother, attending the school. The girls were young ladies of twenty and over and the brother was probably sixteen. It was in the summertime, and a large square stove that had been used for a heater during the previous winter still remained out in the middle of the floor. The Rood boy had done something that was not just proper,

and the teacher, in order to punish him, called him out and sentenced him to sit on top of the stove for a certain number of minutes. The second oldest of the Rood girls became infuriated at the sight of her brother sitting on the stove and went out to the teacher and demanded of her that she release the brother. The teacher refused, whereupon Maria let go with a third reader and hit the teacher over the right eye, blackening her eye as much as if she had been through a fight in the slums.

I am now sixty-two years old and have related a number of little sensations that occurred between the time that I was five and ten years of age, and I remember them as vividly as if it were yesterday. I have a theory of my own about this long distance memory, which is, that all the startling events in one's life, especially when young, are photographed on the brain, otherwise we would not remember things that happened fifty years ago and forget things that happened last week.

My Grandfather Shaw became somewhat broken up and dissatisfied on account of breaking up his home in the old country and he was rather a disagreeable customer to live with. He went off, out to a country town, and started in the fruit business, and, being of a trading disposition, he made money. His wife came to live with us, and when my mother went shopping or was absent from home, the old lady took her place as proprietor.

I can remember on one particular occasion, when I was out romping around with some other boys, and returning home in the evening, after being a good-for-nothing loafer all day, the old lady met me with a smile, but as soon as she got her hand well fastened in my hair, the smile vanished and I got a good thrashing. I do not

think I ever felt so mean about anything as I did about that thrashing. It was not the thrashing so much as the deceitful way she got hold of me.

Right near where we lived was a farmer named Bagley and on this farm was a small pond, i. e., the surface was small, but it was quite deep. My younger brother and I, instead of going to church like good boys, went over to Bagley's pond with our skates on a Sunday morning in March, and as the ice was of the thin, rubbery kind that we sometimes have in spring, we had a good deal of fun in trying to break in. Before we gave up, we succeeded in breaking through in about the middle of the pond. When we came up we caught onto the ice, but it being weak, every time we got a hold it broke off and down we went. One of the boys got a long pole and after several attempts finally got us out. Our cold wet clothes and the fear of punishment made us two very miserable boys and we went home shivering like a pair of drowned rats. However, when we related our terrible experience, they were so happy that we were not drowned that instead of giving us a thrashing we were treated fairly well, given dry clothes, put to bed, and also given hot drinks and made generally comfortable.

Miller's Brewery, which is now quite a large concern, was then a small two-story frame building, located on the Watertown Plank Road, about a half mile east of what is now Thirty-fourth Street. In connection with the brewery was quite a large bar-room, which was a meeting place for Wauwatosa politicians, and as the Carney brickyard was located in Wauwatosa, the employees cut quite a figure in politics. I remember going there with my father one time when I was a youngster,

to attend one of those caucuses. There was any amount of speech-making, such as it was, on both sides, and, of course, plenty of the amber-colored liquid to inspire enthusiasm. The meeting, as it has occurred at a great many other meetings, broke up in a row or a general pitched battle all around. There were bloody noses, torn shirts and all sorts of mishaps. I was too young, of course, to remember what the discussion was about, but do not suppose it was anything of any great importance, only a chance for a general scrap.

A German farmer named Ebel, who lived about a mile west of the brewery, was the leading light in politics on the democratic ticket and chairman of the meeting. I can remember the way he would put a motion, in a sort of a sing-song tone, "All that is in favor, say I, contrary no."

After working a couple of years in the brickyard, the work being very hard and trying, my mother persuaded my father to look around for something else. He got employment with a farmer named Parker, who had a small farm and nursery combined, raising vegetables and garden truck. He had a large patch of carrots and my father was engaged in hoeing and thinning out those carrots, and on days when there was no school he would take me with him and I volunteered my services at the weeding and thinning of the carrots, free of charge.

Mrs. Parker was a kind-hearted old lady of what we would call the Yankee type. When she saw that I was out in the field with my father, she brought me a large chunk of fine gingerbread and a glass of milk for lunch, about ten o'clock. This she did for two or three days in succession. I began to think that in order to be dig-

nified or independent, or not considered a pauper, I must decline the nice lunch. She tried to prevail upon me to accept it, but after saying no, I stuck to it, thanked her very much, but said I did not wish for it, and, of course, that ended my nice lunch. The old lady never attempted to force it on me again and I never was so sorry for anything I ever did in my life as I was for refusing to accept the old lady's hospitality.

Speaking of this Mr. Parker, he was one of the old time dyed-in-the-wool republicans, and my father, being a Roman Catholic and an Irishman, of course, must be a dyed-in-the-wool democrat. The voting precinct was in the village of Wauwatosa, and on election day my father rode out to the village with Mr. Parker, got out of his buggy, shook hands with his democratic friends and voted the democratic ticket. At one time there was some issue which was quite exciting and each vote was considered of great importance, and I think Mr. Parker endeavored, in a mild way, to influence my father to vote the republican ticket, but, of course, it was no go.

Our friend Carney, the brickmaker, who was something of a politician, was on the ground soliciting democratic votes. He met Mr. Parker, and saluting him, asked, "Where is your man Cudahy today?" Mr. Parker replied, "He is my man every day but election day, and on election day he is yours."

My father learned of the conversation and was somewhat disturbed, fearing that possibly Parker's disappointment might result in losing his job, but after election was over, party feeling vanished and they were once more as good friends as ever.

The Civil War broke out while we were still living

in the old cottage, and what was known in those days as the Fair Grounds was converted into a military camp. The southwest corner of the camp ground was within two or three hundred feet of our cottage and I was back and forth among the soldiers during the first years of the war. I have very vivid recollections of the drilling of the men and the punishment of the unruly ones in the guard house, etc. Being a youngster, about twelve years of age, I was allowed to poke about anywhere I wanted.

Speaking of this old camp ground, there was a nice little butternut grove right in the southwest corner and before it was converted into a camp for soldiers, we boys used to make use of the grove as a playground and gather nuts. I remember one Sunday several well dressed men came out from the city in a rig. I was rambling through the grove and had stopped to knock down some butternuts. The men asked me if I would crack some of the nuts for them, which I readily volunteered to do. After cracking nuts for probably half an hour, one of them gave me a silver dollar. I do not think any sum of money ever looked so big to me as that dollar did. I ran away home as fast as my legs could carry me and gave the dollar to my mother, and I tell you it made me feel happy to do so.

Often have I thought of the cause and effect of where people are poor and of the homes from which spring the self-made men of the country. The father and mother of a large family in times such as I have been telling about, sit around the fireside at night and the subject for conversation or discussion is, what are we going to do to provide for the winter; where are we going to get the wherewith? The boys of five or six years and up to

fourteen or fifteen are sitting about, drinking in the father's and mother's conversation and feel part of the distress themselves, and if it were possible for them to assist in any way, nothing would give them greater pleasure, that is, if they are made of the right stuff. So as soon as an opportunity presents itself this young bare-foot boy is only too glad to take advantage of it to help the family. This is the grinding that we generally speak of, that makes the man.

Now we will take that youngster and follow him along until he becomes a successful business man and accumulated some wealth, in case that such has been his good fortune. We will take his fireside and his family; the subject is not, where are we going to provide means to get through the winter, but, what is there in the theaters tonight; where will we go to have a good time? The fashions are discussed, different places of amusement, different excursions, etc., etc. And his sons drink in this atmosphere instead of the one that he himself drank in when he was young. So who can blame the boy of the well-to-do father if he is not the same success that the father has been? It is an old saying, "Necessity is the mother of invention," and so poverty has been the making of many a prosperous man.

There being eight in the family, including the grandmother and the children and the times being such as I have described, it was necessary for my oldest brother to go out and hustle to help to support the family, when he was a mere boy. He had very little opportunity for going to school. It was work when you could get work and go to school when you could not. In fact, that was the case with all of us, but especially so in his case. Yet

he was so ambitious for an education and made such good use of his time, whatever he had to spare, that he became a fairly well educated man, so much so that later in life, as he appeared in society, he might be taken for a college graduate. He was a great student and a great reader. When he was about sixteen years of age he would study at home at night and also conduct a sort of a night school for the other brothers, as well as a couple of boys of the neighborhood.

Among them was a big strapping Irish chap named Kelley, who just landed from Ireland at the age of twenty, without any education whatever. My brother took him in hand and taught him his letters, and after Kelley got a taste of learning he was about as ambitious as anybody could be, to advance himself and did so fairly well, at least to the extent of reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic.

Speaking again of my oldest brother, he was always more of a father to the rest of us boys than what our father was. Our father being a simple kind of a man, my oldest brother seemed to feel that it devolved upon him to help steer the ship.

About this very time that I speak of, when he was sixteen years old, John Plankinton had platted a piece of land into city lots, lying west of Twelfth Street and north of Chestnut Street and as the sale of the lots was very slow, he offered as an inducement, employment to anyone who would purchase one of the lots, paying for it with a portion of his weekly earnings. My father was very much taken with the proposition and thought it would be a good way of getting a home, but my oldest brother objected, saying to my father, "It would be a

great mistake for you to buy a lot and settle in that part of the city. You have a large family of boys and there is no end of temptation over there in the way of Saturday night dances, beer saloons, etc., and although you might acquire a home, it would probably be the ruination of some of your boys."

I could not have been over eight years old at the time, yet I remember distinctly the words that passed between father and son, and it struck me at the time as being a wise position that my oldest brother took and rather an odd one, coming from a son to a father.

This has been his position all through life, a sort of a father in the way of giving advice or calling us down whenever, in his judgment, we were making mistakes. When I was young I rather resented the interference. Boylike, I thought I could take care of myself. But as I became older and was able to analyze the situation of the past and appreciate the benefit derived from his suggestions and advice, I have always felt very grateful to him, and always shall, as long as I live, for whatever success I have met with can be attributed in a large measure to his guidance and watchfulness.

In about the year 1863 my father rented a small farm of about thirty acres, lying between the Watertown Plank Road and Spring Street, west of what is now Thirty-fourth Street, joining the Parker farm. He pastured cattle on this piece of ground and raised a little of everything in the farm line.

One of the cows was owned by a Mr. Carpenter, who lived on Eighth Street near Sycamore, and it was my duty to drive the cow back and forth every day. I took her home evenings and went for her in the morning. I

went barefooted, but I had a fancy red shirt trimmed with some kind of a braid, and I don't think any military officer was ever prouder of his epaulets than I was of that red shirt.

There was also a very nice orchard of apple trees and these apples brought in quite a bit of money. I think my father enjoyed this bit of land and the fact that he was proprietor of it very much. While father was proprietor of this little farm I also felt quite proud, watching the orchard so as to prevent the boys from stealing the apples, which were of fine quality at that time. I did not know any of the apples by name, but I remember one tree which bore apples that were very juicy, having a sort of a stimulating effect; so my younger brother and myself named the apples from this tree, whiskey apples. The little farm changed ownership and my father vacated it and moved to Palmer's addition, where he purchased a home.

We boys at that time used to go swimming in the Menominee River, which was quite a river at that time. It now passes through Pigsville, but is an insignificant little stream, nearly dries up during the summer season. On our way to the river to swim, we had to pass our old orchard. It was fenced with the old fashioned rail fence, and being one of the boys on the outside of the fence now, thought I would hop over and enjoy the sensation of stealing apples. I hadn't more than gotten over the fence when the new proprietor came after me with his dog. I cleared the fence with a bound and he and the dog after me. I never looked back until I had gotten out to Storey's. Then I looked over my shoulder, but the farmer, nor his dog, were nowhere to be seen.

Bet I ran faster than the famous Nancy Hanks ever did.

I was a lad of thirteen at this time and my mother thought it would be a good idea to put me at work in a grocery store where I would get some business training. She being a good customer of a man named Heinecke—one of God's chosen people, who kept a store on the corner of Fifth and Spring Streets (now Grand Avenue)—got me a job there. My wages were one dollar and a half a week, or twenty-five cents a day, without board. My duties were to wait on customers in the forenoon and deliver goods with a two-wheeled hand-cart in the afternoon. This being my first experience away from home, I became terribly homesick, although I went home every night.

I was a green country chap, for we had always lived on the outskirts of the city. One day I was sent to deliver a package at the residence of the Episcopalian minister of St. James Church. Not knowing any better, I either rapped on the front door, or rang the bell, do not remember which. The lady of the house opened the door and gave me the fiercest look I think I ever got, and ordered me around to the back door, asking me if I did not know any better than to deliver groceries at the front door. I tell you it taught me a lesson that I did not forget, so from that on I knew better than to go to anybody's front door with groceries.

Heinecke was one of the foxy kind and if there was a large order to be delivered at any great distance he would keep it for the last thing in the evening, so that there would be no chance for any loafing or soldiering. On one occasion he sent me out with a barrel of flour, bag of potatoes, and a lot of other groceries loaded in

my cart, to be delivered to a party over on Grove and about Greenfield Avenue. I had the party's name and street number, but being a greeny, I continued to ask everybody I met where such a man lived and where such a number was, until finally I found the house.

On the way home a terrible thunder storm came up and I was caught in the rain and was so scared and so anxious to get home I did not stop for anything, but continued right on on a dog trot, pushing my cart ahead of me, until I got back to the grocery store, where I left my cart and started for home, reaching there about nine o'clock at night, thoroughly drenched and frightened. This ended my occupation as a grocer's clerk, for I was so disgusted with my job that my mother could not persuade me to go back again.

Now I want to tell you more about our friend Kelley who I told you attended my brother's night school.

After acquiring a little learning in that way, he went to a public school, which I also attended at the same time. It was located (and the building is still standing, now used as a residence) directly opposite the Soldiers' Home Gate on the Blue Mound Road. Kelley by this time had grown a chin whisker, and the teacher, a Miss Jones, was a frail little creature about twenty years old, but in those days, as I have already said, boys worked when there was any work to be had, which was generally in the summertime, and attended school in the winter; so Miss Jones had a number of able bodied men in her school, who were four or five years her senior.

This Kelley was a powerful fellow, and along with it, somewhat of a bully. He wanted it understood that he could whip anybody in the school, and there was nobody

that really questioned that position, except one dried up fellow named Marseilles. Marseilles would not acknowledge Kelley's supremacy, nor would he fight him. I have seen Kelley tease him and twit him and almost pull his nose, yet Marseilles would not fight, nor yet was Kelley satisfied without giving him a thrashing.

One day in the spring of the year some of the boys cut off some little twigs, for what purpose I do not know, but Kelley did likewise, filled his pockets with little twigs, probably two inches in length, brought them in and put them in his desk. During school hours he was chewing one of the twigs. The teacher went up to him and said, "John, what have you got there?" "A few little twigs, ma'am," he answered. "Give them to me," Miss Jones requested. John, or Jack, as we used to call him, handed her one of the twigs. "Have you any more, John?" the teacher asked. Politely John answered, "Yes, ma'am." Again the teacher said, "Give them to me." And this continued on for as long as fifteen minutes until Miss Jones had her hand full of twigs and there were still some left.

In this little school, which consisted only of one room, the custom, when the reading lesson was called, was for all in that class to walk out into the open part of the schoolroom, where there was a long bench and, beginning at the head of the class, each one read a verse or paragraph. The remainder of the class sat on the bench and kept their eyes on their books, following the reader and when he or she got through, the others would announce or make known the mistakes the reader had made, and, of course, there was some credit mark for the one that discovered the most mistakes.

When it came to Kelley's turn to read he did not seem to pay much attention to lowering his voice or raising his voice at the proper marks, so that almost everyone in the class would be yelling out Kelley's mistakes. It would be "He called it, is." "Left out it," "Didn't raise his voice," "Didn't lower his voice," etc., etc. This aggravated Kelley and he would say out loud, "O, hear the little divils, 'He called it, is,' what a terrible mistake. 'Didn't raise his voice, didn't lower his voice,' isn't that terrible!"

Miss Jones would strike an attitude and put on the most stern face she could muster up and call out, "John, you must not talk out loud in school hours." John would say, "All right, ma'am, I won't do it again, ma'am." But the next day the same fun was repeated.

Kelley had a lot of what we might call Irish cunning and natural intelligence. He married a nice young girl, accumulated quite a bit of money and, as I learned afterward, was quite comfortable in life.

Before we leave the little cottage I have another sensation to relate. It was there my youngest brother was born. I do not remember just now in what month, but I know it was good and cold, and as old Irish people have a great sense of propriety about not having male members of the family about the house at such an event, one of my brothers and I were hustled out about midnight, not knowing the cause. We went to our friend Kelley's cottage and spent the night there, for Kelley's mother, a widow, was over at our house attending the reception of the new arrival, for in those days there was no so much fuss made over matters of that kind, and the neighbors generally lent a hand.

We had our breakfast at Kelley's and the notorious Jack cooked it himself. He had had a medium sized black pig that ran about the neighborhood, which he named the Black Stud. He had slaughtered and packed in a barrel, this black pig a short time prior to this event, and as we got up in the morning and Kelley was about to prepare the breakfast, he said, "Byes, I'm goin' to give yees a piece of the Black Stud fer breakfast." He fried some of it in a pan and we boys enjoyed our breakfast very much.

In due time we were admitted back to our home and everything went lovely.

CHAPTER III.

I have now come to my first experience in the packing business, which was with Edward Roddis, who was an Englishman engaged in the beef and pork packing business. The business at that time was largely in beef. It was packed in tierces, three hundred and four pounds to the tierce, packed especially for the British navy.

The hog slaughtering in those days was all done by the farmers in the country. The hogs were shipped in by country merchants to commission men in the city and again sold by the commission men to the packers. They were generally frozen as hard as ice and in order to get the frost out of them, they were hung on hooks in a steam-tight room and when the room was full, loose steam was turned on and continued so until they were thawed out. Naturally the larger hog would take longer to thaw than the smaller one would, so by the time the large hog was thawed out, the small hog was partly cooked.

Roddis, being an Englishman, undertook to make English cuts out of the smaller of those hogs, but by the time it was supposed to be cured and fit for packing, the most of it was almost rotten from the cooking it got in the steam room. I have seen wagon loads and wagon loads of it hauled out from their place on West Water Street to the Menominee Valley and there tanked into grease. Yet they did not know the cause of the spoiling

of the meat, nor did I at the time, but later in life my own experience taught me, and it all appeared clear to me why it was that Roddis had so much spoiled meat.

I was still a boy, and my occupation there was to carry the scrap, or offal meat, from the trimming benches down the stairs to a retail market, that was conducted in the front end of the building. There were no elevators, nor any way of doing things as they should have been done in those days, so I had a large wooden bucket that would hold about twenty-five pounds of meat and this I lugged downstairs and trotted back for another one, all day long.

My wages were three dollars per week. My boss, whose name was Roe, was the man who did the retailing. He was a brother-in-law of Roddis and was a crusty old bachelor about fifty years old, with a bad case of gout. He generally had his shoes about two sizes too large, then cut in strips like ribbons of leather in order to give his poor old toes some relief. Owing to the gout and general disposition of bachelors, he was very cross, in fact, he rarely, if ever, said a kind word to poor me, and if he ran out of meat, whether there was any for me to bring down or not, when I showed up I got a good tongue thrashing.

He must have been about as ugly at home in Roddis' house with the servants as he was with me, for it was the custom to send his dinner down from the Roddis house with the coachman, and on one particular occasion he must have had a bad case of gout the night before, and must have made it very unpleasant for the servants, for when his dinner arrived it was packed in a vessel and wrapped up with several nice white napkins. He went

out to the sleigh and brought it in, unwrapped the different nice white napkins, but when he got down to the vessel, low and behold it was one of those vessels that are kept under the bed at night.

The girls must have made up their minds to leave and thought they would give Dan Roe a parting shot. The poor old fellow did not have sense enough to keep the practical joke to himself, but went about among the men, telling what a miserable trick was played on him, and, of course, everybody enjoyed the joke.

I presume that Mr. Roddis' fame as a wealthy packer and employer of men was spread broadcast among his home people in England, for every year brought out a contingent of green Englishmen that applied for work and were generally taken care of. They certainly were the greenest set of all the greenhorns that ever left the old country.

The Roddis packing house had a large soup kitchen where they made very good oxtail soup and gave the men a free lunch about half past nine every forenoon. The whistle blew, and the men made a grand dash for the lunch kitchen, drank their soup and gobbled down a bit of bread with it, as fast as they could, for the time was very limited. There was one big gawky Englishman among the bunch, who had a lot of pimples on his forehead. In eating his lunch he had a habit of opening his mouth very wide, working his jaws as though he had never had a mouthful to eat. Quite a few of us chaps got to watching him and could not keep from laughing. He noticed it and thought we were laughing at the pimples on his forehead, and to explain he said, "I sleep wi' a Yahnkee and the bugger keeps the window oop, mos-

quitoes boit me." This, of course, gave rise to another good laugh.

Those Englishmen, although about the most conceited of people, were about the most useless, with their big clog shoes and stiff way of getting about.

The superintendent of the Roddis house was also an Englishman, but of the Americanized type, whose name was Johnson. He was a hustling kind of a fellow, but did not know very much about the packing business. He was also something of an old sport and was always nosing around among the men's wives who carried their husbands' dinners.

There happened to be one handsome looking woman in the bunch and it was not very long until we noticed that her husband was promoted to the position of foreman of a gang for dry salting meat. Johnson also found it necessary to have this man work a good deal of overtime, so that he was obliged to work until ten and eleven o'clock at night. This continued on, and it was the general gossip among the men, in a whispered way. It was not very long until another man turned up, a Danish sailor, who also claimed to be the beauty's husband. He also was placed at the head of a gang and also had to work late at night. She must have been an artist in her line, to be able to keep up harmony between two husbands, as well as old Johnson.

This represents the character of the man, and Roddis' financial embarrassment later on was generally attributed to the actions of the Johnson family.

After a season or so at carrying meat, I was promoted to a position in the pickling department. I worked there for awhile and then got a job as packer, packing

beef in tierces. It was quite a trick to get three hundred and four pounds into a tierce and required quite a bit of skill to get it in in good shape. I was still only a boy, yet I succeeded in keeping my end up with men of mature age in this line of work.

From that I got to be a scaler, or weigher of beef. That position also required considerable skill, as the drafts were to be made even weight and the exact weight could only be made by exchanging pieces until the scale beam was at a balance.

During this period there was no slaughtering or packing during the summertime. The season began early in November and continued until March. Then the houses were closed down and the men were all let out for the summer and we were obliged to hustle about and find something to work at during the summer season. I found employment on a farm and nursery combined, known as the old Gifford nursery, located on Spring Street, which is now known as the Merrill Estate, bounded by Thirty-fourth Street on the west, Grand Avenue on the north, Twenty-seventh Street on the east, running back onto the railroad track. The farm was rented by a man named Gwinn, and I think there was a partnership with the Widow Gifford in regard to the sale of the trees.

I had three horses and a cow to take care of, was obliged to feed, water and take care of the horses as well as milk the cow, before seven o'clock in the morning and also take care of them after six o'clock in the evening. In other words, I had to put in ten hours' work on the farm as well as do my chores before and after, for which I think I received about six dollars a week.

I was working in this nursery with my brother, digging out trees, on the day that Lee surrendered to Grant during the Civil War. In those days there were no telephones or much of any way of communicating news, and we knew but very little about the excitement that was going on in the city. The first indication we had of it, was a team hitched to an open carriage, running away with the driver. In the carriage were four uniformed men, one of them, I afterward learned, was a brigadier general. He was a very tall man and stood up behind the driver trying to help control the horses. The men were apparently all under the influence of liquor and created quite a sensation.

That evening I went to the city and everything was in an uproar. Everybody that lived in Milwaukee or anywhere nearby was on the streets. Fireworks was being sent up and almost everyone was drunk. They certainly were drunk, either with intoxicating liquors or excitement.

One old fellow, who was nicknamed "leggy the table," presume on account of his occupation, as he was a tailor, was going about in the crowd shouting, "Lee has surrendered and Richmond's our own! That's what's the matter with Hannah or Hannah's son if he was here!"

The next day there was some verse in the Sentinel and I remember those two lines:

"Those were drunk who never drank before,
And those that were always drunk only drank the more."

It was certainly a great day of rejoicing by everybody, that the cruel Civil War was about at an end.

At work in this nursery was an old Scotchman, a

gardener, by the name of Gardener. He lived in a little cabin on the east side of the property just about where St. Rose's Catholic Church now stands. His wife was a north of Ireland woman and they had one son named Alexander, who the old lady called Alec. Alec was a great pet.

The old lady had a number of chickens, probably two dozen in all, one of about every variety that existed, and she knew all the breeds and the history of them. I often sat on the bench with her and heard her tell about the white Dorkins, black Spanish, blue Andalusians, etc., and so on. She had some of her pet hens named after the notables of Europe — Marie Antoinette, Queen Victoria, etc. She was quite an interesting old lady and I spent many pleasant evenings in her cabin, chatting with the old couple.

The old gardener was very well up in botany and could tell the name of every plant, weed, shrub, or tree that grew out of the ground and I got into the habit of asking him the names of different plants, etc., and in that way gained a great deal of information that was afterward quite useful to me. I also acquired a taste for trees and flowers that stuck to me through life. He was a great hand for budding the bud of one rose on the stalk of another. The same way with apples, grafting a scion of one tree onto the branch of another, and in walking about you could notice a white rose and a red rose growing from the same stem, also two kinds of apples on the same tree. We did a lot of grafting there one winter, taking roots of seedling apples and grafting scions of other trees on them. I wrapped the graft with manilla paper, coated with beeswax, tallow and rosin. The

grafted plants were placed away in the barn cellar until spring, when they were planted out in rows in the field, and I think fully ninety-five per cent. of them were good, and I had the pleasure of seeing them grow up and make a start as trees. This also was an education for me. In fact, the practical education that I possess today has been an education acquired by observation and intercourse, in a business way, with men. I worked at a good many different kinds of work and I have never done anything, whether it was on the farm, driving team, or what, but the experience was of some value to me later in life.

As I have said before, employment, or the earning of a little money, seemed to be of more importance in those days than an education. In other words, it was necessary to earn a little money to help keep the wolf from the door, and the education had to be scraped up the best way possible. I think I must have been slow to learn or I should have made better use of my time, as I had, I think, better opportunities than what my older brother had, yet he is farther advanced in that line than what I am.

When I got along toward the age of fourteen or fifteen, I seemed to feel the need of some education, and whenever an opportunity came along, dug in pretty hard. But my principal aim was to master arithmetic. I felt if I could figure fairly well that I could get along in the world, and so expressed myself to one of my teachers, Miss Maybrick. She took a special interest in me and I learned more from her in one term than what I had in two or three previous terms.

During the vacation in the summer, the trustees of this school bought the year's supply of cord wood, which

was about fifty cords I should judge. The wood was piled up alongside of the schoolhouse. I thought there was a chance for a job, so I went and spoke to one of the trustees and got the job of sawing and piling up the wood in the basement of the schoolhouse. I believe I got thirty dollars for the job. The stove was one of those large box stoves, so all I had to do was to cut each stick in two, and did not have to split it. I finished the job in about six weeks and felt that I was something of a fellow when I was through. It was better exercise than swinging Indian clubs or dumb bells, as the boys do now, and I had earned the price of a good suit of clothes and had something left.

This nursery where I worked was later on somewhat neglected and run down and the remainder of the trees were bought by my brother John. I want to tell you about this, for I have always thought it was a heroic act and something very much to his credit. All of us boys turned over our wages to our mother until we were twenty-one years and six months of age. The limit was twenty-one years, but my oldest brother set an example for the rest of us by throwing in six months for good measure. At the finishing up of John's twenty-one and a half years he bought the remnant of the old nursery, that is, purchased the trees and rented the land. The price agreed upon was something like eight hundred dollars, and he could not sell or dig up any of the trees until half the purchase price had been paid. So he set to work preparing to meet the payment. He did not have a dollar to begin with.

The slaughtering of beef cattle at that time was done very extensively in Milwaukee, and men who were ex-

perts at skinning, or siding, as it was called, which means taking off the hide in a skillful way, commanded good wages. They generally hired out in October for four months at one hundred dollars per month. So John got a job in a city abattoir during the summer, where the city butchers did their slaughtering, and served an apprenticeship, so to speak, fitting himself for the four winter months. My oldest brother was an expert at the time, so he took John for a partner. The siders always worked in pairs. In this way John got the same pay as the others, one hundred dollars a month for four months. Mother trusted him for his board and he did not spend a cent in any other way. At the end of the four months he had his four hundred dollars to make his payment on the trees. Then he was allowed to go on digging and selling, and after that it was easy sailing. But it had required a lot of pluck and self-denial to do what he did, and I have always looked upon it as one of his greatest achievements, although he has done a great many great things since.

A short time prior to this, my brother John and I went to work for a man named Jake Rogers, who was in the milk business. He rented a farm from Frank Hawley, a farm of mostly meadow land, growing timothy hay. Hay in those days was almost all cut by hand with a scythe, the horse mower not being much in use as yet.

Jake Rogers had a number of sons. The oldest, Edgar, was a great big strapping fellow, square shouldered, but a little too fat and lazy. He, my brother and I cut and saved the hay. We would mow half the day and haul in the other half. When mowing, Edgar would lead off, my brother next, and I brought up the rear. My

brother was a closely built, well-ribbed man, just the kind to swing a scythe, and he never was so happy as when chasing some fellow. He could keep an edge on his scythe as sharp as a razor. He would cut right up behind Edgar's heels and call out to him to get out of the way. Edgar was also good at it, but his fat told on him on hot days. He wore a coarse dark linen shirt and trousers, and when it got wet with perspiration it showed black. The sweat first began to show up near his neck between his shoulders. Then it would work down the center of his back and it would not be long until he was all black with sweat. He would look at John and say, "Golleees, you little cuss, where have you got your strength?"

I was still young and growing. I could not keep my end up very well with those two fellows, so took as small a swath as I could. Even then I would get such a pain in my long back that I could hardly stand up. I managed to put in a good deal of my time going for a fresh jug of drinking water and in that way pulled through. We lived then in Palmer's Addition. Every evening we rode home from the Hawley farm, ate our supper, and then played baseball until dark.

Working in the Hawley hay field the same time we were, was a green German, who could not speak a word of English. He was very anxious to learn the language and when he and I were off together raking and cocking up hay, he continued jabbering German at me, asking the names of the rake, the fork, and so on. I told him and, of course, learned the German name in return. I learned enough from him, by asking questions, to interest me, so I followed it up with Germans with whom I afterward

worked, always asking questions. In that way I got so that I could understand and make myself understood well enough to get along fairly well.

On one of my European trips, later, when I visited Germany, I felt quite at home. My daughters and sons have all taken up the study of German in school. They can read it, but whenever an interpreter is required at home, I am the one who is called upon.

The winter following this summer at the Hawley farm I got a job with a new packing firm, named Berthel Theboo & Co., on West Water Street, just north of Spring Street. They handled dressed hogs exclusively, and cut everything into barreled pork. My job was that of a packer. We still lived in Palmer's Addition. It was along about 1866. Some time before that a real estate boom was on and some party platted a lot of land up there, what now would be west of Twenty-seventh Street and south of Grand Avenue, selling the lots to suckers. Between that and Eighth Street was farming land, so there were no sidewalks and no street cars. Shanks mare and break your own path after a heavy snow storm, was the order of the day. When the walking was good we made it in forty-five minutes, but after a snow storm it took close to an hour. I generally left home about six, or a little before, so as to rest a little before beginning the day's work. I packed from two hundred to two hundred and fifty barrels of pork a day, which in pounds would be forty to fifty thousand. Had to get my own barrel and salt, roll away the full and roll up the empty one.

About this time I felt that in order to enjoy myself and get into the social swim, so to speak, I must learn to

dance. I had been to a few parties and was obliged to be a wall flower. That would not do. Old Vizay conducted a dancing academy just north of where Berthel's packing house stood, so I joined his school, and many an evening, after working hard all day, I walked home, got my supper and walked back to the city, took my dancing lesson, and walked home again.

Vizay had one terribly homely old hag whom he used for breaking in the new boys. She was bent over almost as if she had curvature of the spine, had a large Roman nose, and her eyes were red, sort of granulated lids. But she could dance. Vizay always took a new fellow up to this dear old girl, introduced him and then left. It worked fine, for a fellow was not going to remain in that class any longer than it was absolutely necessary. I had the old girl for a few nights, but just as soon as I got so I did not step on her toes, or, in other words, became a little handy with my feet, I deserted her and hustled up to something better looking. But then, there was always a good supply in the awkward squad, so the old girl was never out of a job.

That was a great school of Vizay's. I can hear the old fellow now, singing out, "One, two, three. One, two, three." After I got so I could dance a quadrille and Virginia reel I felt that I could get along, and as it was rather strenuous to work hard all day and walk an extra six miles in order to learn to dance, I gave it up.

In those days the water in the Menominee river was as pure and clean as spring water. Roddis used to use the river water for brine. It would freeze over solid in winter, and we boys used to skate from the Three-Mile Bridge, which is where Pigsville is now, clear down to

the north end of Reed Street. I spent one very enjoyable Sunday evening in Ice Bear's Rink. It was a large enclosure and he had a band of music. The ice was good and there was a jolly crowd at the ice rink. One fancy skater I remember in particular, was Billy Hughes. He was a finely built fellow, a ship calker, afterward a letter carrier. He certainly was great on skates. He was not a professional, just one of the crowd, but when he would get to showing off he would have a crowd of several hundred around him.

In the summertime I always knocked about at anything I could get to work at, for there was one thing about me, I could not feel satisfied to remain idle. I worked one summer driving a team for a Mr. Story, hauling stone from their quarry to the city. Another summer I worked for a man named McNab, who kept a paper mill on Spring Street in the Menominee Valley, just west of Undertakers Hill. I had a team, going out into the country for straw, hauling it in to the mill. The paper in those days was made principally of straw, rags, and rope, thrown into a large vat and cooked up together, making what they called a bleach.

It was quite a trick to load this straw so that it would ride well for a distance of four or five miles. Had to place it on the wagon just right, for it was necessary to have quite a bulky load, as it did not weigh much. With a binding pole I bound the straw well down in the center, yet if it was not placed right, the shaking on the rough roads would loosen the load and it would soon be lost.

Speaking of this Mr. McNab. He was a crusty old Scotchman, very fond of his booze. Regularly every day he went to the city, with his old nag and came up in the evening with his skin full of booze.

The machinery and boilers in the old paper mill had been in use for years and every now and then, he had a gang of boiler makers out patching the boilers. They generally managed to put in two or three days making a dreadful noise with their hammers, whether they did anything or not. During the time they were patching the boiler, the mill was shut down and old Mac walked about frothing at the mouth. He came to me one day and said, "Cudahy, those boiler makers ought to be shot. Yes, shot at ten o'clock this forenoon." I agreed with him that shooting was too good for them.

McNab had a very nice buckthorn hedge growing wild and untrimmed along the west line of his property. I asked him if he would allow me to trim it, which he agreed to. That afternoon, when he returned with his booze, I had the hedge trimmed and looking very nice. The old man, jugged as usual, straightened himself up, admired the hedge for a few minutes, and then said, "Cudahy, do you know what I'm thinking about?" I said, "No, sir." "I was thinking," said he, "That if our friend Holton had that hedge he would whitewash it." Holton was a man who owned a farm nearby and had all his fences, barns, trunks of his trees and everything that way whitewashed. One could not imagine anything more absurd than the idea of whitewashing a hedge, but, of course, it was meant as a joke and it certainly amused me.

At the age of seventeen I had progressed so well in the packing and meat business that I was receiving a salary of seventy-five dollars a month, which was something to be proud of in those days. But when the first of March arrived, had to hustle around and take whatever I could get in the way of employment, so decided I had

better try to learn some sort of a summer trade, which I could turn in at when leaving the packing house in the spring.

The father of a friend of mine was a contractor, building stone churches and such. I got in with him to serve an apprenticeship at the stone cutting trade, or rather to try and steal the trade, for I could work at it only during the summer season. My apprenticeship could not be continuous.

My first job was with this man, Mr. McKelvy. He had a contract for building a stone church in Whitewater, Wisconsin, and I agreed to work the summer for him for five dollars a week. I had style enough about me, even with my five dollars per week, to board at the best hotel in Whitewater, paying four dollars a week for my board, leaving one dollar to pay for washing and other sundries, yet at the end of the season I was about as well off, or better off, than some of the journeymen who were earning three and one-half dollars a day. Out of my five dollars a week I had enough money left to pay my fare home to Milwaukee, which was more than some of them could say.

This was my first experience away from home, and the way I suffered from homesickness was something terrible. It lasted for about two weeks, then I fairly recovered and with letters from home every week or so, felt quite comfortable.

I was put at work roughing off the surface of the rough stone, called ashler, or wall stone. Made little progress in a skillful line, only to pound away until I had pretty well finished the summer season. Then I began to get some little insight into the trade, particularly the

knack of taking a stone out of wind, which means that when you first take a stone, say with a surface of three feet one way by four feet the other way, the question is how to get the face of that stone down to a level surface. The way it is done is by running a chisel draft across one end, cutting that smooth and straight enough so a straight edge would set solid on it; then picking out the lowest, or slackest side, run another chisel draft the full length, also smooth and straight, so that the straight edge will lie solid. Now place your straight edge on the end which you first made smooth, and stepping back a foot or two, cast your eye so the end of the draft on the side would come even with the bottom of the straight edge. Then throw your eye across to the rough side of the stone and catch the point that would also come even with the bottom of the straight edge. Mark that point with your chisel and run another draft across that end, bringing it down to the level of that point. Place another straight edge on the draft on this end, and if the bottom edge of the both straight edges were perfectly even, you are sure of having both ends level. Run another draft on the other side, from one end to the other and rough off the middle of the stone, bringing it all down to a smooth surface. This is the principal trick in the stone cutting trade and is quite a thing to accomplish.

Carpenters have square timbers on which to place their squares and make lines and measurements, but the stone cutter has a rough chunk of stone to be made level and smooth before he can make use of his square.

I have an amusing anecdote to relate regarding this Whitewater job. McKelvy must have taken the job on a pretty close margin, for he seemed very impatient with

the stone cutters who were inclined to do good work. Once, while a Scotchman, a stone cutter of particularly fine ability, was working on an offset to be placed in the chimney above the roof, McKelvy came up and said to him, "What are you putting in so much time on that for? It's going up in the chimney and will never be seen." "Is that so?" said the Scotchman, "Why, when I go to church, the chimney is the first thing I look at. If the chimney doesn't look safe I don't go to church." This was too much for McKelvy. He turned on his heels and walked away.

I left Whitewater as soon as the cold weather set in, in the fall, and went back to the packing house. Had worked by this time, I think, one season in the Plankinton Packing House, packing beef, and then moved to Layton & Company, where I had the position of scaler.

The next summer I started out working at the stone cutting trade again, but instead of serving apprenticeship, went to work on building stone, dressing them by the foot, and made fairly good wages. When the fall, or cold weather set in again, I was back to Layton's Packing House, for another winter. Enjoyed working for Mr. Layton, who is now considered Milwaukee's grand old man. He was always cheerful, and appreciated men who endeavored to do what was right.

One day when I had loaded a scale with pork known as extra prime, which is made from the shoulders of hogs, he happened along and his eye caught a piece of a stag. He said, "Cudahy, that pork is going out here to the Soldiers' Home and I think some of those old fellows have poor teeth, better not put that piece in."

While I worked at Layton & Company the superin-

tendent had a lot of lottery tickets to sell. Some boat club was trying to raise money by selling tickets. The tickets were one dollar each and most of the men bought one or two.

We used to eat our dinner in a room about forty by sixty and about six feet high. Running around the sides of the room were a lot of steam pipes and on these we warmed our coffee. About two hundred men would get together at noon in this room to eat their dinner. There was no ventilation and the air would get so thick you could cut it with a knife. One day, after we were all supplied with tickets, a day or so before the night of the lottery, or when the announcement of the lucky numbers was to be made, I took out a pencil and began writing down the names of the ticket holders and the numbers of their tickets, when all at once I got a nervous attack and had to stop writing. I presume the foul air had something to do with it. This caused something of a sensation.

After it passed off, I felt awfully depressed, or I might say, ashamed, that such a thing should happen, and that very thing has haunted me to this day. I am in constant dread of signing my name in the presence of a number of people. I have been requested by ladies to write something in an autograph album and have suffered tortures trying to do so. I look upon my trouble a good deal the same as a stuttering person. They will be all right by themselves, but in a terrible condition in the presence of a number of people.

This has been my one drawback. I can drive a trade, write letters with a pen all day long alone by myself, give a fellow a sound tongue thrashing, if necessary, but

when I come to center my mind on the end of a pen, in the presence of people, I get the shakes. It is not always so, occasionally I have perfect control of myself. Then again, I will take fright and no one can read my writing. Most everyone has some bogy-man and this is mine.

The nerves are a strange part of our make-up. Most everyone has some kind of trouble with his nerves, one is bashful, another will have a twitch in the face, and so on. It is the nerves that make men smoke and drink and do all sorts of foolish things.

The following spring I got a job with a party who had the stone work on the Insane Asylum at Oshkosh, Wisconsin. I was hired by the day at two dollars per day, so you see I was climbing up. The asylum was built with Milwaukee brick and Cleveland sandstone. The sandstone came by lake on large vessels as far as Green Bay. From there it was taken on small steam scows up the Fox River to Lake Winnebago, where we had built an unloading dock. The large pieces were hoisted with a derrick from the scows onto flat horse cars and run on a temporary track from the dock to the building.

I was selected by the contractor as foreman of the unloading gang, that is, I worked at the trade part of the time, but when a vessel came in with stone I was detailed to unload her, to see that the stone was placed where it was wanted around the building. This made me feel that I was something of a captain, to be made boss of a gang.

A lot of young fellows were at work on this job. Some were marble cutters and some stone cutters, who commanded a salary of three dollars and fifty cents and four dollars a day, but none of them had a dollar to his

name. I had a hundred dollars, which I had saved up the winter before, and was the banker for the party. Had to loan one fellow five, another fellow ten, and so on, for we were at work a couple of months on the job before the contractor got any money, and as he did not seem to have any money himself, the men got none until he received it from the state.

Half a dozen of us boarded with an Irish farmer nearby, who, not feeling certain about getting paid for his board, was not any too kind to us. Our bill of fare consisted of salt pork and bread. The old fellow did not have any potatoes or vegetables of any kind himself, and would not buy any, and as most of us were not in a position to assert our independence, we had to eat what was set before us and look pleasant.

The old Irishman had an only daughter, who was something of a musician, could sing a little, and when we sat down to our salt pork and bread, she sat down at the piano and played and sang for us. So if our bill of fare was poor, it was made sweet with music, but the most of us would have appreciated the music better under more favorable circumstances.

As soon as the boys got their first money it did not take us long to fly the coop and find a better boarding house. We went to an American farmer this time, who fed us fairly well, probably on account of knowing that we had money to pay for our board.

This man had three grown up daughters. They were Baptists, and the girls sang in the choir. They had no piano, but had an organ, and we had no end of singing and music; so on the whole, it was made very pleasant for us.

This was the summer of 1871, the summer of the terrible Chicago fire, also the Peshtigo fire up north. The air was so heavy and smoky that we could see the burnt wafers from the Peshtigo fire floating in the air.

I saved up a good bit of money this summer, I think as much as one hundred and twenty-five dollars or so in addition to the one hundred I had at the beginning. By this time I had passed my twenty-first year, and as the understanding in our family was, that we were to turn over what we earned, to our mother, until we were twenty-one, and from that on we were to become boarders and be dealt with as strangers, with the exception of a mother's care and kindness and a little cheaper board than we could get from a stranger, my two hundred and twenty-five dollars was my own. As my money was my own and I could do what I pleased with it, I invested it in sweet pickled pork hams that winter, buying seven tierces of three hundred pounds each. After holding them for two or three months I sold them at a profit of about fifty dollars. This was my first investment and I was very much pleased to have it a profitable one.

During this year my mother died, at the age of fifty-seven, just about the time that her sons began to prosper. Each of them loved her so much, that, had she lived, she would certainly have had something to live for. I was away from home, at Oshkosh, at the time of her death and came home to the funeral. Do not think I ever grieved so much about anything before or since, as I did over my mother's death.

After putting in the next winter in the packing house again, I started out the following spring for Chicago, where there was plenty of work for stone cutters, at good

wages. I had progressed far enough in the art of the trade so that I attempted to seek employment as a full-fledged journeyman in one of the union yards of Chicago. Among the union men working in another yard I had two or three friends, who introduced me and got a job for me.

In all union yards there is what is known as a shop steward, who looks after the interests of the union in his particular yard. I was introduced to this shop steward and told him on the quiet that I was not what you would call a finished stone cutter; that I had been at work principally on rough work. He must have stood in with the proprietors of the yard, for he violated the rules of the union by putting me at work on piece work, cutting what is known as vault covers. They were large quarry stone, and after being worked to a smooth surface, were used for covering the vaults under the sidewalks in Chicago.

As most of the walls of those vaults remained standing after the fire, all that was necessary was to lift off the old broken stone cover and replace it with new. In this way they made use of those vaults under the sidewalks for restaurants, saloons, etc. This made a great demand for vault covers and a fairly good price was made in cutting them. Although I was not a finished stone cutter, I made more money per day than what the journeymen did.

The union held its meeting every two weeks. As I went to work in the yard the first day after one of those meetings, I was good for two weeks' work at least. The shop steward asked me if I had a union card. I said "No," and he told me to attend the union

meeting on a certain evening, giving me the name of the hall and street number. I attended the meeting as instructed. My experience was one I shall long remember. Speech making there was and business to be done.

There was a question as to whether a strike would be ordered or not, also whether it was to be for an increase of half a dollar, or seventy-five cents per day. This, of course, brought out any amount of discussion, and lively, noisy discussions they were.

In fact, my experience at those meetings would make a good book in itself, if I were clever enough to put it together right.

One man, who spoke with a strong Welsh dialect, was strongly in favor of a strike for a dollar a day increase, saying, "What goud would be a half dollar a day. Why, it would not buy my bread and cheese."

Another man, who appeared quite old, spoke against the strike in a general way. While he was talking a burly fellow jumped up and called him a scab. The old man replied, "I am no scab." Said the other, "Didn't you work ten hours on such and such a job?" "I did," answered the old man, "but I carry an exempt card, which gives me that privilege." There was a general cry of "Put him out," and as quick as lightning, half a dozen big fellows had hold of the poor old man and hustled him through the crowd and out doors, down an outside stairway, landing him on the sidewalk below.

I was very mum and quiet myself, so did not attempt to investigate whether the old man suffered any severe bruises or not, but to judge from the noise,

as he slid down the stairs, he was a fit subject for a "couple of days off."

I was relating this experience to a journeyman stone cutter not so very long ago, who now runs a little business of his own. He is an Englishman. He told me of his own experience when he first went to work in New York City. Said that he attended several of the stone cutters' meetings there and that the president, while presiding at the meetings, usually had a revolver on his desk, ready for action.

There was a large shop in Chicago equipped with machinery for dressing stone, using a number of planing machines which planed the surface of the stone, about the same as wood is planed in a planing mill. Those stone were the same as I had been working on, namely, vault covers, and, of course, the machinery took the place of a great many men. Consequently the union condemned the shop and branded everyone employed in any capacity about it as scabs. In fact, those union men would cross the street and take the other side, when passing by this shop. They acted as though there were a lot of lepers housed in it, and would talk in whispers as they went by, making one feel, when passing, as though there was something horrible about the place.

Some amusing sights and characters were among those stone cutters. I remember of seeing a couple of fellows, who had been out of employment for a week or more, come to the yard, throw a lot of stone dust over their clothes and go into the nearest saloon, making it appear that they were working in the yard

nearby, and in that way, get a couple of drinks on trust.

It was always porterhouse steak in the summer and liver in the winter with those fellows.

I think I attended three of the meetings of the union, just described, before I was called before "his honor," the presiding officer. The officer asked if I was a union man. I replied, "No, sir." Then the shop steward was called up and he was asked if I was a stone cutter worthy of admission into the union. He said he did not know, as I had been engaged entirely on rough work during the time I was in his yard. He came in for a good roast, was told that if he was a mechanic himself, he could tell by the way I handled my tools, whether I was a mechanic or not.

After handling the steward without gloves, I was given two weeks more in the yard to prove myself. The shop steward was instructed to put me on a piece of fine work the next day and see whether I was a finished mechanic or not. I knew that my cakes were dough, that I would not be able to qualify, so began to hustle around the next day, for the next best thing to do.

Learned I could go out to Lamont, where the quarries were, about thirty miles west of Chicago, and work at vault covers without any interference by the union. The owner of the quarries, a man named Walker, had an office in Chicago, so I went there and secured employment, packed my grip and went to Lamont to work. I was put on vault covers, on the bank of what is known as the drainage canal, which runs from Chicago to Kankakee. We worked under

a derrick, operated with a horse. Three gangs of us worked on those stone and were allowed about half the space of the circle of the derrick. The remainder of the space was used for piling rubble stone, which was taken to Chicago on canal boats. Our stone was brought fresh out of the quarry and placed on bankers by the derrick man. The derrick also shifted and turned our stone any way we wanted to have it.

The pay I got was the same per foot that I received in the Chicago yard, and, of course, not being confined to any limit of hours by any union, I worked ten or twelve hours, or whatever suited me, earning twice as much as what the high-toned union men did in Chicago.

This Lamont was one of the roughest holes I ever got into. It was a town of several hundred people and all we had to keep order was a town marshal. The men employed in the quarries were mostly Swedes and Irish, and generally, after pay day, there was fighting all along the line, between the two. On account of being noted for its quarries, the streets were covered with broken stone everywhere, and being so handy to pick up and throw, those stones were made use of when the fight was well on its way—so when the men got back to work, there were a good many bandaged heads.

There was one big strapping Irishman, of the John L. type, who took special delight in going about thrashing people. That was his pleasure and no matter who came in his way, when he had one of those fighting spells on, he was liable to be knocked into a cocked hat.

I attended some of their Sunday picnics and saw some pretty rough times. Mingled with them, back and forth, yet I selected one of the finest hotels in the town for a boarding place and had none of them there to associate with. I was always pleasant and agreeable with them, yet never drank with them, and, strange to say, they all seemed to like me.

With the derrick man I was a favorite. He would do more for me than for any of the toughs that worked along side of me. In fact, he was so respectful, that he addressed me as Mr. Cudahy, whenever he spoke to me. His name was Jim, and his face, between the exposure to the sun and the poor whiskey, was of a very dark red, the color of lobster. One Monday morning, the poor fellow came to work with his face all bandaged up. He had been in a fight and was minus a good portion of his nose. I sympathized with him and he seemed to appreciate it.

As I have stated, I earned good money at piece work on those stones, as high as ten and twelve dollars a day and saved the most of it. Spent nothing much outside of paying for my board, so I brought home about three hundred and fifty dollars. This I loaned to a friend of mine, on interest, for one year.

The air at Lamont seemed to be impregnated with malaria. Everybody was effected more or less. It was the subject of conversation at the table and wherever people congregated, each one told his or her experience. The sickness was something like the old fashioned ague. People shook like leaves on trees. It was particularly hard on old booze fighters. I succeeded in keeping it off for the summer by using a

patent medicine called Kollegog. It was a mixture of quinine and molasses. I took large doses of this horrible mixture every day, but when the cool weather set in in October, I collapsed with the rest, and was obliged to return home.

There was an old doctor in Milwaukee then named Hatchard, who had quite a reputation. He was on the horse doctor order, believed in stuff that burned, or smarted. He was called in and went at me in the old fashioned style. "Put out your tongue," said he. Taking a look at my tongue, he said, "We must go to house cleaning. The door step of your house is very dirty."

He started in with calomel, then castor oil, after the oil, a dose of jelop. This he repeated for several days. I was not eating anything and after taking the calomel I would become delirious and rave like a madman. After submitting to this treatment for about ten days, I told my mother that I would not take any more of this stuff, so the next time old Hatchard called, he was told that I would not take his dope. He came into the room, felt my pulse, ordered me to put out my tongue, and so on, looked professional and said, "If you don't take the medicine you will die." I said, "Alright, I will die with my senses, and if I continue with you I will die in an insane asylum." He left me in disgust.

After a few days I received strength enough to take a little nourishment, but discovered that my teeth all felt loose, so we called in another old standby, named Spearman. I was afraid to tell him about the other doctor. Told him the medicine was a pre-

paration I got from an old lady neighbor. He swore a blue streak, said, "You are salivated," and after calling me down in good shape, prescribed for me and in due time I got on my feet again.

I continued on in the packing house winters and the next summer got a job at my trade, working on the Milwaukee reservoir. This was also piece work and I made fairly good pay. I was shifted from there over to the water tower and was put on to finer work, by the day, and I now point with pride to a piece of my work, one of the large cut stones in the water tower. It is known as an offset on one of the buttresses up about thirty feet from the ground.

This brings me to the fall of 1873 and finishes my career as a stone cutter.

CHAPTER IV.

That fall a lumberman named Lyman came to the city for the purpose of engaging in the pork packing business. He rented an old house from Mr. Furlong, at the east end of Erie Street on the lake shore.

By this time the slaughtering of live hogs by the packers had become practical and Lyman, looking for a superintendent to handle his packing house, made inquiry of Mr. Armour, for such a person. Mr. Armour recommended me. I was engaged at a salary of a hundred dollars a month to run the packing house. I was then twenty-two years old and had never dreamt of holding such a position. Was quite excited when I was installed as superintendent and given a gang of a couple hundred men to look after. I made the best bluff I knew how and ran up and down stairs, two steps at a time, shouting and hollering everywhere I went. Got along fairly well, organized the different gangs required to do the work, principally from green men, and did my work about as cheap as anybody was doing it at that time.

Lyman took a partner, an old time packer, named Wooley. Wooley was something of a speculator and believed in selling futures, or doing a little trading, while Lyman was afraid of his life, after his money was paid out for hogs and material, fearing he would never get it back again.

The men working for me were principally Irishmen. One I distinctly remember, a big strapping fellow, who was noted for his gab, was nicknamed "Paddy the lawyer."

Lyman had a young man of a son, whom he was trying to break in as a business man, and sent him down to me to help around at something in the packing house. I placed him in charge of a gang of Irishmen piling up barrels of pork out in the yard. One day as I was walking in the direction of where this gang was working, Paddy, the lawyer, sang out to young Lyman, "Look out there, here comes Cudahy. If he catches you standing there idle he'll discharge you."

Lyman, as I have said, was badly scared about the venture he was in, so much so that he could not sleep nights. One day, when he was at the plant, he was doing a good deal of grumbling, fearing the price of everything was going lower and that he would lose a lot of money. Finally I stumped him for a trade on two hundred and fifty barrels of mess pork at the price at which it was then selling. He took me up and sold me the pork. I had accumulated enough money at that time to pay for the two hundred and fifty barrels of pork in cash. It was piled to one side and I received a warehouse receipt. About three months after that quite a boom set in in prices and I sold my two hundred fifty barrels back to Mr. Lyman, making five hundred dollars on the transaction.

We closed down, as all packers did in the spring, letting all the men go, except one or two others and myself. I opened a retail market in the place and sold

smoked shoulders and hams and whatever we had to sell, to the people of the third ward.

I remember on one occasion, selling to an Irish woman a large smoked shoulder. The flies had been at the shoulder and skippers, or maggots, developed after she had taken it home. The next day I saw her coming back, holding the shoulder out at arm's length. She slung it on the counter and gave me a dressing down, such as an Irish woman can do, for selling her what she called a rotten shoulder. I made the best kind of an apology I could, took back the shoulder and gave her another one.

We had quite a number of hams and shoulders hanging up on nails around the counter, from which I sold a few every day and turned in the cash to the bookkeeper at the office on Broadway. Old Lyman was so suspicious of people stealing from him, that he would come down now and then and count up the hams and shoulders that were still hanging on the nails, and try to figure out by the cash I turned in whether or not I had been doing any stealing. I knew what he was at and simply enjoyed the experience I had with the old chap.

He would also drive up the streets through the third ward and if he saw any coal ashes he imagined the people from whose houses the ashes came, had stolen the coal from his coal pile.

Finally he closed out everything and went back into the country in the lumber business. Although it was a pretty good year for packers, do not think he made any money, owing to the way he handled things.

He was a terribly nervous man. One day he

wrote a note to his bookkeeper and sent it by a messenger. The bookkeeper could not read it to save his life, and by the time Mr. Lyman got around to the office, he had forgotten what he wrote and could not read the note himself.

Prior to the time he entered the packing business, he was a great hand for trading. On one occasion, it was said, he bought a herd of cattle, had them slaughtered, sold the beef, cured the hides, had them tanned and had some thought of having the leather made into boots and shoes. It was said that his barn was full of old harness and old truck that he took in trade, and every now and then he would have an auction sale and clean it up.

In the fall of 1874, my oldest brother, who was superintendent for Plankinton & Armour, the largest meat packing establishment in Milwaukee, went to Chicago with Mr. Armour to take charge of a house there, and I was called in to take his place in the establishment in Milwaukee. The cellars were empty at the time and standing at one end of this large empty cellar and looking through it, I thought it was a tremendous building; yet, within a few years after that time, I had doubled the capacity of the plant.

Started in at a salary of sixteen hundred dollars a year, and after having one year as superintendent with Lyman, I felt fairly confident of being able to take care of the job. My oldest brother was a great worker, as well as being a great organizer, and I knew there was a good deal expected of me when I was called in to take his place. So I threw my whole energy into work. Although the remaining partner,

Mr. Plankinton, was a little bit skeptical at first, as to whether I would make good or not, he was more than pleased with me after I had been with him a few months.

In the early stages of the pork business everything went into barrels. The large hogs were cut into mess pork and the smaller ones into prime mess and the shoulders made into what was known as extra prime, with the exception of a few, which were dry salted. The mess pork was sold principally in the pineries. The prime mess went to England and was used in the navy. It was cut in four pound pieces, or fifty pieces to the barrel. I presume that each sailor had received one of those pieces for a certain number of days' ration. Certainly it was not a very equitable deal among the sailors, for some of the pieces were of the shoulder end, and of very much poorer quality than what the center of the back piece was. The same was good with the belly, the brisket end was very much better quality than the flank end. The extra prime was made of heavy coarse shoulders and sold mostly in the West Indies, also in the pineries, or lumber camps.

This mode of disposing of the hog continued until about 1874, when the hog raising industry became quite extensive and a number of English curers came out to this country, established houses, trimmed and cured meat after the style used at home. This soon spread to other houses, conducted by Americans and along in the year of '75, we secured a very bright English butcher, who gave us a good start in the way of making English meat, which was the means of

establishing quite a trade. It grew to such an extent that about fifty per cent of our business, along in the late seventies, was with English buyers.

The wood choppers in the lumber camps became more particular as to what they were being fed upon, refusing to be satisfied with the fat pork. They must have sausage, fresh beef, and in some cases, smoked bacon.

As the country settled, the fresh meat trade grew and made a demand for pork loins, the pork loin being the lean part of the side of a hog. Those loins were taken out with a bow shaped knife and sold to the retail butchers, the remainder of the side made into what was known as an extra short clear.

Thus, it will be seen, the whole pork business was revolutionized from the old method of barreled pork, to working the hog up into different cuts, a demand being created for each cut.

The business of the firm of Plankinton & Armour was very good and prosperous. Mr. Armour, who went to Chicago, still retained his interest in Milwaukee. I was pushing things for all I was worth. It made no difference, whether it was day, or night, or Sunday, if there was anything to be done, I was on hand.

Mr. Plankinton, the partner who remained in Milwaukee, appreciated my efforts very much. My salary was advanced to two thousand a year and I was given one-sixteenth interest in the business. Lucky for me, the firm ran a successful pork corner this year, 1880, in which they made about eight hundred thousand dollars, the same year I received my sixteenth in-

terest, which made my share of the year's profits, fifty thousand dollars. I tell you, I felt a good deal like a Rockefeller when I was notified that there was that amount to my credit.

In the year 1879 I built a large ice house, or refrigerator, for the purpose of slaughtering and curing meat in the summer time. I let the contracts and superintended the building, which cost in the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The contract for the brick work on the new extensions was let to a Milwaukee contractor, a Mr. D., noted for his ability to rush work. After signing the contract he wanted to know who was going to do the carpenter work. I told him I was going to do it with our hog killing gang; that owing to changing things around, we could not do much in the house, so would work our men at the building.

He looked at me, as much as to say, "Are you joking me?" But when we got to work we demonstrated that our men were wood butchers as well as hog butchers. We were ahead of him all the way through, always had a beam or girder sticking out, waiting for his wall to be built up under it.

Mr. D. was somewhat disappointed with his profits, when the job was finished, and attempted to make up some by the way of extras. I disputed his bill and fought him to a finish. He was a witty Irishman, and when he saw he was beaten, said, "Oh, well all right, it is all pigs and pig rule around here."

On another occasion Mr. D. was in the office while I was trading with a hair dealer, a Mr. W., for the hair from the winter's killing of our hogs. I was en-

deavoring to show the hair dealer that the Wisconsin hogs ran more to white, owing to the Chester White breed being more numerous in Wisconsin than in other states, and we were entitled to a better price for our hair. Of course he argued differently. Our friend D. was listening, and after he got me outside alone, said, "You beat the devil, trying to make the man believe your hogs have more hair than anyone else's."

Speaking of this hair dealer. He was one of the meanest men I ever came in contact with. We usually sold the hair November 1st, but this particular season we could not sell it until spring, so we took care of it ourselves. We spread it out on a field a short distance in the country, and the bristles, which were the most valuable, we spread out on the roof of a large shed, connected with the packing house. In the spring we sold the whole thing to the aforesaid dealer. He was just after being married to a frail, delicate young woman. It was in the month of March and the wind was doing its duty. Mr. W. had his bride with him when he came to the plant. He hired some men and boys and went to work packing the bristles in large bags, and his bride was put to work sewing up the mouths of the bags. When filled, the bags stood as high as her breast. There the poor little thing stood, on the roof, in the cold, with the raw March wind blowing her skirts in all directions. Nice way to treat a bride on her honeymoon.

One day this mean cuss asked me if we did not have some sort of a rig, in which he could take his wife to the hair field, a distance of three miles in the

country. We had one of the homeliest looking mules that ever lived. I think his head would weigh two hundred pounds with the ears off, and with them on, two hundred and fifty pounds. We used him hitched to an old peddler wagon to follow the drove of hogs, for the purpose of picking up the slow or tired hogs. I told Mr. W. of this rig, saying it was the only thing we had about the place. He said he thought it would do well enough. So, thinking he might take it, I told a foxy old German, who had charge of the mule, all about it. Also told him to get a large cow bell and fasten it around the neck of the mule and should our friend W. object to the bell, we would tell him the mule would not move a step without it. However, I think the bride drew the line on the mule. At any rate they did not take the ride.

I had another odd experience with our friend Mr. W., in the hair business. For some time the hair merchants of the country were working individually, each one making the best trade he could; but, like a great many others, they formed a trust, got together and parcelled off the different states and cities to the different firms, or companies. The largest concern, Wilkins & Company, took Chicago. Milwaukee was given to our friend Mr. W.

Mr. W. waited in Chicago until the price per hog was fixed there, which was to be five cents per hog. I wired him at Chicago several messages, as to what we were to expect for our hair, but received no reply. Finally, after the trades in Chicago were all closed, he came up to our office with a significant smile on his face, and offered me one-half cent under what was

paid in Chicago. We always claimed that the Wisconsin hogs ran a little more to white, and owing to better fields, and better accomodation for drying the hair, we were entitled to a trifle more than what the Chicago packers were. So imagine my surprise, when my friend offered me one-half cent less.

I saw through his little game. He understood, of course, that I would not have an opportunity to sell our hair to anybody but his concern, but I said to myself, "Now, Mr. W., I cannot sell to anybody else, but neither can you buy from anybody else but me, so instead of selling you at one-half cent less than what was paid in Chicago, I am going to make you pay a half cent more." And I fixed my price at five and one-half cents. He laughed at me and said, "What are you going to do with your hair, if you don't sell it to me?" I said, "That is none of your business. I can throw it under the boiler and burn it if I want to. That is my price and you cannot get it any less."

He hung around our office and made himself a nuisance for about a week. I told him several times that it would be much pleasanter if he would go back home, but he was of the kind that you could not insult, and simply hung on, and finally had to come to time, paying me five and one-half cents. Then I said to him, "Now, Mr. W., next time you come to trade with me, be a man at the beginning, and you and I will get along very nicely."

Now we will drop Mr. W., and go back to my position as superintendent. I was still young and thirsty for knowledge. Made a lot of experiments in differ-

ent ways, tests of fat, as to what it would render per hundred; also made tests of green meat, which was to be cured in dry salt, as to what it would shrink. Up to that time very little figuring was done in the pork packing business. They started in, in the fall of the year, bought the hogs, most of them dressed, from the farmers, killed a few themselves, put the stuff in the cellars, and sold it out during the summer, before the next season began. No track was kept as to shrinkage, or anything else. It was simply a matter of paying out so much money in the winter time and getting it back again in the summer, with a little profit added to it. It was practically a sure thing, as there never was much more than enough meat to go around.

But with the introduction of summer curing it became an every day business. Farmers raised more hogs and packing developed into a little more of a skilled business, where a man had to use his head some. I was constantly at work with my pencil, figuring what was the best brand of meats to make, whether certain fat would be better rendered into lard or made into pork. Also got on to a system of percentage, what percentage of ham there was to a hundred pounds of live hog, also the percentage of shoulder, side, and lard. In that way, by applying the price of each article to its percentage, we could figure out any time, whether we were getting as much for the manufactured product, as what we were paying for the hog, and if more, what our profits were.

This was quite a source of enlightenment and a great guide as to what we were doing. I do not claim

that I was the only one that was doing this, for about everybody worked into it at the same time.

I also established a system of keeping our manufactured stock. Weighed the green pounds that went into the cellar, added this to the stock and when there was a shipment, it was deducted from the stock. This practically gave us our stock on hand at the close of each day. The same was done with barreled meats and pork. Each night a report was sent to the office, of the number of barrels packed, which was added to the stock, and when a shipment was made, it was taken from the stock.

When we first began to weigh the green meat into the cellars, we did not allow anything for shrinkage in the process of curing, so when we came to clean up any particular lot, we usually fell short. It also threw us out on our averages, when meat was sold to average a certain weight per piece. This I overcame by taking small quantities of each kind and making tests to get at what each kind would shrink. After establishing an average basis, the shrinkage was figured off each night and only the net pounds added to the stock. In this way we managed to keep our stock about accurate. At times we would overrun a little or there would be some slight variation, one way or the other, but it was practically perfect.

First when we began to kill during the summer months, it was a difficult matter to cool the lard, which came from the tanks at boiling heat. The method of cooling lard first adopted by summer slaughterers, was a continuous open trough, through which the lard ran, by gravity, several hundred feet.

But the best this would do, would be to bring the lard to the temperature of the room, and very rarely did that.

I invented a cooler, consisting of a large box coil pipe, about forty feet in length and about eight or ten pipes in width. This was placed in a galvanized iron pan and cold water circulated through the pipes. Then had a corrugated pan placed on top of the pipes, with small holes directly over the center of each pipe. The lard was run into this pan and run down around the pipes, until it reached the pan below, where it was carried off in another pipe, to a vat and packed in tierces.

This made an excellent cooler. I had it patented, costing me about seventy dollars, but about all the good the patent ever did me, was when, on one of my trips in later years, with my wife, to Washington, we went to the patent office and found the model. I afterward learned that the brewers had a similar system for cooling beer, but did not know it at the time I built my own cooler.

The summer slaughtering and curing, although not a perfect success, in the way of curing the meat so as to be free from taint, was very profitable, as but very few were engaged in it at that time.

But our slaughtering and rendering departments were not in proportion to our refrigerating and curing departments, so I decided to enlarge. Talked it over with Mr. P., and while he and Mr. A. were on a trip to Europe, in the year 1879, I built a large addition to the slaughtering part, as well as to the rendering department.

The old gentleman must have heard of my doings while he was away, for he brought home from Geneva, Switzerland, as a present for me, a fine gold watch. I had the following inscription put in it, and have carried the watch ever since, prizing it many times beyond its intrinsic value :

Presented to
PATRICK CUDAHY
by
John Plankinton, Esq.,
on his return from Europe,
Sept. 11th, 1879.

Mr. P. had one son, William, about thirty-five years of age at this time, out of whom he was trying to make a business man ; but the young man was over cautious, while the father was more comfortable when when he had a deal on in which there was some risk, than when he had none. It can easily be seen that they were not congenial, and every now and then the young man would express his disapproval of how things were being done.

So along in 1883 the son retired from the business, and I was invited by his father to come to the down town office, on West Water Street, between Fowler and Clybourn Streets, daily, as well as to accompany him on change. Or, in other words, I was to take a hand in the business in a general way, assisting in directing the ship. I received all the telegrams and decided on those that contained offers or bids, whether or not to sell. If I did not think the bid was high enough, I made a counter price, etc., etc.

I now kept a horse and buggy. Drove to the packing house the first thing in the morning, then, about nine o'clock, went to the office, and from there on change at noon. In the afternoon I visited the plant for a couple of hours, then wound up at the office. I pushed the English meat trade and ran the house to its full capacity.

My senior grew to believe in me and had such faith in me after awhile, that he would not do anything without consulting me. It was sometimes embarrassing to have him lean on me so much. It was also embarrassing to be advanced ahead of the old office employees, and there was considerable jealousy among them. But it did not take long to make them feel that the fellow from the slaughterhouse was there to stay and the sooner they fell into line, the better for themselves.

There never was a better pair of men hooked up together than Mr. P. and Mr. A. The former was a man standing six feet high, straight as a dart, with a very long, peaked face and head, from the top of his head to his chin, a large nose, smooth face and a pair of sharp, piercing eyes. He had a limited education, but a lot of natural intelligence. He would guess the number of pounds in a pile of meat of a million pounds and when it was weighed, he would not be far out of the way.

When I first took charge of his house, he did his bookkeeping in his head. The first thing he would do mornings would be to catechise me about what was done the previous day, how many hogs were killed, how many were in the pens alive, how many pounds

of this kind of meat was made and how many of another kind, etc., etc. When I first began, I fell down with some of my answers, still he did not mind, but asked another. It was not long before I made it a point to be prepared for him, which was what he wanted. He was training me. To most of the questions he knew the answers better than I did, but he knew I could not, or would not, make a good superintendent, without being well posted. He was also a kind man, and when I made mistakes, as I often did, he shut his eye to them.

Mr. P. was a Presbyterian, and I think was a thorough believer in the pre part of his religion. He was an optimist and I think believed it was pre-arranged that he was to lead in life.

During the civil war he was an ardent patriot, but it never occurred to him to volunteer and shoulder a musket himself. It is said that crossing the street one day in front of his office, he stopped an Irish drayman and said, "Why don't you go to the war?" "I have no one at home to droive me horse, sor," said the drayman. "Why don't you sell your horse?" asked Mr. P. The Irishman was quick with his answer, "Faith, I can't get anyone to buy him." "What is he worth?" asked Mr. P. "One hundred and fifty dollars, sor," answered the drayman. Then Mr. P. said, "Come over to the office and I'll give you a check for him." The Irishman spoke up, "Well, not today, sor, I'll think it over."

The other partner, Mr. A., was not what we call now an educated man. He was a man of figures, a

clear headed, sharp trader. He had never had any experience in the meat or live stock business until he met Mr. P., probably at the age of thirty years, yet before he died, he was one of the leading packers. Often he told about when he first went to a stock yard, owned by an Englishman, named Munn, who was blind of one eye and wore a green leather patch over it. Munn had contempt for anyone who was not a judge of live stock and as Mr. A. entered the yards with his partner, Mr. Munn sang out, "There goes P.'s new partner. He don't know a hog from an umbrella." Mr. A. later on in years, when prosperity crowned his efforts, used to enjoy telling this story on himself.

In Chicago he was very successful. He took a house there, which had been managed by his brother, who died young. The house had been somewhat run down, owing to the brother's poor health for years before he died, and my oldest brother as superintendent and manager of the packing plant, with Mr. A., as the captain at the down town office, made a first class team to put new life into the business, which they did at a lively gait. Mr. A. was a tireless worker and a great organizer. He was a good judge of men and when he had them placed in their positions, did all he could to encourage them, and push them to the front.

On one occasion, after I had been in our down town office for awhile, and as I have stated, I was somewhat of a greeny (I now imagine that he knew just how I felt), he telegraphed up on a Saturday to Mr. P., that he was coming up that evening and

wanted Mr. P. and myself to meet him at the Plankinton House. Mr. P. conveyed the information to me, which almost paralyzing me with fear, thinking that I was about to lose my job, or something terrible was going to happen. But after supper I spruced up and at the appointed hour was at the Plankinton House to meet the big man from Chicago.

We met in one of the parlors in the hotel. To my surprise, instead of giving me a dressing down for something I had done, or neglected to do, the meeting was called to make me feel easy—to make me feel that I was a partner and as much as I could be made to feel, his equal. He told several humorous stories about himself and others, and made a very good entertainer for the evening. I went home very much more inflated than what I felt when leaving the house to attend the meeting.

At the time I did not quite see through it, but later on, it was all clear to me that his only purpose in calling that meeting, was to brace me up and give me more confidence in myself; as I have said, to make me feel that I was one of the firm. It was a grand thing to do and it took a big man to do it, for I was only a boy, I might say, so far as business experience was concerned, compared with the two gentlemen with whom I was associated.

Another time he came up from Chicago, called at the down town office and said, "Pat, I would like to go out to the packing house, but if you are too busy, do not bother with me. I'll get a cab and go out alone." This was another stroke, of course, to swell

me up a little. I mention those little things simply to show what a very clever man he was.

On one occasion I rode to Chicago with him in the same car. He gave me a good deal of his own experience when he first became a partner of Mr. P.'s. Said at that time he was inclined to go down town, meet the boys in the evening, take a few drinks, sometimes a glass more than he should, and would look drowsy and have a sore head next day. Went on to say that Mr. P. invited him out for a buggy ride one day. They drove for miles around the city. During the drive Mr. P. was continually whipping him, over the shoulder of somebody else, who had been living about the same kind of a life as he was living then. Mr. A. said that after they had finished the buggy ride he made a firm resolution that Mr. P. would never again have occasion to lecture him indirectly in that way. And I myself felt that Mr. A.'s account of his experience with Mr. P. was intended as a curtain lecture for me and I took it that way.

Those two big men entered into business as partners without ever having a single contract in writing, or a stroke of a pen, and continued that way for about twenty years. Then Mr. A.'s interest was growing so fast in Chicago, as well as in Kansas City and New York, that he suggested a dissolution of partnership, which was brought about in the year 1885.

Before we leave Mr. A., I wish to relate one great transaction which was credited to him. Along in the early seventies there was a very strong provision firm that came to Milwaukee from Montreal, Canada.

They had a large clientage throughout Canada and handled a great deal of pork.

One evening, while Mr. A. and a principal member of this firm, were taking a toddy, in one of the principal resorts of the city, our friend from Montreal introduced a business subject, asking Mr. A. what he was doing in pork. The conversation drifted along, when at last our friend from Montreal bluffed Mr. A. for a trade on twenty-five thousand barrels of mess pork, and Mr. A., as the story goes, sold him the pork.

Next day Mr. P., of the firm P. and A., made his usual visit on change. Mr. A. remained in his office. The Montreal man met Mr. P., and said, "Where is your partner today?" Mr. P. said, "He is over at the office." "Why didn't he come over? I bought twenty-five thousand barrels of mess pork from him last evening and want to talk with him about it. I expect him to deliver it to me promptly," explained the Montreal man. Mr. P. went back to the office and related his conversation with the man. Mr. A. said, "Why, that was not a trade, it was only a joke." "Well," Mr. P. said, "Your friend from Montreal does not look on it as a joke and demands the pork."

The Montreal man felt quite jubilant, thinking, as there was very little pork in sight, he had Mr. A. in a corner and was bound to pinch him for a good bit of money. But Mr. A. was equal to the occasion. He took one of my brothers with him, scoured the country, visiting every little town throughout the State of Wisconsin and other states where there was

any pork to be had. They purchased whatever they could find, repacked it and put it in shape, and were successful in securing the whole twenty-five thousand barrels, which they delivered to our friend from Montreal, breaking his corner and causing him to lose a good bit of money. This was a great victory for Mr. A., and probably one of the big strides toward giving him confidence in himself and making a good fighter of him.

CHAPTER V.

A short time before this I had made up my mind that I was now getting along to about the time I should take a partner for life, or as they say, a helpmeet. I had been drifting about among the girls with whom I was acquainted, attending little parties and one thing and another, keeping my weather eye peeled. Found quite a few of them that I could play and cut up with, but I had not yet found the one that I would marry.

At a dancing party a young lady friend of mine was giving, she told me she would introduce me to some nice girl the next week. I did not know exactly what she meant, but when we got into the next week, I received an invitation to attend a party at the house of one of her friends. There she introduced me to a couple of young ladies and seemed to have the pins set up for me with one particular person. Yet the person she had picked out for me was not the one that attracted me.

There was another there, with rosy cheeks and laughing eyes, to whom my heart went out as soon as I laid my eyes on her. I managed to have a dance with her and a little tete-a-tete in the corner, but when it came time for refreshments I was told that I was to take the other lady to supper, so did not have an opportunity to make very good use of my time that evening.

From the party I walked home with another young lady, who was a school teacher and a friend of the girl I was smitten on, who was also a school teacher. No matter what subject for conversation would be introduced, I would switch back to the girl with the rosy cheeks and laughing eyes.

About a week later, there was another party, arranged by the same lady, at another house. The same girls were there, and again I was paired off with the same girl who was picked out for me at the party of the week before. Nevertheless, I managed to have several chats with the girl of my heart. The chairs were again arranged at the supper table the same as before and, somehow or other, some other chap managed to take my girl home again.

But I was acquainted with another school teacher, an elderly person, who taught school and kept house at the same time, for the benefit of a younger sister. I called on this elderly lady and made a confidant of her. Told her I wanted her to invite my particular school teacher to her house and have me there the same evening, which she kindly did. So that gave me a good fair start, which I followed up from time to time, growing more ardent as time went on. Yet I never was a very good hand at courting, for I did not have the small talk that most the fellows have, and which a great many girls appreciate.

My intended bride boarded with a maiden lady, where there were two other young ladies, who also had "steadies," and occasionally we would all meet in the parlor at the same time. One of the young men was a terrible chatterbox. He could talk for a

dozen and when the evening was past, nobody knew what he had been saying. During a visit such as this I would be as dumb as an oyster, for I never was able to join in anything like chitter-chatter.

If it got to politics, or business, or the latest newspaper sensation, or something that way, I could take a hand in the conversation; but with the light jabber, I was not in it. So at times I appeared very awkward, yet my girl seemed to understand me and things went on fairly well.

Of course we had an occasional spat, as all lovers do. One that I remember in particular was at a public dance, given by some society, which we attended. Another young man seemed to have gotten in his work pretty well and engaged my girl for several of the dances, and, stupid-like, I sat around nursing my supposed injury. But she generally treated me with perfect indifference when it came to a row, and let me take my own time for cooling off.

Finally, after about a year and a half of courtship, I popped the question. I was not given an answer then, but was told that I would have to wait awhile for my answer. I waited quite awhile, and still no answer, but time brought me good news, and I have always felt that I was one of the luckiest men that ever lived, to get such a charming girl for a wife.

She was educated and refined and I was inclined to be a good deal of a rough diamond, harsh, trampling people under my feet. She often reprimanded me for this sort of thing and did a whole lot toward knocking off the rough corners, although I think there is plenty of room still for improvement.

We were married about a year before I received my interest in the firm. I had accumulated about seven thousand dollars, with which I bought a nice little home, a two story brick veneered house, on Thirteenth Street, between Wells Street and Grand Avenue.

One evening, when we had started out for a walk, my wife turned around and looked back at the house, and said, "I never thought I would have such a pretty home, I might call my own, to live in."

When we first began married life she did her own housework. All the money I gave her to run the house was fifty dollars a month. Of course, I provided the meat and coal, etc., but for groceries and other incidentals, all she had was fifty dollars, and she was very happy and well satisfied.

Our courtship was rather tame. She was at work teaching school. Although she held an "A" certificate, she taught in a small school located just west of where the Catholic Orphan Asylum now stands. The street cars did not run in that direction then, and a good deal of the time she walked, a good four miles from where she lived, on Fifth Street, near Sycamore Street. A pretty plucky little school ma'am, wasn't she? I was up to my eyes in work, for it was just the time that responsibilities were being thrust upon me and I was always up and dressed and ready for more. Never did I complain about my work, or my salary, and my employers seemed to appreciate me all the more on that account.

But to get back to our courtship. In the language and customs of today, I was something of a "cheap-





MISS ANNA MADDEN



PATRICK CUDAHY
AGE 20

skate." We went to the theater occasionally, whenever there was anything good in town, generally walked, or took a street car. Quite frequently we went to church, especially to evening services. Church is the cheapest place a fellow can take his girl.

She used to wear a very nice tight fitting seal skin coat and in one of my generous moods, I called at a fur store and selected what I thought was a very pretty fur hat. It was made sort of long, from front to back, turned up on the sides, with a brown feather sticking up, pointing backward. She did the polite act, by accepting it, in a very gracious manner, said it was lovely, and all that sort of thing. But the first time I saw it after that, it was so altered in shape, that I did not recognize it.

In another mood, I bought a cameo set, a pair of earrings and a brooch. Don't know what the trouble was this time—the earring season must have been going out, or something. In order to show her appreciation she wore them a few times, but in a short time one of the earrings was converted into a scarf pin and the other into a finger ring. So I began to think I had better hint around a little, before making any more purchases.

When the time came to ask the consent of her father, who lived on a farm at Pewaukee, to our marriage, I wrote him a plain declaration, stating that I had been keeping company with his daughter; that I loved her and felt certain she reciprocated my love, and with his consent, I would like to make her my wife. In due time he replied that Annie was his favorite daughter, but he would not stand in the way of our happiness, wished us God speed, etc., etc.

We did not do as they do nowadays, go off on an extended wedding trip, but settled right down in our new home. The next morning the first thing I heard was my wife, singing while she was at work cooking our breakfast, which I ate with a relish and went off to my work as usual.

Shortly after we were married, the firm had some trouble about hams, sold to a party in Pittsburg. I was asked to go down to straighten it out. Invited my wife to join me, and this was our only wedding trip. In Chicago, on the way to Pittsburg, we stood waiting for a street car to take us across town. It was dreadfully hot. I had on a long linen duster, and must have looked like a rube, for a young newspaper boy said to another nearby, eyeing me all the while, "Jimmy, lets go harvesting." I received the shot with a smile, saying, "Serves me right, I should not appear on the streets of Chicago in such an outfit."

I was loaded with business, irritated at times, and think now probably I was not quite as kind to my wife as I might have been. I was strong and healthy and she was weak and frail from having children, and I think there were times that I might have been a little more gentle and spoken more kindly. Feel that if I had to live my life over again, I could improve a little along those lines. Yet there never were any quarrels or never any bitter feeling between us to amount to anything.

I simply mention this, as I have sometimes felt like accusing myself, as I believe open confession is good for the mind as well as the soul.

CHAPTER VI.

Now to go back to the business. About the year 1885 Mr. A. and Mr. P. dissolved partnership. My interest was increased to a quarter and the firm name changed to John Plankinton & Company, myself being the company.

This partnership ran on for a couple of years, during which period we got into quite a lard deal. Lard was selling in March for May delivery at something like six and one-half cents. The stock in Chicago was only thirty thousand tierces. We started to buy it in a small way, but gradually getting more and more, until we had something like one hundred thousand tierces bought, and the price was but very little different than what it was when we began. About this time Mr. P. began to lose his nerve and very often complained, finding fault with himself for becoming involved in such a deal.

To begin with I was rather adverse to going into it at all. But about the time Mr. P. began to lose his nerve, I began to feel more confident and said to him one day, "If you are afraid of this lard, I will take a half interest in it." He took me up on the spot. From that on I was a full partner in the lard deal, but only a quarter partner in the packing business. Though I was a full partner, I was obliged to obey orders as to whether lard should be bought or sold, on account of our relationship in the other business.

It ran on and we continued to buy. As the new season, beginning November first, approached, Mr. P. was more nervous than ever. We had a severe drought that summer, and as a shortage of hogs as well as much poorer quality of hogs always follow a drought and poorer quality meant decrease in the production of lard, I wanted Mr. P. to pay for the lard, build a large shed adjoining our packing house, pile it up there and borrow money on it and await results. But I could not hold him. We sold out the lard, making a loss of about three hundred thousand dollars, of which one hundred fifty was mine, half of all I possessed at the time.

The house made quite a bit of profit that year, but as my interest was only twenty-five per cent, it did not begin to offset the loss I had in the lard.

This experience taught me a good lesson, however, and was probably worth all it cost. It was quite trying, for I had to meet my friends and laugh good naturedly, accept their compliments on the profits we were making, while I was sweating blood and walked the plank at night, brooding over the real situation. I never showed the white feather, however, in talking with Mr. P. I afterward was told by others, who heard him speak of me in a very flattering way, that he said I was game to the back bone; that he had known of where I was in the tightest kind of a box and never squealed.

The next year we were anxious to recoup the money we lost in the lard, and by being over anxious, did not make as much money in the business as we would have done, if we had acted differently.

The old gentleman was a natural born speculator and had lost complete control of himself along about this time.

Let me tell you about another occasion.

Mr. P. and Mr. A. planned a trip to California. Mr. P. before he left the office intimated to me that he would get Mr. A. into another pork corner; but I had heard Mr. A. declare so often that he would never get into another deal, that I did not believe Mr. P. would be successful in influencing him. They were not more than started, however, when I received a message from Mr. P., instructing me to buy in any pork we had sold. I did not heed him, but wired back I had not bought in, but had sold some more.

I received another message, characteristic of the old gentleman, which read, "Buy in that pork, I know what I am talking about." This set me thinking, and the following day I received a letter from Mr. P. He was not a very good letter writer and did not make matters plain enough, so I decided to get on the train and overhaul them. Wired him that I would take the train and meet him at New Orleans. Acting accordingly, I took the train that night out of Chicago.

For some reason or other they did not wait for me, but moved on to Galveston. I did not stop, however, until I had an interview with them and took the first train for Galveston, where I met him and got a full statement about their actions.

My experience with the lard deal was such that I was like the burnt child who shunned the fire, and informed Mr. P., if he was going to engage in another corner, he could count me out. He had such absolute

confidence in their success that he stated if the deal made money I would get my share of it and if it lost money, he would stand the whole of it. I said that was fair enough, and left for home.

The deal, however, turned out to be quite disastrous, and though the public generally figured that there was a great deal of profit made, the facts were that Mr. P.'s share of the loss was about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

In the spring of 1886 I had my first experience with a strike. There was a great labor movement throughout the country. This was during the reign of the Knights of Labor with Mr. Powderly at the head. The whole country seemed to be infected with a germ of discontent. Almost every laboring man in the country was enrolled in the organization known as the Knights of Labor, and of course, our men were no exception.

This was during the time I was superintendent, as well as taking a hand in running the business at the office.

I called the foremen of the different departments together and asked them if they did not think most of their men were knights. They did not seem to think so, yet I was firmly convinced that such was the case, so I instructed each one of the foremen to put the question straight to their men, as to whether or not they were enrolled. The result was that practically every man in our house belonged to the Knights of Labor.

There seemed to be trouble in the air everywhere. In Chicago at the stock yards Mr. A. was acting as a

general chief, sending rifles by the wagon load out to my brother at the stock yards. The air seemed to be pregnant with excitement about strikes, labor troubles, etc.

I made up my mind the best way to do was to shut down the house until the trouble blew over, so I went to work, killed what hogs we had on hand, ran them into our refrigerator and then announced it publicly that the plant would be closed for an indefinite period. After doing this I went among the men on whom I thought I could rely and notified them privately that they could come to work, but to my surprise I had mighty few the next day, as of course, it was understood that if they were knights they were not to come.

However, we had a fair little gang and went on to cut the hogs we had in the refrigerator and took care of our fresh meat trade as best we could. This went on for about a week.

There were other labor troubles in the city, particularly at the rolling mills. The men became excited, formed into marching mobs and were moving on the rolling mills. Sturdy Jerry Rusk was our governor at that time. Our mayor being rather weakly, a number of Milwaukee's most prominent men got together and made an appeal to the governor to quell the riots. The governor called out the militia. A number of them were stationed at the rolling mills at the time the mob was making a demonstration. They got in close contact and the militia was given orders to fire. One man was killed and a few wounded. I felt certain that this would break the backbone of the disturbance.

I swore in about six of our most trustworthy employees as special police to guard the premises, then advertised for men. My advertisement read:

MEN WANTED—By John Plankinton & Co.
No distinction made as to union, non-union, nationality, color, or creed.

I also applied to the chief of police for a few officers to keep order. The result of my ad was that quite a large number of men applied at the packing house the next morning.

In the meantime our old employees were congregated in groups outside, yet were not willing to apply for work, only as Knights of Labor, but when they saw the strangers coming to work they weakened, and it was not long before the trouble was over and we were working in harmony again.

During this time, after straightening things out at the packing house, I drove one morning to the office on West Water Street. Mr. P. met me with fire in his eye and said, "The place for you now, during this trouble, is at the packing house." I said, "Alright, sir, I am not afraid to be there, so I will return and remain there until this thing is over."

One of our principal foremen at the time nearly had a stroke of paralysis when I told him I was going to advertise for men, so thoroughly frightened was he over the situation.

Another incident I wish to relate occurred while I was in the office this very same morning. A large, tall Scandinavian came in and approached Mr. P., saying, "I look for work." "What kind of work are

you looking for?" asked Mr. P. "I can do anything. Put me behind the desk, give me a pen, I will show you."

Meantime the fellow had pulled out a photograph of a woman saying, "Look at that picture." Mr. P. said, "That is a beautiful woman." "That is my wife," said the Scandinavian, "Would you have her starve?" Mr. P. replied, "No, sir, she's too handsome a woman to starve." The Scandinavian said, "Now you speak kind," and went off in a very happy mood.

The old gentleman's tact and flattery did him good service that time, for the fellow was under the influence of liquor and might have made a troublesome scene if he had not been handled so tactfully.

Mr. P. became involved in other deals that also went wrong, so much so that he began to lose confidence in himself and decided to retire and take it easy the balance of his life.

One day he informed me of his plans, at the same time informing me that his son W., was anxious to take possession of the business. He said, "I know it is the worst decision he ever made in his life, but I cannot help it, so you had better make plans accordingly." And whether he was anxious to get me out of Milwaukee, so that it would be easier for his son, or whether it was pure kindness, I know not, but one day, without saying a word to me about it, he went to Chicago and had a conference with his old partner, Mr. A. Mr. A. had just taken on a branch house at Omaha and was at that time making up the organization to run the house.

Mr. P. suggested my name as manager and part-

ner in the new house. He came home and next day informed me as to what he had done, stating that his suggestion met the approval of Mr. A., and all there was for me to do was to accept and the position and partnership was mine.

This was such a great surprise that it almost took my breath away. I thanked him very much, saying I would like a little time to consider it.

I know, from previous conversations with my oldest brother, that he had his eye on the Omaha house. So I wired Mr. A., asking if my brother was in Chicago and received a reply stating he was in Omaha, suggesting I go out there and see him. That very evening I took the train out of Chicago, arriving in Omaha next morning. But just as soon as my eyes met my brother's, I saw his disappointment. He had learned of Mr. P.'s suggestion, and although he was very kind and courteous with me, he could not conceal his disappointment in the turn affairs had taken. I decided right then and there, though I did not tell my brother so, to decline the offer. I felt it might be the cause of some feeling between my brother and myself.

On my return from Omaha, I called at Mr. A.'s office, thanked him, stating I would give him a final answer inside of a week. I knew there was a great future in store for me if I accepted, but the more I debated with myself, the more I was convinced that my first impulse was the proper one; so I finally wrote Mr. A., declining the offer.

Then my brother felt it was his duty to provide something equally as good for me. He sent a pro-

motor, who was promoting stock yards and the packing industry at Sioux City. I went out to Sioux City with the man and had a talk with the land owners, in whose interest he was working. They agreed to give me fifteen acres of land, build a good sized packing house on it and donate me one hundred thousand dollars, providing I would agree to go there and run the house for at least five years. A contract, or an agreement, binding both parties, was drawn up and signed to that effect. But after the contract had been signed I stated that if they were to continue soliciting and induce others to locate there, they could count me out; that if I were to locate there, it would be for the purpose of running a packing house to make money, and not for the purpose of booming land. In fact, this was part of our agreement.

But I had not much more than reached home, when the newspapers published an account of another concern, by the name of Fowler & Company, who had signed a contract to go there. I immediately wrote the parties, stating that they could consider our contract cancelled.

Some time afterward I was in Chicago and met one of the Sioux City men. We both went into my brother's office and signed a cancellation of the contract.

I informed Mr. P. of this. "Well," said he, "What do you think of doing now?" "I am going to remain right here," said I, "build me a snug little house and do what I can here." "Well," he said, "wait awhile and maybe I will have something to offer you." But

after three weeks or so, he told me I had better go ahead with my plans; that he had thought he would be able to persuade W. to give up the idea of taking the house, but it was of no avail, he was bound to have it. Mr. P. said, "I think it is the worst day's work he ever did, but I can't help that."

So I looked around and bought a nice site, located between the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and the Burnham Canal, fronting Muskego Avenue. After making the purchase I told Mr. P. about it. He said it was a good location and that it was worth the money.

About three weeks after this he said, I have got W. now so I can talk business with you. "But," said I, "I have purchased a site for a packing house of my own." "Oh, that will be alright," said he, "I will take care of that."

I had two hundred thousand dollars myself, which he knew of, so he suggested my getting each of my brothers in Chicago to invest two hundred thousand dollars with me, making a capital of six hundred thousand dollars and he would turn over the Plankinton Packing Company plant, brands, and good will, and in lieu of a stipulated rent, he would accept twenty per cent of our net profit each year, for the use of same; that if there was no profit, I paid no rent. If there was a loss, it was to be deducted from the next year's profits before any rent was paid. I was to keep the property insured for one hundred twenty-five thousand dollars and return it in as good condition as we received it, etc., etc.

We dickered and compromised on fifteen per cent

instead of twenty per cent. But when I broached the subject to my brothers, my oldest brother found he could not furnish his portion. My brother John came to the front in good shape, saying he would furnish the whole four hundred thousand and we became equal partners, I putting my labor against the difference in the capital. He never had reason to regret it, for it is now twenty-two years since, and I think I have paid him near on to two million dollars in dividends and he still owns more than four hundred thousand dollars stock in Cudahy Brothers Company.

We bought out Mr. Plankinton as per contract in October, 1888. Our lease contract ran for five years with the privilege of renewal for five years more.

This deal caused quite a sensation at the time and the live stock commission men were in the dumps. The idea of a youngster like myself, undertaking to run a business of such magnitude! It was presumptuous! Some of them began making plans to move their business to Chicago. They felt that I could not swing the thing; that it was only a question of time when I would fail. The very best they could hope for, was a one-horse business. But I fooled them all—I pitched right in and ran the house to its full capacity, kept our stuff sold up close, so that I did not require such a lot of money. We bought our hogs early in the day, or just as soon as they were ready to sell them. The shippers were well satisfied, it made Milwaukee an attractive market, brought more hogs here, and everything went along swimmingly.

We continued in business in this way, until the expiration of the first five years, ending in the fall of

1893. In the meantime, my old friend and benefactor had passed away. He had a stroke of creeping paralysis shortly after he retired and gradually grew worse, dying in the spring of 1891. I was now obliged to deal with his son W.

After we had been working about a year and a half, I felt that in order to have perfect success in curing our meats, it would be necessary for us to put in an ice machine. I called on Mr. W. P., stated my case, saying that it would be necessary for us to have an ice machine, and as the plant was his, I felt that he should install the machine and make the additional improvement which was necessary. His reply to this was, he had no money to spare, if I wanted such things, I would have to pay for them myself. I said, "Alright, but let it be understood that when our lease expires, that machine is ours and we shall take it out when we vacate the property." He told me I had better consult my lawyer before I decided on those plans. This ended our conversation about the matter.

I went to work and put in the ice machine, also built an addition to the plant, which was necessary, spending in all about forty thousand dollars. This we charged to expense account, and when we made our report to the Plankinton Estate at the closing of our year's business, it made our expense account show up rather large.

W. P. got a lawyer's opinion as to whether or not we had the right to enlarge and improve his property and charge it to expense account. The lawyer that he went to was the same man that drew up the contract between his father and myself. I presume he felt

obliged to give W. P. an opinion, so, with a lot of lawyer phrases, wrote out an opinion that he did not think the contract contemplated any additional buildings or large expenditures of money; that it simply provided for the keeping of the property in repair, etc., etc.

One of W. P.'s trusted employees called on me one day, with this long typewritten document, straightened up, or rather leaned backward, and read it to me with an air of great importance.

After he had finished reading I was thoroughly disgusted, and said to him, "What in the world is the matter with you fellows? My only object in putting in this ice machine and adding to the value of the plant is with a view of making more money. And if I succeed in making more money it simply increases the amount that you get for the use of your plant. Do you want to tie my hands, so I cannot be successful and do as other up-to-date business men do?"

He gave me a dry smile and said, "I have carried out my orders, which is all I have to say."

He left the typewritten document with me and in a day or two I took it to one of our principal law firms and happened to meet the principal of the firm, who was a good, level headed, sensible man, as well as a good lawyer. I explained the situation to him as I saw it and then gave him the document to read.

He read it over and gave a good hearty laugh and said, "Cudahy, you could not do anything different except what you propose to do. There is no business that stands still. It either goes forward or backward. You are making this expenditure for the purpose of

increasing the capacity of your business. You have charged the cost of it to expense account and when you vacate the premises, you propose to estimate the value of it and credit the amount back to expense account, that is, in case you take it out."

I said, "That is exactly what I propose to do."

But my friend W. P. must have taken advice with some one else, at least the matter was dropped and there was nothing more said or done about it.

This unpleasant incident had its effect on me and did not tend to change my opinion of W. P. So after the third year, nearing the end of the fourth year of our contract, I felt that we could afford to have a plant of our own and fully made up my mind to arrange matters that way.

But when my friend W. P. became aware of the situation and realized that the property would be thrown back on his hands, he weakened. Up to this time he had talked and acted as though I had bulldozed his father into a very profitable contract for myself, but now that he had the matter to deal with himself, he felt different.

And when it came to the scratch and we were about to vacate his plant he was willing to have me remain there, and in fact implored me to do so, at one-half of the rental that we had been paying. It showed that when he had an opportunity to take the property and organize a business of his own he weakened.

Now I am coming to the winter (but in my case it was the summer) of my discontent. Up to this time things had gone on swimmingly. My brother John,

who was a full partner with me, had been very successful in all his undertakings and had accumulated a fortune of about four million dollars. This, with my own success, caused me to feel that we should have our own plant instead of remaining with Plankinton in the old tumbled down house in the valley, and as my relations and business intercourse with William Plankinton were not of the pleasantest nature, I decided to surrender the plant to him at the expiration of the first five years and buy property and build one of our own.

With that in view I got a county map, looked it over, and selected a site located about two miles south of the south limits of Milwaukee on the Chicago & North-Western Railroad. Up to this time there had not been a station there, although it was known as Buckhorn. It was about a mile west of the lake, and the highest point between Milwaukee and Chicago, which afforded good drainage and good water supply.

I engaged a man to go among the farmers in this locality and take options on land. We got options good for one year on about eight hundred acres of land. The prices ranged from three hundred to fifteen hundred dollars an acre. We were not obliged to pay anything for the options and the understanding was that if we were to purchase, we were to pay one quarter of the purchase price down, the balance in one, two and three years.

I began this about a year prior to the expiration of my lease with Plankinton and had accepted on most of the land, made the first payment, had plans made for my buildings, and had them pretty well under way when the Panic of '93 set in.

My brother who was always clear headed and successful in all his deals up to this time, was caught with some very heavy deals on hand. I was aware of this and was about as much interested in wheat and lard as what he was. I watched the ticker for a couple of months about as closely as if the deals were my own. One day it would look as though everything was going through alright. The next day it would appear the other way.

With me, so far as the carrying out of my plans for the large plant was concerned, it was one day "I will" and the next day "I won't." One day I would feel that the plant could not be any too large and the next day one half the size of my plans would be large enough.

This unsettled condition ran on until about August first, 1893. I had the buildings practically completed and all the equipment, such as boilers, tanks, ice machines, etc., contracted for. Also had accepted on practically all of the land. The buildings contained about ten million brick and the same number of feet of lumber. The total cost of the plant, with the land when paid for, would be about a million and a quarter dollars.

The panic continued to grow more acute right along, when at last I began to fear the worst, so far as my brother was concerned. I had a sort of a premonition that something was going to happen, one particular morning, so I boarded the train for Chicago, and in the car with me was an elderly gentleman, one of Milwaukee's prominent bankers, and with him were his wife and another lady. They were in-

clined to be sociable and chatty, but their conversation was all lost on me, for there was nothing but wheat and lard running through my head at the time. They must have thought I was a very stupid fellow, for I imagine now that I did not answer half of their questions, and if I had, I might have said something about lard or wheat.

Finally, when reaching Chicago, and to me the trip was especially long that morning, the newsboys were selling extras and shouting, "All about John Cudahy's failure." But the word failure was putting it too strongly. He, like a great many others, during this panic, was obliged to suspend business, for he could not finance his deals. He had lard loaded on cars, which he had sold for export, but could not get money on the bills of lading. He settled with his creditors for one hundred cents on the dollar, which was giving some of them a great deal more than they deserved, for they took advantage of his predicament, and forced the price of lard down three cents a pound below its legitimate value, at which price he was obliged to settle.

He gave them all the cash he possessed and his notes for the remainder, payable one year from date, without interest, and my brother Michael and I endorsed those notes. I had an understanding with my brother Michael, however, that in case we were called upon to pay the notes, I would not be held for more than one third. Even that amount would have crippled me pretty badly if I were obliged to pay it at that time, and I tell you I felt greatly relieved when about a year from that time I was released by my brother John being able to pay the notes himself.

After his suspension, he, of course, was obliged to go very slowly, as he had no money and no credit, but he succeeded in getting in, little by little, and finally saw a good opportunity, made a great coup, and cleared enough to pay for all his notes.

To get back to the day of his suspension.

I went from the train directly to his office. He was not there, but my brother Michael was and he was in a terrible state of excitement, walking the floor, fuming and fretting. As soon as I met him, he explained to me that a wealthy packer in Chicago had offered to loan my brother John a quarter of a million dollars, provided he, Michael, would endorse the paper. He stated that he had refused to do so, for the reason that he thought the wealthy packer had a selfish motive in making the offer; that it would simply prolong the trouble and make the loss greater in the end, by which the wealthy packer would benefit.

He feared that his friends would not understand the situation and that they would think it was meanness on his part in not standing by his brother.

"Well," said I, "I need a hundred thousand dollars about as badly as any man living, at the present time and you will run no risk in endorsing my paper and your friend cannot very well refuse to let me have it, since he has offered to loan two hundred and fifty thousand to John, with your endorsement."

He agreed with me on the spot and we went over to our friend's office. My brother Michael stroked the old fellow down the back, thanked him very much for his kindness, and explained that he did not accept the offer because he thought it was simply prolonging

the trouble, but said, "Here is my brother Patrick, who is anxious to borrow one hundred thousand dollars and I will endorse his paper if you will kindly loan it to him."

As there was no other way out of it, the wealthy packer consented to let me have the money, which he did right there, and I came home to Milwaukee feeling like a Rockefeller.

The old house of Plankinton & Armour, which we succeeded, had established a system, a sort of a savings bank, whereby a great many small accumulators deposited their savings with them. This we inherited, and at the time of my brother's trouble, we were owing a number of people, who had accumulated small amounts ranging from five hundred dollars to six thousand dollars, which they had deposited with us, a total of about eighty thousand dollars. To pay this with, before I succeeded in getting the one hundred thousand dollars in Chicago, I only had in the bank, forty thousand dollars, so you can imagine my feelings the evening before I went to Chicago, especially as I felt almost certain that my brother was going to meet the fate he did.

I felt that every one of those people would be standing at the door, demanding their money, as soon as they heard of my brother's trouble. I felt as I presume a banker feels, when he is anticipating a run on his bank, and it was for the purpose of putting myself in a position to be able to pay those people, that I borrowed the one hundred thousand dollars.

But to my surprise there were only a few of them that were in any way panicky. I claim a little credit,

however, for warding off the panic, which might have occurred among them, by anticipating some of the bills that were due, or about to be due, for work on our plant, by sending out checks before they called for them. This, of course, got talked around, and the gossip had it that so far as Patrick Cudahy was concerned, he had plenty of money.

There was one man, who had charge of the curing of our meats in our cellars, who became badly scared. I met him the morning after my return from Chicago, and he looked so badly frightened that I said, "Tom, would you like to draw out your money?" He replied, "Well, I did not sleep any last night." "Well, well," I said, "It won't do to have you losing your sleep, Tom. You had better go into the office and get your check."

This he did, and took his check for a little over six thousand dollars, to the bank, had it cashed, kept the money two nights in his house and each day following looked more frightened than the day before. Finally he came to me and said, "Cudahy, do you want that money again?" "I do, Tom," I answered, "I never wanted six thousand dollars so much in my life, and will be very thankful for it if you can give it to me and feel confident that you are going to get it back again, and drop that frightened face. But if you are going to look so scared and frightened every time I meet you, I do not want you to give it to me." "You can have the money," he said.

I did not blame the poor fellow, for he had been an accumulator and had accumulated a total of about fifty thousand dollars, the most of which he had in the

Marine Bank, which also went down with the panic, and about which we will have something to say later on.

Another man, of the same character, an accumulator, who loved money, called at the office about the same time, and when I saw him I felt certain that he was coming to draw out his money, but instead of that he deposited an additional fifteen hundred dollars with us. After he called, our cashier came to me with a smile on his face and told me about our friend depositing the fifteen hundred dollars. I was so surprised that I went out and shook his hand and said, "What, you depositing money with us today? I thought you would be drawing out what you have here." "No, sir," he replied, "I am not the least bit frightened. I have absolute confidence in you." This made me feel better than anything that had happened with me for years.

The price of hogs tumbled down from six cents to four with the panic and everybody that was doing business was so frightened, in fact paralyzed, that they would not buy them and so there was a margin of profit of almost two dollars a hog.

One old time packer in Chicago was so cautious that he would not sell any short ribs, pork or lard to the consuming trade, preferring to sell it on the Chicago Board where he could call margins. The cash price for short ribs in the south was one cent a pound above what they were selling for on the Chicago Board, yet the south was in good shape. They had some little financial trouble about six months prior to the general trouble and were pretty well recovered.

So I went right on, bought the hogs and ran our house to its full capacity, for I had my friend's one hundred thousand dollars to work with and I think I turned that one hundred thousand dollars over about three times in the sixty days that I had it, and made, I thing almost fifty thousand dollars with it.

After my brother John got matters straightened out in Chicago, he and my brother Michael went down to Atlantic City to recuperate for a couple of weeks. The day that they returned to Chicago I had bought two thousand hogs in the Chicago Stock Yards. My oldest brother was surprised, called me up on the telephone, and wanted to know what I meant by splashing around in that way. I said, "There is good margin in killing hogs and I am trying to make a little money. The Lord knows I need it badly enough just now."

At this time I had not fully decided as to whether I would complete and open the new plant or not. As I have already stated, William Plankinton, when he found that I was about to leave, was willing to allow me the use of the old plant at a rental of seven per cent of our net profits, which was less than half of what we had been paying under the five-year contract made with his father.

To remain there was easy sailing. I had the old house all equipped and everything established and right, and I could continue so for another five years, or any part of five years, if I chose to. I could also save something by stopping the new buildings right there and also by declining to pay for any more of the land.

On the other hand, I had started out with a view of having a first class plant and also with a view of building a town or a city, which the Chicago & North-Western Railroad people, complimentary to me, had named Cudahy. I had platted a lot of land into city lots, made sidewalks, etc., and sold quite a number of lots on the strength of the business that we were going to establish there. I felt morally bound to return the money to those people who purchased lots, in case they demanded it, and in case I did not carry out my plans, which in all amounted to about fifty thousand dollars. I would also be obliged to make a great sacrifice in the money that we had put into the buildings and that we had paid out on the land.

So again it was a case of "Shall I go?" or "Shall I stay?"

I walked the floor at night, felt my hair curling at times and said over and over, "Shall I, or shall I not," a great many times. But finally decided to go, which we did on November first, 1893.

To begin with, I did not feel that I could afford to put in and establish a water works at the lake. Thought I would try to get along with an artesian well. I had one dug fifteen hundred feet deep, at a cost of over three thousand dollars, but after doing so, found the water was such that we could not use it in our boilers or steam pipes and I was afterward obliged to go to the lake and build a pumping station, at a cost of about forty thousand dollars. And all this with a very weak bank account. As the saying goes, "There was the rub," the bank account.

My brother John's pile was gone and with it his

credit. My own pile was practically all sunk in the new buildings and land. I could make a pretty fair showing to the banks, but not a strong one. Our old bank, with which we had been doing business for years, and from which we at one time had three quarters of a million dollars borrowed, went down in the panic.

About the time this bank began to feel the pressure, one of its principal officers visited Chicago and took advice with a wealthy packer there, as to the advisability of our new venture, etc. The wealthy packer, being a competitor of ours, it was great pleasure for him to be able to have an interview with our banker and you may rest assured that the banker, when he returned to Milwaukee, did not feel any more safe or confident, so far as we were concerned, than he did before the interview.

On his return, he immediately 'phoned me to call and see him, which I did. He opened the conversation by telling me that he had been to Chicago and talked with a certain gentleman there. This certain gentleman had informed him that my brother was more or less of a speculator, and that our new venture was considerable of a land speculation, and that where I was locating our new packing house, was a little out of the regular order of things, and that it would be hard for me to draw the live stock to our market and so forth and so on.

The banker said he would like a statement from me as to our condition. I told him that I knew perfectly well, without him telling me, who the gentleman was from whom he had gotten his information;

that I did not blame him in the least to feel a little bit concerned and that I was willing to show him our books, just how we stood, as to property we had on hand, the money we owed, how much insurance we carried, etc., and that when I had done so, if he was still uneasy, I would pay him back as much of his money as I could conveniently pay, and if he was well satisfied, I might borrow a little more.

The result of it all was, after I had gotten through, the banker gave me another fifty thousand dollars.

But a little later on this same bank began to feel the pressure of the panic itself and began to call in its loans all around. It was a state bank. State banks are obliged to make a statement to the state bank examiner on the first of each July. The president of the bank, after we had paid up more than half of the money we owed them, called me one day and said he would like to have me pay one hundred thousand dollars that was due about the first, as he was anxious to make a good statement to the bank examiner. He said I could have the money again immediately after the first, if I needed it. I paid him the one hundred thousand and felt so sanguine about getting it again, that, a few days later, I sent the paper down with one of our young men, but to my surprise, the old gentleman was unable to make me the loan.

This was some time before my brother's collapse, but it was pretty well known among bankers that he was in pretty deep and it struck me that the old bank president was taking fright, which was the cause of his refusing me the one hundred thousand dollars. I called at the bank and asked him what was the matter.

He would make no explanation, so I said, "Mr. F., I believe you have lost confidence in me and that you are afraid to loan me money and if I were certain about it, I would close up my account and leave you immediately. I would not feel like entering the door of your bank if I thought that you had lost confidence in me."

The old gentleman looked miserable, wrinkled up his face, and said, "Cudahy, please do not talk to me that way. I cannot explain."

It struck me then that it was all up with the bank and sure enough, in a short time the old bank, which was considered as strong as the Bank of England, was obliged to close its doors. But we had our loan all paid up by this time, with the exception of fifty thousand dollars, which they had rediscounted in Chicago.

This bank closed a few days after my brother's trouble, and I was obliged to hustle around and locate with some other bank. I first called on a bank that I considered very strong. The cashier was an old German and at the time I called at the bank, he was closeted with one of his principal stockholders, holding a sort of a secret session. When I made known my business I got a regular ice water bath. He said, "No, no, Cudahy. I couldn't take care of you now."

I next visited another bank which I also considered conservative and strong, meeting with about the same result. The fact of the matter was, they were all scared of me. I was about like a fellow who was after coming out of a sick bed, after having the smallpox—nobody cared to invite me in.

Finally I called on big hearted Captain Pabst, who was president of the Wisconsin National Bank, and told him that my bank had gone down and that I was looking for a new bank. He gave me a warm handshake and said, "Come over here, Cudahy, we'll take care of you." I said, "Well, hold on, Captain, wait until I tell you how bad a man I am. There are times when we require a bank nearly all to ourselves." He asked, "About how much money would you need at any one time?" "About half a million dollars," I answered. "Come along," he said, "that does not scare me."

The handshake and the promise was certainly a great tonic for me that morning. I opened an account there and borrowed twenty-five thousand dollars. But twenty-five thousand dollars does not last very long in the packing business, and in the course of a couple of weeks I asked the vice-president for another twenty-five thousand. He gave me his banker's smile and said he did not know as to whether he could let me have it or not; did not think he could at the time. Then I related my conversation with the captain and said I did not know whether he was talking in the capacity of a banker or a brewer that day. The vice-president replied that he thought the captain must have been talking in the capacity of a brewer.

I also opened an account with another bank, of which Mr. Rudolph Nunnemacher was president. I borrowed twenty-five thousand dollars there, but later on this bank was merged with the First National Bank, and as my twenty-five thousand would soon be due, I called up the president of the First National

and explained matters, asking if I could count on a renewal of the twenty-five thousand dollars. He hesitated quite a bit and finally said he thought I could, but if I wanted any more it would be necessary to have my oldest brother endorse my paper. I told him my oldest brother would endorse all the paper I would ask him to endorse, I thought up to a million dollars, but I was not going to ask him to endorse any. He had troubles enough of his own and I would get along in a small way and do what I could with my own money and my own credit.

After my interview with the president, I called on Mr. Nunnemacher, who was the president of the bank that had merged with the First National Bank, and he proved a friend in need and a friend indeed.

I told him my hard luck story, how the banks in Milwaukee were all frightened, owing to my brother's trouble, and that I was unable to borrow more than fifty thousand dollars in Milwaukee. He said he was about to make a trip to Europe and he would stop off at Boston and see what he could do for me there. True to his word, he called on one large firm of money brokers in Boston and recommended me in the highest kind of terms; stated that if they had any doubts about my paper, he would endorse it himself. The result of this was, that I got in all about four hundred thousand dollars in Boston.

This put me squarely on my feet once more and I went on doing business in the old fashioned way. When the bankers in Milwaukee saw that I was running my house full blast, getting along entirely independent of them, they soon fell into line and I did

not get the ice quite so badly when I called at their banks. But I tell you, it took a lot of nursing to build up a credit and establish confidence. Everywhere I went I was asked how much stock my brother John had with me. However, I was able to assure them that I had sixty per cent of it and was handling my business in a very conservative way.

Our first year's business at Cudahy was a failure. We made about twelve or thirteen thousand dollars on a business of about six million dollars. It was so near being nothing that I charged it up to profit and loss. In making my statement to the banks at the end of the year I did not try to put any better face on things than what actually existed. I told them the plain truth. They were surprised, yet they were satisfied that I was honest.

The next year was not very much better. We did a lot of business and a lot of work, and made but very little money. But yet, those were the years immediately following the panic, or rather the years of the panic, and there were a great many in the same boat we were in. In fact, anybody who could keep afloat and not lose money during those years, was considered doing well. I was living at Elm Grove in summer during this time and almost every evening went home to my family, I had some sensation in the way of a large failure, about which to tell.

The third year, however, or the year beginning with November, 1896, and ending November, 1897, was a fairly good year and have since that made money, and some years good money, and I have every reason to feel thankful that I decided as I did and

went through with the new undertaking, instead of remaining with William Plankinton at the old plant.

Our credit now is at the head of the list. Instead of throwing my hat into a bank before I enter myself and sneaking around with a half frightened face before I talk to the banker, I have them running after me. Scarcely a day passes that our mail does not contain correspondence from money brokers, offering to take our paper one-half of one per cent less than the paper of some of the largest firms is selling at.

I believe today if I should want to, I could borrow three million dollars without any collateral except my own signature. I went through a good deal during the last fifteen years, but when I consider what I have accomplished, I feel pretty well repaid.

After we left the old plant it remained idle for a year or so. Then William Plankinton went to Chicago and got a couple of what were considered experienced men. He made up a company with a capital stock of two hundred thousand dollars and began business. He continued in business long enough to lose what money he put in himself as well as his friends' money and about three hundred thousand dollars of borrowed money on top of it. And during the time he was losing this half a million, we made about twice that amount.

Yet he was the son of one of the most successful packers of his day, in fact the parent of the packing industry, and to my knowledge William's father did everything in his power to make a business man out of him. He gave him all the practical experience he could, pushed him along in every way possible, but it

did not seem to be in him. In fact, although he was John Plankinton's son he was no more like John Plankinton than chalk is like cheese.

Up to the time that we had moved to Cudahy we had been a firm of equal partners in the business, but my brother John always had a place for his profits and drew them out at the close of the business year, while I had no other use for mine, except to allow them to stand to my credit, and draw the current rate of interest.

When we began, in 1888, my brother John had four hundred thousand dollars in the business, while I had but two hundred thousand dollars in the business. I accumulated during the five years, an additional four hundred thousand dollars, and when we moved to Cudahy, I changed the concern from a partnership to a corporation, under the name of Cudahy Brothers Company, with a capital stock of two million dollars, with one million paid in, of which I owned six hundred thousand and my brother four hundred thousand, and of which I was president and general manager, and drew a salary for managing and conducting the business.

I had the by-laws drawn in such a way that it was optional with the stockholders to accept cash or stock dividends. I took advantage of this in my own case, and accepted stock dividends, while my brother, always anxious for his money, drew it out. He had the same privilege that I had, to accept stock in lieu of cash, but did not do so.

The result is that at the present time we have a million and a half paid in, of which I own a million.

The building of this plant, as well as the building of the town, was quite an undertaking. At first it appeared to me as a very pleasant dream. Having a town named after me certainly tickled my vanity, but I tell you that I paid dearly for all the pleasure there was in it. I will tell you along later, of a good many of my troubles.

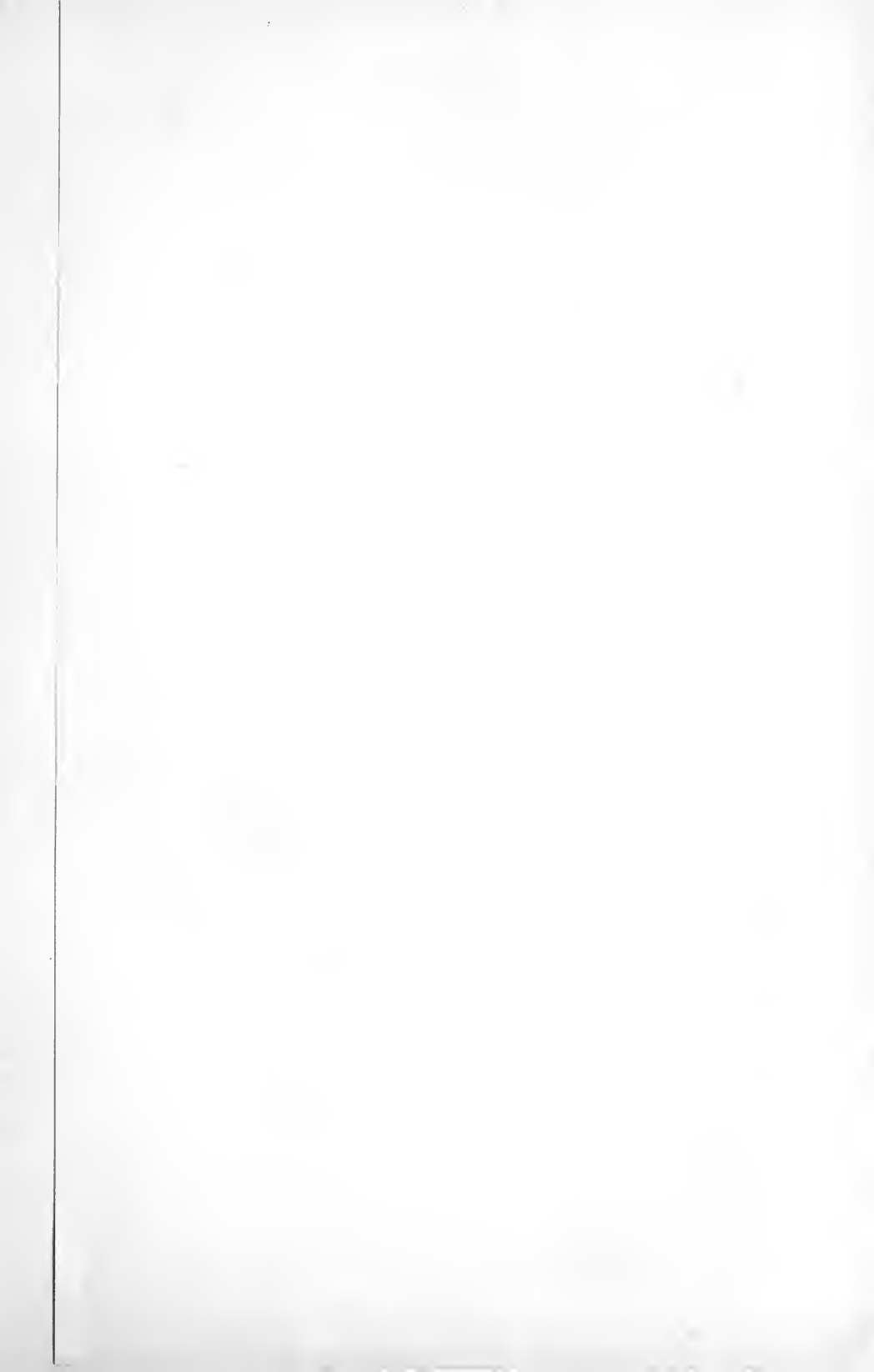
Among them I had a dream of locating a large public stock yard at Cudahy and bringing all the Milwaukee packing industry down here, making one great packing center. Then the building of a street car line out here, was another one of them, as well as numerous other troubles, all of which I will tell you in more or less detail.

But all's well that ends well, for we now have a flourishing business and a good sized, growing city.

When we reached a million and a half I felt that the concern was about large enough, and as I had six daughters I felt it my duty to provide something in the way of a permanent income for my daughters, so I organized another company naming it The Patrick Cudahy Family Company, with a capital of a million and a quarter, making all the members of the family directors in the company. I now have one million dollars of that capital paid in, leaving but a quarter of a million of treasury stock.

I have invested the money in city real estate and hope to make it a six per cent net stock. I feel that this is the safest way to provide a permanent income for my daughters.

Now to go back to those perilous days around November first, 1893, when I had so many troubles



CAPITAL

\$ 1,250,000.00

NO. 111

SHARES



PATRICK CUDAHY FAMILY CO.

*This Certifies that
the owner of
the Capital Stock of*

PATRICK CUDAHY FAMILY CO.

is
Shares of One Hundred Dollars each of
fully paid and, Non-Assessable,
transferable only on the Books of the Company or by delivery on the rat-
her of this Certificate.

In Witness Whereof the said PATRICK CUDAHY FAMILY CO. has caused this Certificate
to be signed by its President and Secretary and the Seal of the Company to be affixed
herein this
day of

Secretary

President

IT IS HEREBY DECLARED THAT THE SIGNATURE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMPANY AND THE SIGNATURE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE COMPANY ARE REQUIRED TO BE AFFIXED TO THE FRONT OF THIS CERTIFICATE IN ORDER TO BE VALID. THE ABOVE CERTIFICATE IS NOT VALID UNLESS IT BE AFFIXED TO THE FRONT OF THIS CERTIFICATE.

of my own. To add to them, three of my principal men got hobnobbing with a business man in the city, who had been in the vinegar business and was burned out in the great third ward fire. He received eighty thousand dollars insurance money and was casting about with a view of getting into some other business. Of the three men I mention, one was a man who was very close to me in a business way, doing the selling of English meats in Liverpool, by cable message, also looking after our insurance and having an eye to things in a general way. The other was the superintendent of our house, a very good man, of lifetime experience, and the third was a man who had charge of our dressed beef business. He also was a man of a lifetime experience in the meat business.

All three joined this vinegar gentleman and organized a little packing company of their own, with a capital stock of something over two hundred thousand dollars. This was quite a blow to me. Of course, I had to hustle around and fill their places with other men, which I succeeded in doing.

It was rather amusing to hear the gossip about the streets at this particular time. I met a business man in the city, one day and the subject of the three men leaving me, was broached, and he said, "Well, I've told these fellows that were talking about it, that Cudahy Brothers Company would run, even if the three did leave you, and even if your brother from Chicago was obliged to come up and assist you." Such was the importance attached to the three men that left me. Yet our commercial ship sailed on, with the old man at the wheel.

It is now about fifteen years since this occurred and it was only the other day that the vinegar man, the principal stockholder of that company, called at my house and went on his knees, so to speak, begging me to put some money in with them in order to keep them afloat. As I understand matters, they have lost everything that they put in and it is only a question of a short time when they will put up the shutters. I do not wish them any ill luck and have no ill feeling against them at all, yet there is a little speck of satisfaction in being triumphant.

During the winter of 1897 our men took it into their heads to organize themselves into a union. As a large number of them were not of a high standard in intelligence, mostly foreigners who had bought lots and built small cottages, or had us build for them, and as we had practically no police or fire protection, I feared that in case they were united they would mistake their power and become arbitrary and strike without cause. And in case of a strike or a lockout, there might be cause for discharging some of them, and if discharged they would have their little properties on their hands, with no one to sell it to. I feared that in their excitement, which always follows a strike, they might commit acts of violence, such as burning property, or the like. For those reasons I opposed the men and in a loud tone told them I would not stand for a union in our plant, setting forth my reason. I stated that I would discharge any man that joined it. But they paid no attention to me. They went on. They gave a ball, or dance, and I had one of my friends attend the dance and report to me the fellows who wore the rosettes.

Things ran on until our dull season, about April first, a time of year when we are always obliged to cut down and lay men off. So this time, it was the rosette fellows who had to go. I was waited upon by a committee of three, union men, from the city of Milwaukee, one a cigar maker, another a plumber and the other a printer. I was told that unless I took those men back and laid off non-union men instead, our name would be placed on the unfair list, or in other words our meats would be boycotted.

It is needless to say this I positively refused to do, and they were as good as their word, we were boycotted by all the union men of the city. I anticipated it, and told all our salesmen to prepare for it, be extra nice to the women, give a piece of sausage to the little ones, etc., etc.

Then I went off to Europe and let them fight it out. The result was, if they had not informed us we would never have known that we were being boycotted.

At the end of the year, that is, after the boycott had been in force a year, the president of the Butchers' Union, came up from Chicago, sent in his card, with a request to see me. I was too busy, and he went off. They abandoned the boycott and that was the last of it, and our plant has been an open shop ever since.

If I had been located in the city, where we would have police and fire protection, and where conditions generally were different, I would not have opposed the organization, but as it was, I could not afford to do differently.

One thing I did during the panic of 1893, of which I always felt sort of proud. This was the purchase of fifty refrigerator cars. We were as hard up for money, or more so, than anyone at the time, but an agent for the Missouri Car Company called on me one day and made me such a low price that I could not resist. I bought fifty cars from him for about four hundred and fifty dollars each and had the privilege of paying for them one-quarter down, balance in monthly payments. As we needed the cars in our business and were paid three-quarters of a cent a mile mileage from the roads they ran over, they more than earned enough to pay for themselves as the time went on.

We have two hundred sixty-six of those cars now and they are about as good an investment as we have.

My reason for mentioning the purchase of the fifty cars in '93 is because it took courage and confidence to spend money during that period. Men who had been through previous panics similar to '93, men who were wealthy, were so scared that they would not part with money, even when it was clear sailing for them.

I cannot get away from this particular period of sensational events.

Am now going to tell you about another great scheme I had, but in which I did not triumph. During the time that I was in the Menominee Valley, in the old packing center, there was a continual howl of complaint from the people living on the west side in Milwaukee, about the odor from the rendering tanks, etc., so much so, that every little while we were

obliged to make promises and satisfy people in some way, in order to continue there. So when I conceived the idea of changing our location, I also conceived an idea that it would not be much trouble to bring about the moving of all the packing industry to our new location, owing to the fact that there had been so many complaints.

I was quite intimate with the mayor of the city at that time, and mentioned the matter to him one day. He said, "I think you are dead right, Cudahy. What do you think of drawing up a resolution, compelling the packing business to close up in the city, then they will naturally locate with you." I said, "That would be first class, providing it can be pulled off." I, of course, promised him that I would sell the other packers land at what it cost me, or even less. In other words, that I would not take any unfair advantage of anyone.

Had a scheme that we could build a large stock yards, get a spur from the St. Paul Road over to our place and move the whole industry from where it was located, in the heart of the city, to our new location. The mayor himself, being a lawyer, drew up the resolution and gave it to one of his pet aldermen to introduce. It was introduced, but very poorly handled. It was referred to the chairman, I think, on "Meat Markets," etc. He, being a foxy politician, and not in favor of its passage, managed to sidetrack the resolution, or keep it from coming up whenever there was a meeting of the council, for quite a long time.

Of course it was opposed by the other packers, who had their plants and were satisfied to remain

where they were. There was also strong opposition to it from the St. Paul Railroad Company, who had a "cinch," as we say, on the live stock business of the city, owning and controlling the yards. And the residents of the west side, instead of aiding and helping to remove what they always complained of, as being a nuisance, fell in with the other packers and fought the ordinance.

But after it was once introduced, I was just stubborn enough to try to push it through myself. I did not do any bribing, or spend any great amount of money, except buying beer and the like, yet I worked awfully hard, going among the miserable aldermen, preaching to them about the great advantages of it and trying to win them over to my side, as best I knew how.

On one occasion, while looking for the alderman who had charge of the ordinance, I dropped into a saloon on East Water Street, where I understood I would find him. I inquired for him there and the barkeeper told me he had just left. A gentleman, who was sitting in the room, spoke up, saying that the man I was looking for could be found at such and such a place. Meantime the barkeeper introduced me to this man, Alderman Sobienski, of the Fourteenth Ward. Of course I thought, "Here's a dead sure vote for me."

I began to warm up to my new acquaintance, introduced myself once more, and explained the purpose of the ordinance that I wished to see passed. He spoke up, "O, I know you. I work for you up in Plankinton's. I was trucking hogs. You thought I

was not going fast enough, you come up and take me by the collar and say, 'Get out of here, you damn lazy Pollock.' ”

He had moved over onto the south end of the city, opened a saloon, and prospered like the rest of them, and was now an “Honorable.”

His speech paralyzed me for a moment, but when I recovered my equilibrium, I bought a beer for my friend and smoothed matters over the best way I knew how.

The ordinance was finally forced to an issue. There were speeches made on both sides before the vote was taken, but when it was taken, I think I only had one or two out of the whole council, yet pretty much every one of them had promised to vote for it.

This was my first lesson in politics, and although it was expensive in the way of wear and tear, yet I think it was worth all it cost.

Another thing that occurred along about this time, was my struggle to get the street railway extended south from the city to Cudahy. Quite a number of people had bought lots, built houses, and settled there and the only accomodation for traveling back and forth to the city was the steam railroad, charging for a single fare twenty-five cents. So I felt that in order to relieve the people, build up the town and make it popular, we must have an electric road from Milwaukee to Cudahy. I got to work lobbying for the road. Made several visits to Mr. Payne, the president of the Street Railway Company, urging him to build down our way. I drew a very rosy picture of the patronage he would have, and although I felt myself that it was

a little stretched, at the time, it afterward proved true. But I got very little encouragement. In fact there were times when he gave me to understand that he did not want me annoying him; that he did not have time to waste with me, etc.

I had practically given up the matter as hopeless, when I happened to mention it to the same gentleman, whom I have mentioned before as our mayor, and who had also served as our representative in Washington, and he said to me, "I know a party in Chicago, who was in Congress with me, who is interested in street railways in Chicago. I will see if I can get him up here and possibly he will be interested." I thanked him very much and said I hoped he would be successful in getting him up from Chicago.

My congressman friend was successful in getting the man from Chicago to come up. They came to our office, I hitched up a team and took them over the ground where I hoped to have the road. As soon as they left I called up a reporter on one of our daily papers, and tipped it off to him that Mr. So-and-so, from Chicago was here, looking over the ground with a view of building an interurban line from Cudahy to the city. This was published as quite a bit of stirring news, as it was really the first proposed line to run outside of the city at that time. It had the effect of bringing the city company to time, for after my friend Mr. Payne, had read this bit of news next day, there was no further trouble in getting him to agree to extend his line to Cudahy.

The trouble then was to get rid of my Chicago

man. He had gathered a bunch of fellows around him. They began to smell money, if not by building a road, by holding the other company up, so I had another fight on my hands to keep the Chicago man and his crowd from interfering with the town board and preventing me from getting a franchise for the city company. We had several meetings in the town hall and a number of speeches on both sides; even I attempted to give the board a talk. I remember one amusing speech, by the chairman of the board, who a German. After he had heard what others had to say he stood up and said, "Now, gentlemen, this was all *disgusted* very thoroughly last night at a meeting at St. Franzis and I see no reason why we should not grant the franchise." This settled it, and we got our road, a great blessing for the people.

I paid two hundred dollars of my own good money to an attorney to draw the franchise and help me do the lobbying and afterward, when I saw the road was such good property, wrote a letter to the man who succeeded Mr. Payne, stating that the franchise had cost me two hundred dollars, as well as a lot of hard work and if they had a conscience fund in connection with their corporation, they might return me the two hundred dollars, but I never got a cent, not even a free ride.

I have still another matter of interest to relate, which, too, was quite a source of annoyance along during those annoying times. When we first started the town site of Cudahy, there was nothing but clover fields and farm land. After we started in platting, making streets, etc., a party, we will call Mack, came

to me and stated that he thought that it would be well to have a post office in Cudahy, and said if I would endorse his application, he thought he could get the appointment and it would be something of a convenience as well as giving tone to the place. This I did for him and he got the position as postmaster.

At first it was merely a post office in name, but when we completed our plant and got to doing business, our own business made it quite a paying post office, so much so that it was classed as a presidential post office. I think the income from it was about fifteen hundred dollars per year.

This Mack had held the post office for about eight years. The senator, representing this district in Washington at that time, wired me one day that there was to be a postmaster appointed to this post office, asking if I had any choice. I had a friend, who was very much in need of a position of that kind just then, so I wired his name to our senator and my friend received the appointment. This was all done without saying anything to Mr. Mack and when he read of it in the newspaper, he got into a terrible rage and came to me and wanted to know what it meant. I said, "It means just what it reads; that the other man has been appointed."

He took on at a great rate. Succeeded in getting pretty much everybody in the village on his side and they waited on me at different times and pleaded to have him reinstated. It became quite annoying and it also made me somewhat nervous. I thought possibly I had made a mistake. We had so much property at Cudahy that I could not afford to have the

people living there opposed to me in any way, so as the party whom I had recommended and who had been appointed, did not seem to care particularly about the position, I wired the senator to cancel the appointment and reappoint Mr. Mack, which was done. But instead of the fellow appreciating what was done for him, he went about boasting and telling people that he had scared me into it. This provoked me to such an extent that I said to myself, "Mr. Mack, when your present term expires, you will go out, if it is in my power to put you out, even though there is no one but a negro to take your place."

So as the time drew near, I began pulling the strings for the appointment of another man. My friend Mack showed fight, but in a miserable cowardly way. He wrote me several threatening letters, but always in such a guarded manner that I could not prosecute him. One of them read that he was so aggravated at the prospects of losing his office, that he could see flames of hell at night. Another was, unless he got the position somebody's dead body would be taken out of the town on a stretcher, and so on. He tried to make it appear that he had lost his reason and continued to intimate that something desperate was likely to happen, that either he or I would go out of Cudahy in a box. This he continued for months. Went so far as to go to a clergyman, with whom I was acquainted, and the clergyman wrote me a letter of advice, that I had better be careful, as this person was approaching insanity.

I confided the situation to one of my friends and he also advised me to be careful, as the fellow was an

ugly looking man and that something serious might happen. I was advised by my friends to carry a revolver and went/so far as to go to a store, look them over and price them; but on considering the matter I felt that it would be better to get a broken head myself than to carry a revolver. I have always been of a very excitable temperament and I felt that I could not trust myself to carry a revolver, fearing that on some impulse I might kill the fellow. I would recover from the broken head, unless it was a bad one, but I would never recover from the thought that I had killed a man during my natural life.

All this annoyed me very much. Nevertheless, I was placed in such a predicament that I had to fight the fellow, even if I was sure it was death in doing so. I went on in my determination and had him put out and another man appointed. I was obliged to do it, or look upon myself as a coward the rest of my life, which would not do.

The rascal was feining insanity all the time, which was shown in the finish. He had half a dozen town lots bought from us and had paid one payment on each lot. I proposed to do with him as I had done with a great many others, take back a portion of the lots and give him a deed of the others, but whenever I wrote him, or my agent approached him, he received nothing but insulting replies. So I instructed my agent to proceed and foreclose on the lots and take all of them from him.

When he saw that we meant business with the lots, as well as with the post office, he got down on his knees and begged for mercy; asked me to do as I

had formerly proposed, deed him a couple of the lots and take back the others. I sent him word that I would do so providing he would write a humble letter of apology for all his contemptuous actions. This he willingly consented to do. I wrote a letter, about as humiliating as I possibly could, with a pencil, sent it over to him and compelled him to copy it with his pen and sign it, which he did, and which wound up this very annoying affair.

The fellow came afterward to me, begging for a little assistance, saying his rent was past due and unless he got some assistance, he would be turned out on the street. I made him a present of fifty dollars and felt better after doing so.

Following the line of annoyances, here is another one.

When we buy hogs from shippers they are allowed to feed each car two basketfuls of corn and what water they can drink, before being weighed up. If the hogs are slaughtered within twenty-four hours from the time they are fed, which is often the case, a large amount of this corn is still in their stomachs, undigested. I conceived the idea if I were to have a large chicken ranch in connection with the packing house, I could feed any number of chickens with this cracked corn from the hog stomachs.

So I went into the chicken business in a wholesale way. Instead of experimenting and doing as I should have done, I built a large chicken house, put in a lot of incubators and brooders, fenced off about five acres of land with poultry wire, into pens and yards, and went to hatching chickens.

We were successful in the hatching. In fact we hatched out three thousand chickens, but to raise them was not so easy. Out of the three thousand we raised only about nine hundred. I made a trip almost every day to the chicken ranch and when I would find fault with the way things were going, the trouble was all blamed on the feed. If they only had different feed, they would have been a better success. Of course, the utilizing of the corn from the hog stomachs was my only object in having the chickens, and if I must buy different feed, I did not care much for the chicken business.

This chicken farm was a constant annoyance, in fact, more so than the packing business was to me, so I was obliged to admit it was a failure, so far as a financial success was concerned. I sold out what chickens we had, tore down the fences, built a cattle shed with the boards and fenced in other land with the wire.

I was not completely whipped, however. Had a hedge in the fact that the lumber which we bought for building the chicken house, pens, and yards, was bought from a lumberman up north, who was owing us quite a lot of money and who failed shortly after that. So if we had not taken the lumber, we would have been out just that much money. That, at least, was a crumb of comfort in the chicken failure.

Another enterprise of mine was the organizing of a Cudahy Building & Loan Association, which I organized for the purpose of enabling the men, who wished to build homes in the town of Cudahy, to borrow money. If they had a lot bought and paid for,

they could go to the loan association and borrow sufficient money to build a house on the lot, paying this loan off in monthly installments.

I selected, as secretary of the loan association, a young man who had worked with us from boyhood. He was a born accumulator, and proved to be the right man for the place. The association prospered greatly. Men who had money to loan, seemed to have absolute confidence in placing it with the association.

I was made president of it myself and was obliged to preside at the meetings, which was a rather trying ordeal, as I never was any good to stand on my feet and do a little talking. However, we did a thriving business. I remained as president for three or four years, and the association grew to such an extent that it became more interested in city property than Cudahy property and I also found that we could deal better with our men by having them pay their installments direct to our own company, for the reason that if they were short for a month or two, we could be lenient with them.

Later I resigned my position as president of the loan association. The name was changed to the Citizens' Building & Loan Association, continuing to do business, and is still in existence and prospering.

I will now give you my experience in the land deal.

We bought in all in the town site of Cudahy about eight hundred acres and platted a little over half of this into city lots. I hired a man named Kendall, who had the reputation of being considerable of a boomer, to handle it for me, and he proved true to his reputation.

Cudahy was advertised in all the papers, the great possibilities of the new packing town set forth. Even on the drop curtain of one of the theaters was a large display advertisement, advertising Cudahy lots.

One evening, as I was sitting in one of the theaters, enjoying a play, in the midst of the love scene the young man makes a dash and kisses the young lady. She draws back in indignation and exclaims, "How dare you!" He replies, "I'm a Cudahy real estate agent. I dare anything." Don't know whether Kendall had anything to do with it or not, but so far as I was concerned, it was a complete surprise, and I enjoyed it very much.

Among our holdings was a five-acre piece of land which had been platted into lots, but no streets had been made. A party came up from Chicago, called at our real estate office, and made arrangements with Kendall to go to Appleton, where he thought he could place the five-acre piece. When he was at Appleton, he wrote Kendall to write him a good jollying letter, which he could pass around among the fellows he was trying to land. Kendall wrote the letter, and the fellow told me afterward that he not only jollied his friends, but jollied himself to the extent that he became enthusiastic about the five-acre strip and felt that it was really worth the money, or more, too.

Kendall was a nervous little man, with his tongue hitched in the center so that it flopped at both ends. He could get out more words in a given time than any man or woman that ever lived. He was an optimistic, enthusiastic fellow. He boomed and lied about the future prospects of Cudahy to everybody he met, so much, that

after awhile he believed the lies himself. He was so enthusiastic that he asked me for the privilege of speculating in lots on his own account. I granted him the privilege, providing it would not interfere with the sale of our own property. With that encouragement he invested his salary and every cent he could get hold of in Cudahy lots, and sold some at a profit, but when the collapse came, poor Kendall had no compensation for his time, but Cudahy lots.

One day a newspaper reporter called at our real estate office to get some news about the progress that the city of Cudahy was making. I met him, but turned him over to Kendall, remarking, "I don't believe I am a good enough liar for you. Mr. Kendall will talk to you." "Yes," replied the reporter, "There are three liars in Milwaukee, I am one, and Kendall is two."

We had several sub-agents, among them some good looking women, who were quite successful in selling property. We also had a very handsome young man, a full-fledged college graduate, one of those rah, rah chaps, very handsome and very nice. He made use of the choicest of words. His voice was toned to the right key, and all that sort of thing, but he did not make any kind of a showing in the way of selling lots.

One day I called at the office and looked over the sales of each agent. The ladies made quite a good showing, while my college young man's showing was very poor. He was standing near, and I said to him, "Mr. B., I think we will have to put petticoats on you." It was a mean thing to say and made the poor fellow feel bad, and I would have given a little something to have it back after blurting it out.

We had one small strip of land near where the railroad station was afterward located, which we did not include in the original plat, owing to the fact that there was a little question about the title which had to be cleared with a friendly lawsuit. Afterward we platted this small strip, giving it the high sounding name of Lipton Court, called after our famous yacht racing sportsman.

Kendall appointed a certain day as a day to auction off the lots in Lipton Court. The auction was held in his office and the lots went like hot cakes. I think he told me that he sold what would be a total of thirty-six thousand dollars worth of property at the sale that afternoon. One poor fellow who had recently sold his farm bought all the lots that he could afford to buy, making the first payment down. Of course, the first payment was all we ever got and in most cases had to take back three-fourths of the lots and give them a deed to one-fourth.

The first two lots I sold at Cudahy were sold at a price of fifteen hundred dollars for the two. I reported the sale on the 'phone to my brother John, and he said, "You are a robber to take the money." But after we got the thing going there were quite a few sold at fifteen hundred dollars each at private sale.

A little later we had an auction. We gave them a free ride to Cudahy, as well as free beer and lunch after they got there. As most of the "choicest business property," as it was called, had been sold at private sale previous to the auction, Kendall suggested putting up some of those lots so as to give the sale a "tone." The parties who had bought some of those lots agreed to this, with the understanding that if they were sold high enough they would let them go, otherwise we would bid them in and return the lots to them.

There was one lot I remember in particular, located on a corner near the railroad station, which we had sold for fifteen hundred dollars. It was bid up to twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars at the auction. I was standing nearby, listening to the bidding, and I said to myself, "What lunatic has bought that?" I afterward learned that it was the foreman of our sausage room, who had bid it in, and I thought that he must have either had too much of the free beer or that he had made a mistake and thought he was doing us a service by bidding it up. But imagine my surprise next day when I found that a brewing company had paid him two hundred and fifty dollars profit on the lot, making the price twenty-five hundred dollars. This all goes to show the wild speculation that there was in suburban property at that time.

They tell a story about a farmer who had sold his farm for the purpose of speculating in lots. He came to the city, called on a real estate man and made known his intentions. The real estate man invited him out for a ride, for the purpose of showing him some very choice suburban lots. After riding some distance the farmer said, "How much farther do we have to go?" "Only a short distance," answered the agent. "Presume your farm must be somewhere out here." "Oh," said the farmer, "We passed my farm quite awhile ago."

Another story that is told about lot speculation runs this way. A man bought a lot for a thousand dollars, sold it for fifteen hundred, bought it back for two thousand and sold it again for twenty-five hundred, and bought it back for three thousand; although he still held the lot, figured he had made two thousand dollars profit.

If we had had another couple of years of the crazy boom, and if there had been money enough left among

the people, we would have gotten out of our land deal with a handsome profit. But as it was, we only had about one year of it before the panic of '93 hit us squarely, or, as the sailor would say, "midship," and the bubble was pricked and all the wind knocked out of the boom. And after the speculation was gone we had nobody to sell to but the man with the dinner pail, who wanted a lot for a cottage, and, like everything else speculative, when it got down to the actual requirements of the people, it did not take very many lots to go around.

My purchases of land had been going on for some little time before it became generally known, but after it had leaked out, I was the envy of a great many, who thought I had an immense fortune in my land deal. One friend of mine in talking with me one day, said, "Cudahy, you don't realize what a good thing you have down there. I believe you have a million dollars in that land deal of yours."

He was correct about my not realizing it, and the fact still remains, that I never did realize it in the real sense of the word,* for instead of the land being a profitable undertaking it turned out to be very much the other way. I would have been very much better off had I bought just enough land for the packing house and stock yards, and allowed some one else the glory of building the town.

One amusing incident I had when I was buying the land at Cudahy I must relate. We had bought a stretch of about twenty acres near St. Francis, where the railroad track crosses the highway. This tract contained a gravel pit, and it was owing to that fact that I had bought it, thinking I would use the gravel from this pit to make the streets at Cudahy.

Employed at the railroad crossing as flagman was an old German, who owned a five-acre piece in Cudahy, right opposite to where the railroad station was located. One day while driving down from the city to Cudahy, to see how things were progressing, I pulled up my horse at the crossing for the purpose of asking the old gentleman about the gravel in the pit, on the land we had bought near where he was employed. But before I had time to open my mouth he shook the red flag at me which he used for signalling people at the crossing, shouting at the same time, "Go on, you damn robber, you can't get my land. I know you, go on, go on now," and he looked so wicked that I thought I had better follow his command and moved on. Afterward, in my day of land poverty, I regretted that there were not more such old chaps to drive me away when I undertook to purchase their property.

I have another interesting and amusing experience in this land deal that I wish to tell.

The land was generally owned in five and ten-acre strips, so we had to deal with a large number of small holders in order to get a large quantity of it. I bought three strips, two of ten acres and one of five, just west of our packing plant, but there was still a five-acre strip in between and I was very anxious to get it in order to close up and make a straight tract, which I intended for a stock yard. This piece was owned by an old German saloonkeeper in Bay View, a very suspicious character, who, as soon as he was approached for the sale of his land, suspected there was something doing, and in some way had gotten wind of what was going on and put the price clear out of reach. I sent several people to deal

with him. Tried all manner of ways, even offered him three times what we were paying others, but it was no go. So I was obliged to go farther south and buy a larger piece than what I intended to buy to get what I thought was necessary for the stock yards. After purchasing this land I had no use for my German friend's piece, and as my stock yards scheme fell through and the general collapse of '93 followed, I had land dyspepsia, and whenever the old fellow, or anybody else approached me about his strip of land, I drove them away, so to speak.

This piece of land was springy and boggy, and wherever a hole two or three feet was dug in it, it filled with water. Years and years ago some farmer dug a hole in this land for the purpose of watering his cattle. This was now right near our plant. We used a strip adjoining this piece of land for a dumping ground. Here we dumped old salt, which had been used for curing hides, Fullers-earth, which was used for bleaching lard as well as the manure from the cattle sheds, all on this piece of ground, only a short distance from the water hole. The salt dissolved with the rain and the brine soaked into the ground and in due course of time reached the water hole.

The old fellow took some of the water to a chemist, had it analyzed and got the best kind of an analysis for a perfect mineral spring, saying it contained lithia and other ingredients that were beneficial to the health. The German had this analysis printed in booklets, advertising the famous spring water and succeeded in establishing quite a trade in it. But some mischievous person called the attention of the State Board of Health to the pile of refuse near the so-called spring and the water was pronounced unfit for use and was condemned.

The old man in turn sued our company for fifty-five thousand dollars as damages to his business, claimed we had contaminated the water, when in reality we had put in all the minerals the water contained. It was a long-winded fight in court, lasted about twenty-one days. The old fellow subpoenaed all his customers who had been using the water, and it was amusing to hear their testimony. One man claimed he had been troubled with rheumatic gout for a great many years, could not get relief until he drank this water. Another had been bloated with gases, or something that way, and he was greatly benefited by the water, and so on down the line. The old German in testifying in his own behalf, told a story as to how he came to purchase the land. Said that some few years ago he was walking south on the railroad track and while passing this piece of land, happened to see the spring, and being thirsty, climbed over the fence, laid down flat and drank freely from the water. Went back on the track and continued his walk, but only for a short distance, when he felt the effects of the water, operating inside, and in describing his feeling at that time, rubbed his hand over his abdomen. Claimed the effects of it were electric. So he never lost sight of the land until he purchased it, owing entirely to the "mineral spring."

Among my witnesses, the most important one was the man who dug the hole, as he stated, for watering cattle, about forty years prior to the time of the lawsuit. One of our boys told me about him. I sent a man to see him, but found him sick abed. I had a doctor visit him and doctored him up, brought him to court in a carriage, where he told his story in a good straightforward way. Said that the hole was dug for the purpose of watering

cattle and there was never any importance attached to it whatever. He was the most effectual witness we had.

This case was my first and only experience with law-suits, and I hope will be my last. The lawyers who had the case against me were of the bulldozing type. It was not a question of whether the man was entitled to damages or not; simply a question of what they could bulldoze out of Mr. Cudahy. In order to meet them on their own ground, I employed a bulldozing attorney to fight them, one who was known for his ability to sway, or influence, juries. And lucky for me that I did employ this same lawyer. It was optional with both sides, as to whether the case would be tried before a judge or a jury, and the lawyers on the other side, knowing the reputation of my lawyer, were afraid to have it come before a jury. Of course, I was very well satisfied to have the case come up before a judge, as juries in such cases generally decide as to how much the rich man can afford to pay the poor man, leaving out the merits of the case.

The suit finally ended by the judge giving the plaintiff five hundred dollars damages, which I presume he felt obliged to do in order to help his brother lawyers. They had taken the case on the contingency fee and must have something.

This reminded me of a play I once attended, where an old German opened a summer resort a short distance out from the city and advertised his famous mineral spring. He had a large round vat, and about the time he anticipated a fresh batch of guests from the city he threw into the vat a lot of old rusty iron, some salt, and a few rotten eggs. He had a pipe through which he let the

water into this vat, and another pipe running from it, out through a small knoll or hill, so that it appeared that the water was coming right out of the side of the hill. The old man, when mixing up the dose, would say, "It is the finest mineral water in the world. It comes right out of the bowels of the earth." At the time I saw the play I enjoyed it, but thought it was very much overdrawn, yet I had the experience of seeing the same thing in my own case with the German farmer.

After we had our plant in operation the town began to build up with cottages. Whenever I saw a cottage going up I felt just that much more of a load on my back. I felt that Cudahy, being so far from the center of the city, anyone who built here was practically dependent upon our company for employment, and as there are times of the year it does not pay to run a packing house full, and also years that it does not pay to run full, I was very anxious to have other industries locate with us at Cudahy, feeling that if the man who built his cottage did not like our way of dealing with him, he would have some place else to go to work.

Fortunately for me, shortly after the merger of the Allis Works of Milwaukee, with the Chalmers in Chicago, in the year 1901, three of the most prominent of the former Allis employees became dissatisfied with the new way of doing things by the Allis-Chalmers Company, so they resigned their positions and undertook to organize a small company of their own. For about six weeks they solicited subscriptions to their stock, but they were unable to get the required amount. So they called upon me, and with the understanding that the plant was to be located at Cudahy, I subscribed for twenty thou-

sand dollars of the stock and was also successful in getting others to subscribe for enough more to complete the organization, a total of about one hundred thousand dollars. Those men felt sure that they could build a plant sufficiently large for fifty thousand dollars and fifty thousand dollars cash capital would be all that would be required for the operating of their business, as they intended to manufacture mining machinery principally, and that that was practically a cash business.

I sold them the land, and we organized the company, built the plant, but instead of fifty thousand it cost seventy-five thousand, and when we got to work, we found that it required, instead of fifty thousand dollars cash, more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. So the stockholders were obliged to guarantee the bank an additional one hundred thousand dollars pro rata.

They started in fairly well, but found that even the one hundred thousand dollars was not sufficient capital to swing the business and the stockholders refused to do any further guaranteeing. So, as the saying goes, "We were up against it." But one of the original three men came to the rescue, stating he thought he could sell the plant and business for a hundred cents on the dollar, in case the stockholders would consent, and I assure you, it was no great effort to get the consent of all the stockholders. I think they would have consented to sell it out at fifty cents on the dollar.

However, Mr. L., was as good as his word. He succeeded in selling the plant and the business to the Guggenheims of New York. The stockholders got their money and Cudahy got an immense plant, for the Guggenheims multiplied the capacity by four the first year

and since that have built another large plant, making in all an investment of about two million dollars.

This was a great help to Cudahy and took a great weight off my shoulders, as the plant furnishes employment to about as many men as we employ.

Later on a party of young men waited on me with a proposition to build a rubber plant. They appeared to be practical, common sense young men, and in order to get them located in Cudahy, I took twenty thousand dollars stock in their concern. A number of other Milwaukee men also took stock. The organization was completed. I sold them the land, a plant was built and the manufacture of rubber goods begun in the year 1902.

This, like all other small concerns, had to go through an experimental stage, and for that matter it is still in that stage. One of the young men was just out of college. He had studied chemistry, or something that he claimed enabled him to be a first-class compounder. Another of the young men had been a traveling salesman for a large rubber concern. The other had no experience in rubber, but was something of a salesman for other lines of goods. He was a full-blooded, optimistic sort of an effervescing chap, who never could see failure in anything. In talking about him one day with one of the other stockholders, I said he was too much like a bottle of pop to suit me, the first fizz is all there is to it, so it is with him.

They struggled on, I was a member of the board of directors. We held meetings every month, scolded and found fault. One of the members of the board, a lawyer, who had formerly been a country school-teacher, was a sort of foster father to my "soda water" friend and was

continually putting him forward for a prominent position in the company. This I stubbornly fought, as I did not believe in the young man's capacity as a business man. I liked him very much socially, but could not swallow him as a business proposition.

Along in the fall of 1905, when I was out in California, the lawyer director succeeded in placing our effervescent friend at the head of the concern. He immediately began to show big profits on paper, so much so that two of the stockholders were anxious to get control of the stock.

My friend, Mr. Kroeck, wired me to Pasadena that they thought they were making money, but he felt satisfied they were not, and that he thought they would bid for my stock, which they did. I wired them I would sell my stock at ninety cents; that I believed it worth a hundred, yet I would not stand in their way to get control. To make a long story short, I sold them the stock at ninety cents, and six weeks after the transaction they discovered that instead of making money they were losing it, which proved my judgment of my "soda water" friend was correct. He had padded the inventory and fixed up figures in such a way that they thought they were making big profits. But some one became suspicious, employed an expert bookkeeper, and found the opposite was the case. I sold my stock about the first of March for ninety cents, and along in June it was not worth the paper it was written on.

One of the principal stockholders committed suicide that summer, and I really think the Rubber Works was the cause of it. It has been a hoodoo all along and has lost money for everybody that has had anything to do

with it, all because it has not been properly managed.

We also succeeded in locating a chemical works in Cudahy along about this time, which started out with great promise, manufacturing quite a quantity of different kind of chemicals. But like the Rubber Works, it had to go through the experimental stage. The stockholders got cold feet and the thing went into bankruptcy. As some of the stockholders were also engaged in the manufacture of vinegar in Milwaukee, they bought in the stock and converted the plant into a vinegar works, which has been operated quite successfully ever since.

This year, 1911, my son-in-law, Mr. H., built quite a factory for the manufacture of leather mittens, and is conducting it very successfully, with a bright future in store for him.

Taking it all in all, the building of the city of Cudahy has been quite a success. We have besides the manufacturing plants, which I have described, a fair sized State Bank, of which my son, M. F., is the president, with a capital stock of twenty-five thousand dollars and a total volume of business of about one hundred sixty thousand dollars. There are six or seven churches, two parochial schools and a large graded public school, besides a number of what the proprietors are pleased to term hotels, also a theater for the amusement of the people. The city has three doctors, two lawyers, several miles of cement sidewalk and good macadam streets.

It is a city with an estimated population of three thousand, with a mayor, a common council, police force, fire department, health department, etc., all the frills of a full-fledged city. This has all been accomplished in the space of sixteen years. I donated a number of lots to

each church that was built in Cudahy, as well as giving quite a sum of money to some of them. I also paid out something over five hundred dollars for shade trees and had them planted along the streets, regardless of who owned the abutting property. I made a contract with the city officials to furnish the city with lake water for ten years, for what we figure it actually costs us to pump it; yet, although the city is named Cudahy, and principally through my efforts it was built, I have the least to say about its politics of any other man living. If I attempt to favor the election of a candidate for a city office he is sure to be defeated, or if I ask for ever so small a favor from the common council, I am sure to be turned down. So well has the cheap politician succeeded in prejudicing the poor man against the rich man in Cudahy that it has become the poor man's religion to oppose us on every turn.

If one of them shows any friendship openly, he feels guilty for doing so, and goes about with a guilty look on his face. I am not surprised at this, for it is so in all small towns where the people are largely dependent on one large concern for employment. The man who snaps his fingers at the proprietor is the hero, and the man who would be reasonable and appreciate good treatment, is considered a coward. It is the firecracker kind of heroism. In a community like this it requires more courage to speak kindly of the employer than it does to abuse him. It is the shallow side of human nature, taken advantage of by the cheap politician. This has always been so and always will be so, I presume.

CHAPTER VIII

Now I will take you back a few years, to something a little more pleasant and tell you of my social and home life.

In the spring of 1891 my wife, our eldest daughter, and myself, made our first trip to Europe. We landed at Queenstown, went directly from there to Cork and put up at the principal hotel, I think the name was the Imperial. Had our first square meal there, after leaving the boat, and although it was just an ordinary plain meal, my wife talked about that meal for weeks afterward. She being rather a poor sailor, ate very little aboard the ship, which accounted for her appreciation of her meal at Cork.

We visited Blarney Castle, spent the day in Cork, went from there to Dublin, traveled through Ireland, Scotland, England, France and Germany. I learned, while in Ireland, that the place I was born in, Callan, was a very little town and the nearest I could get to it by steam cars was the city of Kilkenny, about eighteen miles away, and that I would be obliged to hire a jaunting car, or something that way, and drive this eighteen miles there and back. Of course, so far as my recollection of the place was concerned, one part of Ireland was the same as another to me, so I decided not to visit my birth-place, owing to the inconvenience to get there. But when I returned home, pretty much everybody I met inquired

whether or not I had visited my birthplace, and, of course, I was obliged to tell them I had not.

This was so embarrassing that I vowed if ever I crossed over again I would visit that birthplace, even if I had to walk the eighteen miles. And about eight years later I made another trip. My two oldest daughters with their aunt were doing Europe, so I took my oldest son and went over in order to be back with them. I assure you I did not fail to visit that birthplace on this trip. Went by railroad to Kilkenny and there engaged a jaunting car and drove to Callan. It was a small town, not quite as large as Cudahy. The first thing I did was to inquire for the oldest man in town. I was brought to him. He was a sturdy old fellow, about eighty-five years old. His name was Holden, and he was still at work at his trade, known over there as a wheelwright, making wheels for jaunting cars, wagons, and such. When I met him his sleeves were rolled up above his elbows, and, although it was in the month of April and the day was rather cold, his shirt was open at the neck, exposing his breast. I introduced myself and asked him if he knew a party by the name of John Shaw, who lived in that town just prior to 1849, engaged in the pottery business. The old fellow said, "Indade, I did, knew him well." I asked "Did Mr. Shaw have any children?" He replied, "He had a son and a daughter." I asked again, "Whom did the daughter marry?" "She married a man by the name of Cudahy," said the old man.

I felt then that I was on the right track. Shaw was my grandfather and I thought it best to inquire about him to begin with. The old gentleman took me to the place where the old pottery once stood and also where

their cottage, or cabin, once stood. He became reminiscent and related many pleasant little anecdotes that took place between himself and my people.

While talking with the old man I remembered a young woman who used to visit my father's house when I was quite young. She was a school-teacher, a very fine looking woman, about twenty-eight or thirty years old. My father used to call her "towny," and it occurred to me that possibly she was the daughter of this old man, so I said to him, "I think your daughter lived in the same city that I do in the States." He replied, "Faith, and maybe she did, for I'm father of eighteen of them. They are scattered around the world, but I do not know where they are." When I returned home I made inquiry, but found that she was not his daughter.

I also visited the old church where my father officiated as collector of the pennies. There was nothing much left of the old chapel but a ruin. Nearby was a new church, built pretty much on the same style. I called on the priests, had a pleasant visit with them. Also called on the principal merchant of the town, and he proved to be one of my father's acquaintances. He had what we call a dry goods store, but he was known over there as a draper. His store was below and he lived in rooms above. The first thing he did, after we were seated, was to slap a bottle of whiskey on the table with a glass. I said, "Mr. H., where is your glass? Are you not going to join me?" I never touch it," he replied. "That being the case," said I, "you can put the bottle back in the cupboard, for I do not care enough for it to drink alone." It was rather a novel experience to find an Irishman that would not take a drink with me and he showed the effects of his abstinence, for he was quite prosperous in business.

About this time a number of cousins began to turn up. At first I dealt out a sovereign to each of them, but they were coming so thick that I hunted up my jaunting car man and told him to put the whip to the horse and we got out and back to Kilkenny.

I met my daughters with their aunt, in Liverpool, went with them to the north of Ireland, visited the Giants Causeway and other points of interest and returned to Milwaukee early in May.

Now, about our home on Thirteenth Street.

Three of our children were born there, and on the very day that the third one was born, my father died. He was living in the old home on Sixteenth Street, where my sister kept house for him. He was about seventy-two years old and apparently in perfect health. Went to bed at nine o'clock, his usual time, got up during the night, took a drink of water, went back to bed and died. His nearest neighbor came down, rang our bell, got me out of bed at midnight, giving me the news of my father's death. Strange to say, I was not the least bit disturbed, and in fact I was so cool about it that I was afterward ashamed to meet the man who informed me of his death.

My father had lived such a nice, pure, simple life and as I felt he had about lived his allotted time, I seemed to take his death as a natural consequence, and did not seem to feel the least bit sorrowful over it.

As things were going fairly well with me, I had accumulated at this time quite a bit of money. Our home was not quite large enough to accommodate the family comfortably. A man named Mullen, who owned a nice three-story brick house, corner of Thirteenth and Grand

Avenue, was about to leave Milwaukee and was offering his residence for sale. He approached me on the subject. This got me interested and I began to look around for a more commodious residence. There were two or three offers for sale on Grand Avenue, at a low figure, considering their actual value.

The home on Thirteenth and Grand Avenue was offered at twenty-five thousand dollars. Others farther up were offered at thirty-five thousand and were very much cheaper, considering the original cost, or actual value. Yet, of course, there was that much more money to be invested in a home, and although one hundred twenty thousand dollars, which I was worth at that time, was a good deal of money for one to possess, still I debated with myself a long time before I could muster up enough courage to leave the home where I was. But after dickering some with our friend Mr. Mullen, who owned the Thirteenth and Grand Avenue place, I succeeded in purchasing his corner for twenty-two thousand dollars. We moved in there in April, 1883.

I at that time possessed the luxury of a horse and buggy, so was obliged to build a barn in the rear of the lot. This I did with our own carpenters who were employed at the plant. Purchased the material myself and built the building by day work.

Along about this time I must have been feeling my financial oats, so to say, for I thought I *must* have a farm. I bought one hundred and ten acres of land at Elm Grove, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, located within about half a mile from the station. I purchased the land for one hundred ten dollars an acre. One day shortly after my purchase, I met Mr. Plankin-

ton, and told him of buying the farm. He threw back his head, as he was accustomed to doing, and said, "Whew! Guess that's all right, a man can go to a worse place than a farm."

I thought, of course, that those ordinary stupid people that were on farms, did not know anything and I would show them how to make money, but it did not take long to convince me that I had better, like the cobbler, stick to my last, and leave the farms to the farmers. However, a land boom happened to strike out that way and I managed to sell it for quite a bit of profit, that is, I got paid for all the foolish money I spent on it and a little more on top of it.

Still, we had quite a nice time there. I built a nice good-sized cottage on it, costing me about seven thousand dollars, and we spent our summers there while the children were young. We had no stylish neighbors, so they could take off their shoes and stockings and run barefooted and do as they had a mind to. There was no lake or place to bathe in nearby, excepting a nice running stream through the south end of the farm. I dammed up a portion of this and built a little frame shack over the portion that was dammed and made a bathing place of it.

Directly east of the house was a running spring emptying into a boggy piece of land, composed mostly of what is known as peat. I hired some men and dug out a lot of this peat, made a bank of it around the outer edge, forming a wall with the earth, and allowed the water from the spring to run into it, thinking I would have a miniature lake near the house. But this experiment was a dismal failure, for the volume of water from the spring

was not large, and what there was seeped through the wall about as fast as it went in.

I also built some greenhouses on the place and gave the use of them to a man who was an experienced florist. The only rent I got from the place was cut flowers delivered in our city home three times a week during the portion of the year that we were not on the farm. This was stipulated in the contract and he lived up to it to the letter. It was the means of starting this man in business. I afterward sold him a remnant of the farm, thirty-five acres and the house that we lived in, for twelve thousand dollars, but he found he had bitten off a pretty big chunk. He paid me only two thousand dollars down, came crying to me shortly afterward, acting as though he was insane. He threatened suicide and all sorts of things, but I thought I knew what would cure him, so I cut off two thousand dollars from the price, and he got well immediately. It was also a good trade for me, as I would not be likely to find another customer for such a place.

We lived on the farm during the summer. I used to go back and forth, spending my nights at Elm Grove, and most of the time I drove my horse, a distance of eight miles.

One day while in the city I ran across a nice chunk of an Indian pony, bought a pony phaeton and a harness, hitched the pony to the phaeton, and led her home behind my buggy. As usual, they were out looking for me, and you can imagine the surprise and rejoicing when they saw the pony, in a brand new harness, hitched to a brand new phaeton, following behind. The pony's name was Midget, and she was the laziest thing that ever lived.

My wife and her sister made a trip with her to the city one day, a distance of a little over eight miles, and it took them about all day to go to the city and back. Midget always kept good and fat and paid very little attention to the whip, but she was perfectly safe and a great source of pleasure to the children.

One summer I paid a visit to the State Fair, where I saw a number of nice Shetland ponies which were offered for sale. I bought a couple of them, brought them home with me, then went to Mr. Ogden, the carriage builder, and had him build what is known as a wagonette, an omnibus on a small scale. We hitched the ponies to the wagonette and the whole bunch of children used to pile into it and go off with their ponies into the country and have the finest kind of times, picnicking, etc. My wife and I would take the horse and buggy and the youngsters bring up the rear with the ponies and the wagonette, and I tell you, it is pleasant to look back on those days now.

We outgrew the capacity of our home on the corner of Thirteenth and Grand Avenue, as we had outgrown the cottage on Thirteenth Street. Six of our children were born in this house, but, sorry to say, we buried one nice little boy while living there. He was a little fellow just able to trot about. My wife had some men doing work in the house and they were obliged to have a candle to light them in the closets. They laid this candle down on a step ladder, or something that way, the little fellow got hold of it, set fire to his clothes and was so badly burned that he died from the shock.

This left us eight children, and as they had grown up and each one was anxious for a room, our house, although large, was altogether too small for us. I had

planned to build an annex in the back yard. My plans were to make a cheap affair of it, with bedrooms above and an amusement hall below. It was to be connected with the rear end of our residence. We were to have theatrical performances and all sorts of doings in the hall. But when I laid my plans before my better half, she vetoed it in the strongest kind of a way, and, of course, her veto had to stand. So, as I could well afford it, I thought I would buy a piece of property in a desirable part of the city and build a new residence. I bought a large lot on Prospect Hill, right at the entrance of Lake Park. It covered a space of about two hundred feet by two hundred fifty feet, with a street on three sides of it.

My scheme was to build a house for ourselves on one end of it and have space enough for some of our sons-in-law, for by this time we had two married daughters; but here again I was knocked out by my better half. She said, "You had better not do any planning for your sons-in-law. Let them do their own planning," and I admit that again she was right.

Following this new residence along, I had sketches and estimates made for a new house, but the price ran into so many figures that I abandoned the idea and began to look around for something already built.

The first one I looked at was a large stone house on Prospect Avenue, on the order of an old-country castle. I made an offer on it, but was awfully well pleased afterward that I did not get it. The next was a place I had always admired, especially so about the time we were first married. We used to drive up Prospect Avenue and when I passed this particular place, I would say in a joking way to my wife, "Some day I will buy that place,"

of course, not thinking at the time that my words would come true.

The place was offered to me at a price which was less than what the estimates were on the new home I was planning. The owner was one of God's chosen people, and everybody knows that they are good traders. He wanted to sell and I wanted to buy, yet whenever he found that I was anxious he would mark the price up five or ten thousand dollars, and when I became indifferent, he would come down on his price and have the agent come after me. Then when I would respond to the agent's call, up would go the price again. It took considerable strategy to trade with the old fellow. The price that I offered was about twenty thousand dollars less than the price he was asking. He finally came down ten thousand and I advanced five, and matters stood this way for quite awhile. But we got together again and the old fellow eased off a little more and continued "coming across," which is in the language of the day, until we were only a thousand dollars apart.

He was coming so easy that I felt sure I would get the other thousand off, but finally he got his Hebrew blood up and said, "No, sir, now it's not for sale," and, surprising as it may seem, he stuck to it. He was about to make a trip to Europe and when he reached New York I had the agent wire him that I would advance the other thousand dollars on the house. It was no go, however, "it was not for sale."

I was very much disappointed and felt like hiring some fellow with a number ten boot to kick me, for missing the trade, for my heart was set on the place and I felt very badly to think that I had lost it.

That summer my wife and I went out to a boarding place on Pine Lake to spend a few days. While there I heard one of the boarders and the proprietor talking one evening, about what they considered a very cheap property on Pine Lake. It was owned by a widow named Leuthstrom.

Next morning I said to my wife, "Let's go down and look at the Leuthstrom place. I knew the Leuthstrom family when I was a boy." So we walked down and the first person we met on arriving at the Leuthstrom house was one of the widow's daughters, by her first husband, Miss Edith Gifford. I had known her when she was a girl of about eighteen, plump and rosy-cheeked, but forty years had made quite a difference in her appearance. The peach color was gone and in place of plump cheeks there were wrinkles. It was necessary for me to introduce myself, and after doing so we talked business.

There were fifty odd acres, something over two thousand feet of lake front, with a good large brick house built for winter as well as summer use, a large barn, as well as a lot of small sheds, etc. They had been offered eighteen thousand dollars and refused it, and I was told afterward that when the doctor was alive he had been offered forty-five thousand dollars by one of Milwaukee's brewers and refused it, so the property certainly looked cheap. I told them I would give eighteen thousand five hundred, and we struck a trade right there and then.

Our Hebrew friend, after spending the summer in Europe, returned to Milwaukee, and although I had bought the country home I was still anxious to secure the fine place in the city. While I was contemplating building a place, the newspaper men had considerable to say

about the kind of a building I was going to put up, etc. So one day I volunteered an interview with a reporter of an evening paper, setting forth that I had given up the idea of building or buying anything more in the city; that I had bought a nice country place on Pine Lake, where I intended to settle down and smoke my pipe of peace, and that, with my Grand Avenue property, would be all I would care for in the future.

My Hebrew friend read this interview and became quite anxious, got his agent after me again, and, to make a long story short, it resulted in my buying his place for about six thousand dollars less than the price he refused before he went to Europe. Of course, I had him coming my way, for I made it appear that I did not want the property at all, at any price.

During the time he owned the property he sold sixty feet off the south end of it and in order to make a nice property of it, it was necessary to get this sixty feet back. So after buying the place I went to the party who had purchased the sixty feet and offered to pay him what he had paid for it some five or six years prior to that, with the carrying charges added to it. This he refused, saying that he would keep it and in all probability would build on it.

I shaped the ground I had with the house and after fixing the ground, felt I could get along without the sixty feet. After a few years, however, the owner of the sixty feet became anxious and I succeeded in buying the sixty feet for ten thousand dollars less than what it would have cost me had I gotten it on my first offer.

This is now our present home at 54 Prospect Avenue.

Our Grand Avenue home, although we had the sad experience of losing one little boy, leaves some fond



CITY HOME

recollections. It was there most of our children were born, and from there our two oldest daughters were married. It was there our children grew up around us. On Christmas they would prepare some entertainment for us, in the form of a play, or concert. One in particular I remember was quite original. We had a German coachman named Fred, working for us, who was in the habit of complaining whenever asked to do anything more than the ordinary routine work. We then had the ponies, a carriage team and a horse I used in a buggy. We also kept a cow. So Fred would say, "I got no time, five horses and the cow."

My wife was always a good hand to scrutinize bills before paying them, and occasionally brought Fred to account for some of his extravagances in the barn.

When I returned home winter evenings from business I generally found my wife sitting at the table with the lamp, reading the paper. I would walk in through the house, up to where she was sitting, give her ear a pinch or a pull, and say "Hello, mums." So the youngsters made up this little scene to surprise us. One of the girls impersonated the mother at the table, one of the boys acted the part of father and the other boy was coachman Fred. The father walked in, took hold of mother's ear, mother gave the usual scream, making a playful slap with her hand at father. Father asks Fred if he attended to some certain matter. Fred replies, "No, Mr. Cudahy, I got no time, five horses and the cow." Father says, "Well, how about that halter for the cow?" "I get no halther, Mr. Cudahy," said Fred, "Mrs. Cudahy she kicked all the time, I get no halther."

We were living on Grand Avenue at the time of the Pat Crowe kidnapping of my nephew at Omaha, and

our youngsters made a play of that. One of them wore a mask and went through the hold-up game in good shape. Our daughter Josephine, when a young girl, was quite a character in this line. She probably has more odd freaks charged up to her account than any of the others. We had a small chapel in this house, where evening and morning prayers were said, and the party who built the house, in order that the chapel should be kept sacred, closed up the portion of the room directly over the chapel. There was a stained glass skylight, with a picture of a dove, in the ceiling of the chapel and a window in the north side of the enclosure, which lighted the skylight. This window looked out on Grand Avenue, directly over a square porch at the front door. It was only a small porch, about six feet by six feet, with an ornamental sharp pointed picket fence on top of it. One day while Jo, then about four years of age, was playing on the second floor, in some mysterious way succeeded in getting into the small room above the chapel, opened the window and jumped, or fell, out on the roof of the porch. There was little more than room for her in between the iron fence, yet she landed all right, unhurt. Nobody in the house knew of it until some man, who happened to be passing on the street, came in and notified them of it. He procured a ladder and rescued her from her perilous position on the roof.

On another occasion, after her mother had taken her with her out to Troy Center to see her grandma, Jo complained about something that was being said, or done, and threatened to leave the house and go to her grandma, in order to see what she would do. I packed a good sized satchel, gave it to Jo and told her to go.

She took the grip, which was practically all she could carry, and started off. I allowed her to go out on the street, following at a safe distance behind, until she had gone about four blocks from the house in the direction of the railroad station, and I believe she would have found her way to the station, had I allowed her to do so. She would ride one of the ponies bare back. Occasionally the pony would come home without her and she would come in half an hour later, covered with dust and dirt, or probably scratched up. So you will see, her mother was never very long without a sensation of some kind while Jo was a youngster.

Our daughter Mary was the first to be launched on the matrimonial sea. She was quite a handsome girl (so you will understand she took after her mother) and, of course, a favorite with the young men. I noticed one young man in particular, who was quite a frequent caller. I thought I could see business in his eye. After he had been coming to the house for about six months, I invited Mary out with me for a ride in my buggy one day. She was only about eighteen years old at the time. When we were out awhile I said to her, "Mary, Mr. D., who is waiting on you means business and he will soon ask you to marry him." She thought it such a joke she laughed at me. "Well," said I, "You will see, and my only reason for mentioning the matter is that I do not want you to marry anyone until you are at least twenty-one years old."

After the ride there was nothing more said about the matter for about another six months. This time it was Mary that broached the subject. She said that Mr. D. had popped and wanted to know what I thought of it.

Then it was my turn to laugh. I told her I did not know much about the young man, but as far as I could judge, he was a well-behaved, gentlemanly sort of a fellow, and that they had better work out the matter between themselves; but to remember about the age limit. In due time it was Mr. D.'s turn for an interview with the "old man." He spoke his piece the way that most young fellows do, and then I spoke mine, stating that the only consideration and only promise I would ask for was that he would always treat her kindly, and time has proven he has kept his promise.

My oldest daughter, Elizabeth, followed next, and was married from this same house, and about the same preliminaries were gone through with. She also got a very kind, good man, as well as a good business man for a husband.

Then came the third oldest, Katherine. She was married from our present city home, 54 Prospect Avenue. She also procured a first-class man, religious, kind, and good, as well as a good business man, from Dayton, Ohio. He not being a resident of Milwaukee, and Katherine being obliged to make Dayton her home, is the only unpleasant feature of her marriage. But I believe the Bible tells us that one should leave father and mother and cling to thy husband, etc., etc.

I will not tell you about the last marriage in our family, which was of our daughter Irene, to a bang-up young fellow, the kindest of the kind, impetuous, impulsive, always wants to win in anything he engages in, let it be a game of croquet or a business undertaking. At the age of twenty-one his father offered him, as a birthday present, stock in a well established business, the book value of

which was fifteen thousand dollars. It was a sure thing, a seven per cent stock. Yet the young man declined the offer, saying to his father, "Father, I thank you sincerely, but I would much prefer the money, so that I can start in business for myself. I have been making a study of a certain line and I know I can make a go of it." His father and his uncle both opposed him, but he stuck it out, until they finally consented, and have never had reason to regret it.

When this young man, Mr. Helmholtz, called upon me to ask for Irene, I said, "You and Irene have got this thing all settled and now you come and ask me." "Well," he said, "Suppose I had gone at it the other way and asked you before I found out how I stood with Irene, would it be any better?" I said, "I guess you are all right," and said, as they say in the play, "God bless you, my boy."

Our girls have been of the marrying kind. Out of the six daughters we have only two left at home with us. Josephine, the older of the two, is a very light hearted, happy dispositioned girl; seems to have a faculty of driving away the blues or any kind of depression that comes upon her. She is a great comfort to her mother and myself, and we do not regret the least bit that she has not yet lost her heart to any young man. In fact, I am selfish enough to hope that she will not, for as my old sweetheart and I are growing old, nothing can be more comforting than to have one of the girls with us. Of course, she is liable to meet her affinity most any day, and if she does, why, we will have to be reconciled and let her go. But as I stated before, nothing could be more pleasant to look forward to than to have one of our daughters re-

main single with us. In case that I were to die before my wife it would be very consoling for her to have some one to look after her in her old days, and the same would be the case if I were left alone. Of course, we could always hire a companion, but no companion would be the same as our own daughter. However, I am preaching again on a matter that Josephine herself has no control over, and neither have I.

I feel very proud of my sons-in-law. I believe all of the matches were love matches. I know my daughters are happy, and although I feel disposed to help them in dividing up what I have accumulated, yet their husbands are all independent of me and are all capable of carving out their own fortunes. This brings to my mind what a friend of mine said to me, at the time my daughter Irene was about to be married. There were the usual pink teas and functions, such as young people have nowadays, and there was more or less in the papers about the happenings. When I met my friend he said to me, "Cudahy, I see you are still doing business at your house." "Yes," said I, "we seem to keep before the public." "Well," said he, "there is one thing about you that is different from some others I see about, which is, when your daughters get married you don't take in boarders," which is very true. I have been fortunate in having my daughters, with their husbands and children, for Christmas dinners. The last time we had nineteen at the table, and if my daughter Helen were at home it would have been twenty.

I have told you a good deal about the girls. Now I will tell you about the boys. Our oldest boy, Michael, is with me in business. He is our treasurer and vice-

president, as well as one of our directors. He graduated from the Wisconsin State University, receiving an A.B. He is a cool-headed fellow, thinks before he speaks; he does a lot of deep thinking, in fact, he has all the qualifications that are required in this business. It is a business in which big money can be made, provided you display good judgment in when to own property and when not to own it. One has to watch the corn crop, with which hogs are made; the prospects of a large or a small crop of hogs; whether the laboring men, who are the meat eaters, are well employed the world over or not. In addition to all this there is the manufacturing part to look after, keeping down expenses, using judgment as to what kind or brand of meat is best to make of certain kinds of hogs, etc., etc., all of which I feel certain he is capable of mastering in time.

He has been with me only about one year now and has already gotten things well in hand. He is handicapped by having a well-to-do father, but is one of the common sense kind, and I believe he will be able to carry the load all right when it is dumped on him, and that will be pretty soon.

The younger son, C. J., ever since a boy has had a taste for public speaking. He is as much at ease standing on a platform or stage, speaking in a public hall, as one would be at home in an easy chair. Nothing disturbs him and he has quite a gift of the gab. So I have encouraged him to take a course in law, which he is now doing. He graduated from Harvard University last year, receiving an A.B., and is now at the Wisconsin University Law School, and I feel certain will make good, for his habits are good and he has the stuff in him.

I do not know that he will follow the law for a living, but as my mother would say in such a case, "It will be no load for him to carry."

My youngest daughter, Helen, is now in Paris, attending a school of travel. It is a school which is conducted by an American lady, a Miss May from Boston. There are twelve other girls in this school with Helen, all Americans. They study history and art, go about visiting the different art galleries, and will visit all the large cities of note in Europe. Helen is the flower of the flock. She is a fine looking girl, so it goes without saying she takes after her mother, and what is better than good looks, she has that very scarce commodity, particularly among girls, common sense. She also has a lovely, unselfish disposition.

My father used to tell about a man who had seven daughters, and as they got married and left him in turn, the last one was always the best with the father. So it is with me.

In the summer of 1904, while living in our summer home at Pine Lake I was taken ill. Had been doing considerable work, bought the city residence, as well as the Pine Lake summer home, made quite a few alterations in the city home, all of which I planned myself, without an architect, and also did considerable work on my country place. A small portion of the country land was low, what we would call a tamarack swamp, with a number of tamarack trees growing in it. I had men grub out the trees, put in two feet of filling, and converted what was a swamp into a beautiful little park. To do this I cut off a hill or projecting piece of land and filled up the swamp with about two feet of gravel from the

hill. Then in order to get soil for the grass to grow, I cut a little channel around through the edge of it, connecting each end of it with the lake. This little channel was a winding affair, filled with pure lake water and added a great deal to the beauty of the park and the earth that was taken out of it was sufficient to make a good filling over the gravel, enough to give me a good green sod.

While I was doing all this I was at the same time attending to my business, so my wife and the doctor who attended me during my illness decided that my whole trouble was nervousness, caused by overwork.

They were mistaken, however, for it was discovered later that my sickness was caused by an abscess forming on the pelvis of my left kidney. The abscess was caused by a small hard particle, commonly called a stone, settling in the pelvis. This passed through the channel leading from the kidney to the bladder and while it was making this trip, I suffered the tortures of the damned. Yet I was told that I was simply nervous. As soon as I was able, I left our country home and went to the Sacred Heart Sanitarium on the south side. The doctor in charge there discovered what my trouble was, and owing to the nature of it consulted with my wife, and between them they decided to bring up Dr. Billings, from Chicago, to diagnose my case. They did not tell me anything about this until within about half an hour of the time that Dr. Billings would arrive, fearing it would alarm me. But they were mistaken in this. I was as cool as a cucumber.

I had a colored man for a nurse at the time and after Dr. Billings had made a thorough examination of me, he

and the other two doctors went downstairs into a room right below the one I was occupying, to talk the matter over. We could hear them through the floor and I said to Charley, the nurse, "Guess it's all up with me, Charley." When the doctors came back to my room I said to Dr. Billings, "What is the verdict, the undertaker or what?" "O no," he said, "It's not as bad as that, but you will have to make up your mind to be a loafer for about a year. You will have to go to California or to some equitable climate."

I remained in the sanitarium for about three weeks and had recovered sufficiently to leave there and go home, but I was still nervous and peevish, so went once more to see Billings, with the same result; that I must loaf. It was just at the beginning of our busy season in October and I could not make up my mind to go off to California and loaf for any great length of time. Like a great many others, I thought I knew better than the doctor.

Instead of going to California I went to Asheville, North Carolina, and my wife packed up and came with me. When we took the sleeper out of Chicago we unfortunately struck one in which the heating apparatus would not work, so the car was as cold as a refrigerator at night. We reached Chattanooga the following evening. Put up in a hotel there for the night, and that also was without heat, so we had to shiver again.

Next day we went on to Asheville. We seemed to ride all the way from Chicago to Asheville in a cold wave and when we got to Asheville we put up at Kenilworth Inn, and as it was between seasons, the manager of the hotel was economizing. The house would be heated dur-

ing the day, but it would get almost down to freezing during the night. As cold was the worst thing that I could have to contend with, I had a relapse, which the doctor feared was going to prove fatal. In fact he told my wife that there was no hope for me, and I learned afterward, a newspaper man boarded in the hotel at the time, who was supplying news as to my condition to the newspapers. The news of my relapse reached Chicago, and the Record-Herald printed my picture with a kind of an obituary at the bottom of it. A copy of the paper was mailed to me and I had the pleasure of reading it later on.

My plucky little wife was by my side all the time and as soon as ever my condition warranted it, we packed up and started for California. We left Asheville about two o'clock in the afternoon and put up for the night at some city on the way, the name of which I do not remember. We secured a state room on the Pullman on the Southern Pacific Railroad next morning and rode to New Orleans, where we rested twenty-four hours.

The doctor at Asheville instructed my wife to see that I got plenty of good milk to drink; that it was about the best thing I could have. She put on her thinking cap and went out shopping, bought a kind of a little bottle holder, half a dozen pint bottles, also a tin pail. She got the bottles filled with milk and succeeded in getting the porters on the Pullman to keep the pail filled with ice around the bottles, so I had fresh milk on my trip on tap all the time.

It was amusing to see this arrangement of hers, and, although I was in a miserable condition, I could see a humorous side to the arrangement and nick-

named her "dear little Ann, with her bottles and her pan."

From New Orleans we moved to San Antonio, where we made another stop. I was so weak and nervous on this trip that when I walked into the dining room to my meals I wobbled from one side to the other. I did not have enough confidence in myself to feel sure where I was going to place my foot when I made a step. From San Antonio we moved to El Paso and from there to Los Angeles.

The second day after we arrived in Los Angeles, I called on Doctor Bridge for consultation. After asking me a number of questions his advice was a repetition of the other doctor's; that I would have to loaf. I asked him how long, and he said six months, maybe a year. This sentence was the worst that had been passed on me up to that time. My little soldier wife was with me all the time, bossing me and advising me.

We remained at the hotel for about a week, and, although my oldest brother had telegraphed half a dozen messages, pressing me to come and live with him in Pasadena, where he had a large winter home, we decided to rent a furnished house and go housekeeping. I knew that if I had gone to live with my brother it would be a case of overdoing the kind act. He would want to prescribe what I should eat, what exercise I should take, auto rides, etc., and I felt if I accepted his invitation I would feel more or less duty bound to act on any suggestion he would make. My condition was such that if any one was to be ugly and harsh with me, I could fight back, but if they were to sympathize or treat me with great kindness, it made me sad, and sometimes cause me to weep almost like a woman.

So one day when I was feeling fairly well we took the electric tram to Pasadena. There we hired a cab and went house hunting. Of course, I was interested in looking the houses over, but my little soldier wife ordered me to remain in the carriage. I attempted to leave the carriage, but was ordered back, in a kind but firm tone of voice, and I was in such a condition that I obeyed like a child. After I fully recovered my strength, I often laughed at the idea of being so obedient.

Finally, after looking at a number of bungalows and cottages, we hit, or rather, my little soldier wife hit on a very nice two-story cottage on Orange Grove Avenue, the finest avenue in Pasadena. We went on and got settled in our cozy little cottage, nicely furnished. The house was owned and occupied by a Unitarian minister and his wife, who had a son and daughter in Oklahoma City, and were about to visit them for the winter. This was the reason they rented their cottage. The cottage contained a very nice library full of books, a piano with a piano player.

I settled down to a vegetarian diet, lived on bread and milk, green peas, nuts, etc. Cut out all kinds of stimulants, including tea and coffee, also smoking, and was what you might call a very good man, enforced goodness I presume, for the winter. I remained in bed mornings, had a nice little wood fire in the room, and read my paper in bed. About ten o'clock I dressed, took a sun bath for awhile, and was what you might call a first-class loafer. Made a business of curing my kidneys. Found a first-class physician whom I consulted about every two weeks, and showed improvement right along.

When we decided to rent the cottage, my wife went to one of those employment bureaus and engaged a serv-

ant girl. She was a great big, powerful woman of about thirty-five or forty years of age, either Scotch or Scotch-Irish. She was a rough-and-ready, coarse sort of an individual, and it was amusing at times to hear her work off her broad Scotch expressions. I nicknamed her "Highland Mary."

We had a large Tom cat, a lazy, loafing kind of a cat, yet at night he seemed to have cat callers, for they put up about as good a cat concert as you ever heard. Highland Mary must have gotten it into her head that the cat was possessed, for one day she came to my wife and said, "Thet ket was fexed." Don't know what she meant by that unless she thought that the devil was in the cat.

One day while in a talkative mood, Highland Mary let out her secret to my wife. It seems her reason for going to California was that through some matrimonial advertisement she had gotten in touch with some man who ran a photograph gallery at Ocean Beach, a suburb outside of Los Angeles. She asked my wife for a day off to go out and hunt up her man, but, poor girl, when she got there Mr. Man had moved away, and poor Mary came back home, very sad and crestfallen. She remained with us for about six weeks, when she found an excuse to leave us.

Our next maid was a Scandinavian, Annie Olsen, an unfortunate, nervous creature about the same age as Highland Mary. This one also had a hard luck story. Said that some aunt of hers had written to her in Denmark about her wealth in this country, inviting the girl out here to share it with her, but when the girl arrived in this country the wealth, if it had ever existed, had disappeared and she was obliged to hustle for a living.

I was in the habit of playing the piano player myself evenings, but Annie Olsen served notice on me I must not play after nine o'clock, as that was her time for going to bed and she did not want to be disturbed. And I tell you, I obeyed her mandate to the letter as it was no easy matter to get a girl of any kind out there. About every week or so she would serve notice on us that she was going to quit the following Monday, but when Monday came around, she went on with her work just the same. One day she cooked some sort of a head cheese, or a dish of some sort of hash or chopped meat, which none of us cared particularly for, but we all made away with it in some way, fearing to offend "her queenship." Notwithstanding all the threats of leaving, she remained with us until we broke up.

I had never had a kodak in my hands until I went to California, but I bought one there. Went about photographing about everything I could set my eyes on—the rose trees, residences, anything that came my way, was photographed. Sometimes the thing would become shifted and I would continue to snap until I had used up the roll, but when I took the film to the man who was to develop and print the pictures I would find it all a blank. But, like everything else, I soon learned how to work it and became quite an expert at picture taking. I remember taking a picture of one rose tree, a climbing rose, with a stem fully five inches thick at the bottom, covering a two-story cottage entirely with its branches.

Through my oldest brother I became a temporary member of one of the country golf clubs in Pasadena, and played golf with considerable success, which furnished me exercise as well as amusement.

One thing in particular that I remember that winter was the Flower Carnival. It was held on the first or second of January. A large number of carriages and automobiles were trimmed with natural flowers, as well as a great many advertising floats, advertising the suburban towns, which were being boomed at the time. The procession was beautiful, and quite impressive. It wound up at the race track, where exhibitions of chariot racing were given—two teams of four horses each, hitched to chariots, and driven around the mile track at break-neck speed—presume after the style of the old Roman chariot races. One of the teams became unmanageable and ran away, that is, the team could not be stopped at the Grandstand, but ran around two or three times more. Finally a couple of riders on horseback dashed up, one each side of the runaway team, caught the outside horse by the bridle and succeeded in stopping them. A man named Mischall was the winner. He was a big, powerful, swarthy looking fellow, I should judge him a Spaniard.

All the horses were wild, unmanageable things, and the track being dry and dusty, and the speed of the horses, noise of the chariot wheels, with the cheering and shouting of the crowds watching, made this about the wildest race I ever saw.

In the latter part of February my daughter Josephine came out to visit us, and after remaining a few weeks, my wife and she returned to Milwaukee, when my daughters Katherine and Irene came out and took their places. We made several excursions to other small towns around southern California, among them Catalina Island, where we spent a very pleasant day boating and fishing. On the next day, after returning to Pasadena, while walking

the streets, I felt something snap in my eye. It made me reel. I went into a real estate office and rested awhile. Then discovered that one of my eyes was sightless. My physician lived only a block away, went over and told him what had happened and he said, "You had better see an oculist right away." I said, "Well, it is a vein that is broken in there, is it not? And all that can be done is to wait until the blood has absorbed." "That is true," said the doctor, "Yet I think you should consult an oculist."

That being Saturday, I decided to wait until Monday when I went to Los Angeles and consulted a member of the firm of Grant & McLeach. Doctor Grant looked into my eye with his magnifying glass and repeated, "It's a very bad mess, it's a very bad mess." This is all I could get out of him. Said he would report to my physician. That evening I called on Doctor Bridge, my physician. He told me the oculist reported that I was pretty sure to lose the sight of the eye, and there was fear of my losing sight of the other one. Strange to say, I did not believe a single word of it. Said to him, "I will bet you ten dollars I will see out of that eye inside of two weeks." "I will not bet you," he said, "Because I want you to see."

I got right to work to fix up the eye in the same business way that I did to fix up the kidney. I ate little or nothing and kept perfectly quiet. My physician gave me something to assist in the absorption of the blood clot, and it was not more than a week or so when I could see a little with the eye; in about two weeks I could see fairly well. I went back and consulted the oculist again, and they were greatly surprised to see what was accomplished in so short a time.

During the time I had the eye trouble I could not read or do anything much in fact, except lounge about, so I got to musing and composing little rhymes in my mind, which I sent home to my wife whenever I wrote her a letter. At home at that time were my wife, Josephine, Michael, Clarence and Helen. Irene and Katherine were with me. Just before we left for home I composed the following. It amused the folks at home very much to get it, and they had quite a bit of fun on me, joking me about it.

We will soon be on the move,
To meet those we dearly love,
To number fifty-four,
On Lake Michigan's beautiful shore.

We will met sweet little Ann,
With her bottles and her pan;
She weighs one hundred seventy pounds of meat,
Every pound of which is sweet.

And there will be happy Jo,
With her eyes and cheeks aglow,
They once crowned her Queen of May,
Because she was so good and gay.

I hope Michael will be there,
For being absent would not be fair;
He is clear-headed as a bell,
And about college he can tell.

There will be Clarence John,
Who, they say, has been getting on
A little better than the rest,
And has developed quite a chest.

There will also be sweet Helen,
Round and plump as a melon;
She is always full of glee,
And busy as a bee.





MRS. ANNA M. CUDAHY



PATRICK CUDAHY
AT 63 YEARS OF AGE

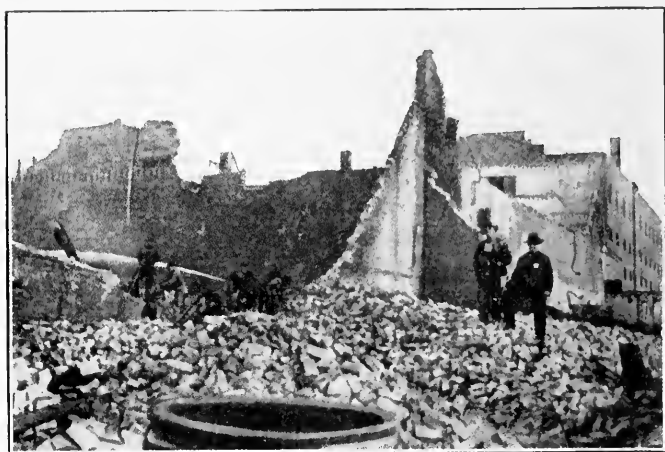
We left California the latter part of April. I was feeling fairly well, in fact, the doctor pronounced my condition as practically normal. I went back to my desk in the office and went to work, but found it would not go very well. I could get along for a week or so at a time, then I would get tired and have to lay off for another week. Continued on this way through the summer and came to the winter, but in January I pulled up stakes and my wife and I took a trip to the other side. We landed at Gibraltar, went through Spain and then to Southern France. From there we took a steamer into Marseilles and Alexandria. Spent a week in Cairo, visited the temples and tombs of the kings on the Nile at Luxor. From Egypt we went to Jerusalem, spending a week or ten days there. From there to Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, through the Italian Lakes to Lucerne, then to Paris, London, Liverpool and then home, spending in all about four months' time, and I came home well braced up.

Shortly after I returned home we had quite a fire in our plant, which destroyed about one-third of our buildings. We never discovered the origin of the fire. It started about six-thirty in the evening, September 13th, 1906. I was notified by telephone, left the house at once, took the interurban car for Cudahy and rode on the front platform of the car, which was loaded with a lot of young fellows on their way down to enjoy the fire. Although it was serious, yet there were things about it that were amusing. I could hear the chatter on the car; some were thoroughly disgusted because it was not more of a fire than it was; did not think it was worth paying car fare down to witness.

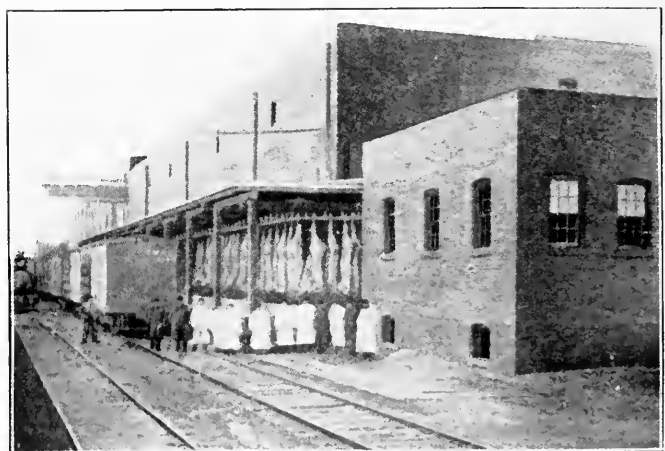
Soon after I arrived there, the city of Milwaukee Fire Department was on the ground, doing good work. I tore around about crazy, shouting and giving orders, and just as I was passing along the platform, through the crowd, a gentleman I knew (and thought had better sense) sang out, "Hello, Mr. Cudahy, won't you have a cigar?" The idea of smoking a cigar under such conditions!

Our tank house was completely destroyed and had to be rebuilt. The fire occurred just before the beginning of our busy season, so it was necessary to hustle and get the buildings rebuilt. And I have always found that whenever you want to get a thing done in a hurry the best way to do is to do it yourself; so as soon as the fire was out and we could get to work, I put on all the men I could, working both night and day, clearing away the debris. I also was fortunate in getting a wrecking crew from the Chicago & North-Western Railway Company to help remove the large tanks.

I was out doors all day long, with the men, yelling and shouting, urging and pushing things the best way I knew how until we had it rebuilt, which was only forty-nine days from the time of the fire, to the time we were using the buildings again, and, although there was a good deal of strain on me in getting this work done, yet I seemed to thrive at it, and felt much better after the job was done than I did before I began at it. In fact, I was my old time self once more, and I can only attribute the change to the fact that I was out in the open air and on my feet, getting plenty of exercise, during those forty-nine days. And, later on, when I would get grouchy, or complain about my health, my wife would say it was



SEPTEMBER 14, 1906



NOVEMBER 10, 1906
19 WORKING DAYS LATER

about time for another fire. The fire was a blessing in disguise in more ways than one. It not only restored me to permanent health, but we got our buildings in much better shape than what we had them before.

We had an old-time employee with us who looked after our jobbing trade and our traveling men, as well as keeping track of the credits. He was a good, faithful man, but had a mania for keeping track of outside matters as much as his own, or even a little more so. If there was a street car strike in a city, or some kind of a revolution down in one of the South American republics, our friend would be more agitated about it than whether his orders were good or not. We finally made a change, taking one of our traveling men in off the road and placing him over the jobbing trade and the salesmen, and turning the credit part of it over to our old friend. The young man took hold like a new broom, increased the number of traveling men from three to fifteen, and things went along swimmingly. But our poor old friend, who had charge of the credit department, began to grow a little bit on the feeble-minded order and his memory failed him, so much so that we were obliged to make another change in that department.

We were now approaching the fall of 1907. We had a fairly high priced hog, about $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{3}{4}$. Our English buyers generally provided at this time of the year for what they called their requirements, some of them buying three months in advance, others six months and eight months, and still others as much as a year in advance. Their orders would run from five boxes a week, weekly or fortnightly for months in advance. This is their way of doing business when they think the market is about

right, and I felt this fall that it was a fairly good time for me to meet them. We figured that we were due for a fairly good run of hogs the coming year and in all probability would buy them at about a cent cheaper than what they were selling at that time. I went on and sold them all they would take, so we had as much as twenty million pounds of stuff sold to them on our books before the first of November. This, you will observe, was just before the panic of 1907. For some reason or other, I had a kind of an intuition that something was going to happen in the financial world, so instead of paying our notes, as they fell due in September and October, I renewed them, and had as much as five hundred thousand dollars to our credit in the banks when the panic set in. The large packers in Chicago, particularly one of them, were very much affected by the money stringency, their hands being practically tied so that they could not do it all, as they usually tried to.

The price of hogs, owing to lack of competition, dropped down, so we filled some of our contracts with four cent hogs, while they were based on a six and one-half cent hog. I would be ashamed to tell anybody all the money we made during the year beginning November 1st, 1907, and ending November 1st, 1908. Don't know whether I deserve any great credit for it or not. Think my lucky star was guiding me about that time.

Although we had reason to rejoice about our success in business, we also had a sad experience, for just at the beginning of the year, our cashier, Mr. Andrew S. Clark, who was also our secretary, as well as one of our directors, was taken sick and died of cancer of the stomach. He had been ailing for some time, yet he was such a

plucky fellow he would not give up, nor would he consult a doctor. I noticed him shrinking in flesh so much that I insisted on his consulting a physician. The physician did not inform him of his serious trouble, but told me privately. We had Mr. Clark taken to Rochester, Minnesota, with the hope that an operation might save him, but when the surgeons there opened him up, they pronounced his case hopeless, so all there was to do was to get him home to die. I secured a private car from the Chicago & North-Western Road and made him as comfortable as possible. Got him home safely, but he only lived about a week afterward.

He was one of the most faithful men that ever lived, honest and true, and you could trust him with every dollar you had and go to Europe, or anywhere else, and feel perfectly safe. He was a Baptist in religion, and a very staunch one; would not do anything, not even read a newspaper, on Sundays. Did not believe in dancing or theaters, and his religion carried him to such an extreme that one might say he was a fanatic, or pronounce him narrow minded. Yet he was so honest in it all that one could not help but admire him for it.

This was the second death that we had in our office family. About a year and a half prior to Mr. Clark's death we lost our bookkeeper, Mr. Robert Bradford, who was also a fine fellow. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and just as religious as Mr. Clark was and just as true and just as honest.

We had no trouble in filling both of these men's positions in the business, but never could fill them in so far as their personality or fellowship was concerned. Yet, on the whole, we have been very fortunate in that way. We have had very few deaths among our men.

CHAPTER IX

Now let us go back to something a little more pleasant.

During the first years that I was associated with Mr. Plankinton, I heard him make quite a speech, in his own way, about Puget Sound. He had never been there himself, but had heard others talk about it, and he put it in such glowing colors that I made up my mind some day I would visit Puget Sound. That idea seemed to stick in my head all the time. So finally, in the spring of 1908, I suggested this trip to my wife.

The husband of one of our daughters, Mrs. Dahlman, had been a candidate for the nomination of mayor of Milwaukee, early in the spring, and met with a sad defeat. My daughter was up to her ears in the campaign with him and, of course, was badly depressed over the outcome of the nomination. So we had her come with us to the West.

We went out over the Northern Pacific Road, stopping off at Spokane. While riding in the Pullman car I got chatting with a man and when he discovered I was going to Spokane he told me he had a brother there who was president of a bank, gave me his own card, and asked me to call on his brother, Mr. Twohy. After getting settled in the hotel in Spokane, I hunted up the banker and found him to be a very fine gentleman. He called on us at the hotel, was very anxious for us to visit his home and remain a couple of days in the town, but Puget

Sound was our destination, which I had in my mind's eye, so I did not care to remain long in Spokane.

However, I found Spokane to be quite a city, with great prospects. A large river, which drops a hundred feet or more within half a mile, runs through the center of the city. This some day will be utilized to great advantage for power and help to make Spokane a great city.

We took the train next morning at seven o'clock for Seattle, arriving there that evening. We put up in the Washington Annex Hotel, a very cozy, homelike place. Out of Seattle we made any number of side trips on trolley cars, boats, etc. I always had plans the night before as to what we would do next morning, and if the boat left at eight o'clock I would hustle the women out of bed for an early breakfast, so as to be in time for the boat. My wife occasionally found fault about being hurried up so much, said that I was a little too strenuous, etc., so I said, "Now, see here, I will resign right now as guide and let one of you do the planning and I will do just what you tell me." So, next day I waited for an invitation to go somewhere. Mrs. D. assumed the position of guide, but it did not take long for her to become very tired of it, and both of them decided I had better continue in my old position.

I found Seattle to be a very thriving, go-ahead city. One of the most impressive things I saw was where land had been platted into city lots; land which once was a forest, the huge stumps still remaining. The excavator would take out one of those tremendous stumps, a car-load in itself, and no sooner was the stump out than a

nice cottage or an up-to-date bungalow was built where the stump had stood. This certainly was an illustration of progress.

Everybody, everywhere you went, talked business and money making. Riding in the street cars I asked persons sitting next to me, "How long have you been in Seattle?" One would say, "This is my first year," another would say, "I have been here two years," but when it got to four or five years, the party was considered an old settler.

When we were returning home, on this trip, while the porter was closing up the berths in the morning, I happened to sit with an old eastern lady, I think from some place in Connecticut. We got chatting about Seattle. She and her husband had been to California and came home by way of Seattle. She said she never saw such people in her life for talking money. "Why," she said, "They will sell their home and buy another one if there is an opportunity to make a hundred dollars." This really told the story; it was the spirit of the Seattle people—after the dollars. Of course, it may appear vulgar to such people as the old lady, yet that is the spirit that builds big cities, and I predict that Seattle will be a great city in time. It will be the New York of the Pacific.

We visited quite a number of very interesting places from Seattle. Among them was the navy yard and several of our large battleships were there at that time. The Nebraska was one of them, but we were not allowed to go aboard.

We also took a boatripe down to Tacoma, a very interesting city, very nicely located, with a better harbor

than Seattle has, but Seattle has the start and is going to keep it. It is another case of Chicago and Milwaukee.

After spending about a week in Seattle, we went to Portland, which, as everybody knows, is a much older city, of more wealth and refinement, not so much of the money making, speculative, striving spirit. In Portland we met an old friend of mine, a banker from Oshkosh, Mr. Schreiber, and his wife.

Again we patronized the trolley for sight-seeing, rode up to a high elevated spot just outside the city, at the top of which is built a sort of pavilion, with glass all around it. From there we had a most beautiful view of Portland and the surrounding country. Also visited a very pretty park there. Took a train for a trip down along the hills, a very pretty ride, pretty scenery, and a number of little streams running down the mountains, forming little rapids and cascades. We returned by boat, and on the boat was an ex-chief of police from Chicago. He was chief during the time that Swift was mayor. He related a number of his experiences with criminals and other prisoners, which was quite interesting to us.

From Portland we went to Victoria, B. C., by boat during the night. Landed there about eight o'clock in the morning and put up at the Princess Hotel. Although this was only a short distance, about ten hours' ride on the boat, it was like going into a foreign country.

About this time I had gotten infected with the timber buying fever, and having the addresses of some timber commission men in Victoria, I started out about eighty-three to hunt them up, but there was scarcely anybody on the streets. Victoria is a sort of a city of retired

Englishmen, and, of course, they do not get up so early. About nine o'clock, however they began to move about, with their high stockings, plaid caps and smoking their pipes.

I found a timber man and he proposed an automobile ride to show me some timber he had for sale. We took the auto, and this ride was one of the greatest experiences I ever had in an auto. It was about a twenty-five mile ride. We went up about seventeen hundred feet and down again, that is, we crossed a ridge about seventeen hundred feet high, right through heavy pine timber, over a government road, part of the time looking down several hundred feet.

I did not invest, however. Next day we took a steamer on Puget Sound, for Vancouver, arriving there that evening. It was a very pretty ride. While looking out over the bow of the boat I saw some tremendous, great big sea monster, swimming with a kind of a roll resembling a long log floating diagonally. Some called it a sea horse.

We arrived at Vancouver in the evening and put up at the Vancouver Hotel. By this time the timber fever had taken pretty strong hold of me. I had written several parties inquiring about timber, and, of course, had a good many replies, as well as a good many soliciting my prospective order. Among the number was a Mr. Brown, who was a retired employee of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He had been with the company a number of years and they retired him on pension, so he opened a real estate office, handling timber land and city property. His partner was a hard working young man by the name of McCauley.

I had taken advantage of my acquaintance with the president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, who was at one time a Milwaukee boy, with whom I was fairly well acquainted. I wired him to Montreal, setting forth that I was in Vancouver, thinking of buying some timber, asking him, as they say, "to put me next" to some good man. He was in Europe at the time, but his head man wired me, referring me to Mr. Marpole, the executive head of their land department. Mr. Marpole proved to be quite a pleasant, genial gentleman. I had dinner with them at the club, they, in turn had dinner with me at the hotel. Mr. Brown suggested that I buy a couple of lots as a scalp, to pay the expenses of my trip. I took him at his word, bought the lots, giving him an order at the same time to sell them out whenever he could make me five hundred dollars profit. This he did inside of a year afterward.

Brown was quite a story teller, with a bad impediment in his speech, a great fellow for high balls and fancy drinks. One of his favorites was a Mamie Taylor, and you would be with him but a very short time when he would propose a Mamie Taylor. He had quite a collection of curios and things which he brought back from China, when he was there for the C. P. R. My wife and daughter went up to his house to see them, but I never was very much of a hand for curios, so did not accompany them. We talked timber quite a bit, but I did not trade on any.

From Vancouver we took the Canadian Pacific Road home. It was quite a pleasant ride, although a little early in the season, yet the scenery was grand, and what

was lacking in the way of foliage, one could fill in with imagination.

We stopped off at Bamf, and the main hotel not being open, we put up at a sanitarium which is conducted there. We had a letter to the proprietor and he made it very pleasant for us. I well remember one of his stories, which was, that in that part of the country there were a great many young Englishmen, sons of rich men, who were sent out there to be gotten rid of. These Englishmen were known as remittance men. One of those remittance men was in a saloon one day and got to talking of different pronunciations made use of by the Americans, and said, "You people say 'can't,' and we say cawn't. Then again, you say 'ranch' and we say rawnch. I would like to know what is the difference."

Sitting in the corner of the barroom at the time was an Irish lawyer, a fellow who was quite bright, but like a great many others, was something of a booze fighter. On this particular occasion he was recovering from the effects of a booze, rubbing his eyes and yawning, when he heard our young Englishman ask the question. He looked up sleepily, and said, "Why, you damn fool, that's easy, a ranch pays and a rawnch don't."

Bamf is a very largely advertised place. Some compare it with our Yellowstone Park, but I could not see anything there to warrant the comparison.

From Bamf we took the train to Winnipeg and put up at the principal hotel, which is owned by the C.P.R. Winnipeg is a thriving city, in the heart of the Canadian wheat fields, and certainly has a great future. From here we took the train for home, after a very pleasant

visit, and realizing all that I anticipated from my old friend Mr. Plankinton's speech about Puget Sound.

When I returned home the enterprising newspaper reporter was after me to find out what I had to say, and the following is a copy of his report.

SAYS WEST IS GOLDEN.

Patrick Cudahy's View after
Trip to Seattle.

To Young Men with Brains.
His Advice is to Go West and Grasp
Opportunities Found on
Every Side.

"I have heard a great deal about hard times, but I did not see any signs of them in the state of Washington or British Columbia," remarked Patrick Cudahy, head of the Cudahy Brothers Packing Company, on his return from a four weeks' tour of the far west yesterday. Mr. Cudahy was accompanied by Mrs. Cudahy and their daughter, Mrs. Dahlman.

Mr. Cudahy came back from the west full of praise for what he saw and heard. He believes that the west is the place for young men of brains and enterprise.

Greatly Impressed by Seattle.

"When I was quite a young man I remember hearing John Plankinton talk of the possibilities of the country bordering on Puget Sound, and I have had it in mind for years to visit that part of the country," he said. "I was well rewarded for my trip, I assure you. It beats going to a health resort and sitting around

listening to a band and hearing other fellows tell about their ills, all hollow. I have heard a great deal about the big things they are doing out there, but really I found that they have gone way beyond my anticipations in many directions.

"Seattle especially impressed me. I think in a very few years they will have a wonderful city there. It is a great city today, but in time I believe it will be to the Pacific ocean what New York is to the Atlantic. I never heard so much talk about money in my life as I did in Seattle. To hear the good citizens of Seattle talk you would think that a new crop of money is reaped after every rain—and it rains every day.

Vancouver a Thriving City.

"All the cities of Washington are pushing forward rapidly and soon will be factors in the commercial life of the country. Spokane has a wonderful river running right through the center of the city, which has power enough going to waste to run the mills of the whole state. In time, I have no doubt this river will be harnessed and made useful for manufacturing purposes.

"British Columbia also is making rapid strides forward, I observed. Vancouver is a thriving city already, and every day seems to mark the beginning of some new enterprise. We were handsomely entertained while in Vancouver by Mr. Marpole, the representative of the Canadian Pacific Railroad in Vancouver. I suppose he was extra kind to us because we came from the birthplace and former home of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the president of the road.

I was greatly impressed with Vancouver's future, and I bought three city lots in the residence portion of the city. I was told that in a short time the increase in value of these lots will pay for our trip.

Americans Easy to Spot.

"Everywhere you go in the west, both on our side and on the Canadian side of the border, you will find the people up and doing all the time. There are a great many Americans in Canada, and, oddly enough, you can spot them as soon as you see them. There is something about an American, even when he is in overalls, that distinguishes him wherever he goes. These hustling young Americans are making that country what it is, and if there were more of them in Vancouver I think that city would give Seattle a hard tussle for supremacy.

"But Seattle always will be the big city of that country. They have the right spirit out there. By the way, there is a good-sized colony of Milwaukee and Wisconsin people out there, and they all seem to be prospering."

May 12th, 1908.

Although I did not purchase any timber while on my trip, the fever was still on. I got in touch with a Mr. May of Seattle, who was formerly assistant land commissioner with the Wisconsin Central Road, and after making full inquiry as to Mr. May's honesty, ability, etc., I corresponded with him about the purchase of some timber land. He had quite a fine tract, located on Campbell Lake and River, on Vancouver Island, B. C. It was a crown granted tract, so I could

purchase the fee in it and own it outright. After thorough investigation and satisfying myself that the proposition was a good one, I visited Seattle the following October. Before going out I made inquiry through a banker, as to Mr. May's financial standing and learned that he was worth about fifteen thousand dollars in cash.

Of course, purchasing timber was a new one for me, and it required a great deal of assurance to make me feel that I was doing the proper thing. After meeting Mr. May in Seattle, I hesitated and talked about going home without making the purchase. He was very enthusiastic and in order to test him, I offered him an eighth interest in the tract, proposing to take ten thousand dollars in cash and his commission, which was equal to ten more, for the share of one-eighth. This proposition he accepted on the spot. This convinced me that, at least so far as Mr. May was concerned, he was sincere and honest, and we then and there made the purchase of the land, which we are still in possession of, and I think it will prove quite a profitable investment. The tract contains seventy-six hundred acres, estimated three hundred million feet of standing timber. We have had several inquiries for it since, but not being anxious to sell it, have put the price at a prohibitive figure.

So much for Puget Sound.

CHAPTER X.

Now let us go out to our farm at Hartland. My experience with farming is a good deal the same as the experience every city farmer gets. I once heard a story told about Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. It seems Mr. Beecher had a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year and some one asked him how he succeeded in spending such a large salary. His reply was, "Do you not know that I own a farm in the country?"

Another story is told about a city farmer inviting some of his city friends out for a day and when it came to partake of some refreshments, asked his guests whether they would have milk or champagne, saying, "They are equally as expensive."

I have spent a good deal of money in fixing up my country place, but I have had a good deal of pleasure out of it also. When I bought it, there was no porch on the house, and I spent about twenty-five hundred dollars making a porch, running all around the front of the house, length of about fifty feet by twelve feet in width. I also moved the barn a distance from the house, built a new cow stable under it, put up a large hennery and horse stables. Started in with four animals to build up a herd of brown Swiss cattle. I now have twenty-two, as fine a herd as you can see anywhere. I also have twelve different kinds of

chickens, the Golden Polish, White Crested Black Polish, White Faced Black Spanish, Speckled Hamburgs, Blue Andalusians, Orpingtons, and others.

I also have about an acre enclosed as a deer park, with a couple of deer in it. Planted a large number of ornamental shrubs, plants, and trees, etc. Named my farm "Kill Kare," for it is a good place to run away to and loaf, and forget all care and troubles.

The only disagreeable part of the country home is the getting of female help out there. My wife is such a stickler for having things right, that it always makes her nervous when we go in the country, if the help is of the inferior kind.

Last summer she became so nervous that I found it necessary to force her into an European trip. But then, there was another cause for her nervousness, as well as her household affairs, for her mother and father as well as her sister all died within a little over a year. She felt her sister's death very keenly. I thought the only thing to do was to get her away from home surroundings and distract her mind. She objected very strenuously to going, but I succeeded in persuading an old friend and companion of hers, a lady who was also a teacher when my wife was a teacher, to go with her.

They sailed from New York on the sixth of August on the Baltic, arriving in Queenstown about eight days later. Unfortunately the weather was wet and rainy. They went from Ireland to Scotland, from there to England, England to Holland, then to Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and Paris.

Arrangements had been made for my daughter Helen to go with a number of other girls to a school of travel in Paris. She was booked to sail with her party October 4th, on the steamer New Amsterdam.

I had the blues the most of the time that my wife was away. I whistled and sang and did what I could to keep up good cheer, but there was always a void, and something missing, so I made up my mind to go over with Helen and bring back my old sweetheart.

We reached Boulogne October twenty-second. We first pulled in to Plymouth to allow a number of passengers to disembark. There we got an English paper giving account of a railroad strike in France. It was written up in about as sensational a style as American reporters are noted for. Almost everybody on board had a paper, reading the sensational news, and everybody became excited, as any disturbance in France is always associated with the French Revolution.

It was a question with a great many of us whether to disembark at Boulogne or go on to Rotterdam, but we finally received a wireless, stating that there would be a special train at Boulogne, to take us through to Paris, so we got off early in the morning, with fear and trembling, expecting to have the car windows smashed, several bullets shot through the cars, etc. About eight o'clock we boarded the train and went through to Paris, arriving there at eleven thirty, without ever seeing a striker.

I went straight to the Hotel DeLathina, where I found my old sweetheart, with her companion, wait-

ing for me. You may be sure the meeting was a happy one, for I was very much pleased to see quite an improvement in her looks, as well as her nervous condition. We sat together for hours chatting, she telling me her experiences and I telling her mine.

I remained in Paris about a week. We visited different places of interest. Then we went to Amsterdam, Holland, took a boat ride out to the Island of Markham, where the people live now the same as those who lived there two hundred years ago. It is said that they seldom, if ever, leave the island, marrying among themselves, and the effect of this is shown to a marked degree on the people, as they are more or less dwarfed and unintelligent looking.

From Amsterdam we went to the Hague, visiting the Peace Palace, in the woods. This woods, that I speak of, is a large natural forest, right within the city, of mostly beech trees. It certainly was a great treat to drive through it. From there we went back to the city, looked the Carnegie Peace Palace over, which is now in the course of erection, and which promises to be a very pretentious building.

Next day I went to Brussels to visit the World's Fair and my wife went on to Antwerp. The following day we both boarded the steamer Lapland, at Antwerp, for home.

The Lapland is a new steamer and the accommodations were everything anyone could desire, and best of all, my wife was a good sailor all the way home. We met quite a few nice interesting people and enjoyed the trip very much.

I was just thirty-two days away from my office and enjoyed every hour of the time. Presume this

can be accounted for in a measure by the fact that I was anticipating the pleasure of meeting my wife, while going over, and having her with me when I was coming back.

I certainly was a blue grass widower while my wife was away. My daughters did all in their power to make it pleasant for me; but it made no difference, I could not be happy. I wrote her about six letters a week while she was gone, and received about as many in return.

During my lonesome moments, in order to drive off the blues, I would take to composing some sort of rhymes, which applied directly to her. The following is a sample of some of my letters, as well as the rhymes.

Thursday, August 4th, 1910.

Dear Annie:

I know that you feel that I have been a little harsh with you in forcing you to make this trip, but if you stop to think, you will plainly understand that I am going to be the loser, as I will be at home without my old companion. Of course, I will have the remainder of the family with me, but no matter how many there are at home, while you are away, it is hard for me to keep from falling into a spell of the blues.

You will have the best end of it, for you will be traveling about seeing sights and having something to distract you all the time.

My reason for writing this letter is that you seem to feel that I was rather too much of a boss in forcing you off against your will, so I hope that you will look at the matter in the proper light and appreciate my position, as you should know that I am the one who is making the sacrifice, and not you.

Your loving husband,

To the Steamship Baltic.

Aug. 4th, 1910.

Dear Annie:

I have just written and mailed you a letter a few hours ago, but since mailing it regret that I did not make it a little more cheerful. It was written in one of my blue moods. Hope you will not pay any attention to the part that refers to our separation, etc. Just pitch right in and have a jolly good time and I am going to do the same thing.

I hope to have a nice pleasant trip with Clarence to the Pacific Coast and when I get there if I find that the trip into the timber land is going to be too much hardship, I will cut it out and let Clarence take it alone.

I was thinking that it would not be a bad idea if one of you were to don male attire, let one be a man, but I suppose that the lack of a beard or whiskers could not be overcome. Then again, the captain might have suspicions that you were a second Crippen. Anyhow cut up and have all the fun you possibly can.

Your affectionate husband,

To the Steamship Baltic.

August 15th, 1910.

Dear Old Girl:

Although you cabled your arrival, I did not receive the cable until I came to the office this morning and I noticed by the Record Herald yesterday that the Baltic arrived, I presume Saturday evening.

After anxiously waiting for your cable I grew impatient about five o'clock and cabled you the following: "Cudahy, Imperial Hotel, Cork, Ireland, No cable, are you well?" Of course, I was unnecessarily alarmed, but everything I have in the world was in Cork, Ireland, at that time and was a little bit anxious to hear from you. Now I presume I have put you to the unnecessary expense of cabling again, or will you take it for granted, like a sensible woman, that your cable will turn up all right?

We had quite a pleasant day at Pine Lake yesterday. Waldemar and Irene were out, and, although Waldemar

and his brother Henry were beaten at the final game of tennis, he was still in his usual good spirits. We played croquet and fought over the game as usual. At night we played bridge, and before we got through we might be classed with the sporting element, stakes were as high as a dollar a corner.

I had one letter from C. J. in which he was up in the air in anticipation of the fine time he would have with Mr. May around a campfire out in the forest.

Jo is doing quite well as a housekeeper. The cook seems to improve, and little Dutchy has gotten to be quite a friend of mine, yet you need not become jealous when you read this.

We had some little rain yesterday with a prospect of more today, so that all hopes of a good corn crop have not vanished yet.

I enclose you a letter from Mr. Frederick Vogel as well as his card and you may do as you see fit about visiting the resort, although I should judge it would be a very pleasant place to spend a week or ten days.

With kind regards to Mrs. B., I am,

Your affectionate husband,

Thursday, Aug. 18th, 1910.

Dear Old Girl:

I am at the office this morning at the same old grind, although I have been treating myself to quite a few days in the country of late. Stayed out three days last week and two days so far this week. We had a fine rain and everything is looking fresh and green out there. Helen had quite a bunch of girls yesterday to lunch. The rest of us dined at the Dahlman cottage. I first had an invitation from Elizabeth; told her I did not believe I cared for any lunch and that I would not come down. Then I had a visit from Ann, who, as an inducement, told me that they had two kinds of dessert. Of course, that caught me. She afterward told one of the girls she just told grandpa that so as to get him to come. We had quite a nice chicken lunch, and Helen's friends also had a very nice time. Michael has been coming out pretty much

every evening and we have been playing bridge pretty regularly and trying to enjoy ourselves as well as we can in your absence.

My blond at the grill has become discouraged and talks of giving up the cafe. I had John go to Madison and see the other woman, who came to Milwaukee and looked it over and was willing to take it. Now the blond is undecided as to whether she wants to give it up or not, but I think she will, at least I hope so, as I feel almost certain she will never make a success of it, as she seems to lack the necessary business qualifications.

Katherine is doing fine. She had a letter from Tom in which he stated he did not want me to pay her bill and he put it so strongly that I told her that, of course, if he felt that way I would withdraw my offer and allow him to do so. I can make her a little present of some kind later on, if I want to.

I have not heard anything further from C. J. since he went into the woods, but expect to hear from him soon.

Presume you have been informed of Mrs. August Uihlein's death. We also buried my old friend Tom Connell today. I went to the church and met your friend Jeremiah Quinn, who was inquiring for you and sounding your praises to the highest. Think if Mary Ann and I were to disappear from this earth, there would certainly be a match between Jerry and yourself.

This about exhausts my news as well as gossip.

Hope you and Mrs. B. are having a fine old lark.

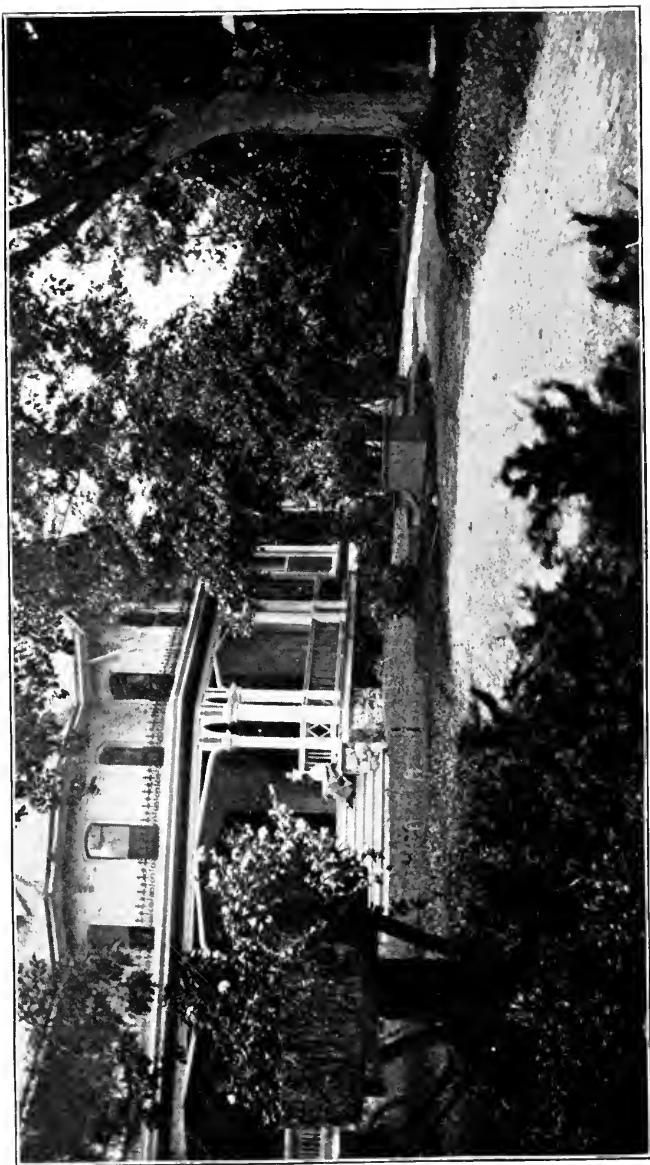
Your loving husband,

August 22d, 1910.

Dear Old Girl:

Don't know what kind of weather you are having, but if you were at Pine Lake yesterday, there would be some exclamations about the heat. We had a temperature of about ninety, and the humidity was so thick you could cut it. We are promised this kind of weather for another three or four days, then, according to our weather prophet we are to have some pretty cold weather.

We have decided to leave Kill Kare two weeks from



SUMMER HOME AT PINE LAKE, HARTLAND, WIS.

today. Waldemar and Irene spent the week with us, and do not know whether it was the weather, but Waldemar's temper was put to the test yesterday. We played croquet and in the evening I beat him out of seventy-five cents playing bridge.

Katherine is certainly resting and is looking fine.

The Beck children have had some little bowel trouble, but are over it and feeling all right at the present time.

On account of Helen going over to that school in Paris with the prospect of being away from home for about eight months, I thought it best to have her examined by a physician and see whether she was sound in every respect. I had her down to Holbrook Saturday. Went with her myself, and he pronounced her a perfect girl in every way.

Had a letter from Valentine May in which he states that he provided C. J. with a good reliable guide, a man about forty-five years of age, and then went into the forest with a view of hunting and fishing for three weeks. It takes C. J. to get about all there is in life, or to convert one kind of a mission into a more pleasurable one, when it suits his purpose. However, it is a nice healthy way for a young man to spend his vacation and do not suppose it will be so very expensive.

I am at the office and just received a 'phone message from home stating that they had received your postal card, in which you stated that you had a very pleasant voyage and both of you enjoyed your trip across the water very much. They also said that there is a letter there waiting for me, which they did not open, fearing that there would be some strictly heart to heart secrets and which I will read this evening with great pleasure.

As usual, when I am alone, my old thinker is musing, and I give you below one of my effusions.

Your affectionate husband,

On the shore of Pine Lake,
Stood a man, not a fake,
Thinking of one far o'er the sea,
Looking and saying, "It's not she, it's not she."

He longed, but in vain,
For his darling again,
To drive off the blues,
Which were becoming most huge.

But said he to himself,
"I'm a silly old elf,
For was it not I
That forced her to fly?"

So I must be content,
And my feelings keep pent.
I may feel bad enough,
But I must make a bluff.

For I know she'll improve,
Now she's out of a groove,
And for this I would give
What life I've to live.

So now I will hope,
She will need no more dope,
That she'll be back in November,
And will bring joy to remember.

August 25th, 1910.

Dear Annie:

I think I will rival William Curtis, who writes for the Record Herald, after this trip of yours, I do so much letter writing.

We have had a spell of the most disagreeable weather that you could imagine—extreme heat with humidity.

Fearing that Elsie might think we were neglecting her, Michael and I stayed in last evening and had dinner with them, but August was just starting out for one of his trips through the lumber country and was obliged to take the boat at eight o'clock, so we did not have much of a visit with them. Their house is nice and roomy and they seem to enjoy it very much. They have considerable more room than they had in the other house, and I think it is built first class in every respect. The only suggestion that I could make, or one improvement

for which I think there is room, would be to put it on rollers and roll it out to within twenty-five feet of the street. That would improve their view very much.

After spending part of the evening with Elsie we retired to 54 Prospect, sat on the porch until ten o'clock and then made an attempt to sleep. But the first thing I saw when I entered my room was a big black spider crawling along on the sheet. I had just taken a Turkish bath and one of the attendants showed me a great big sore on his leg caused by a spider bite. This was not calculated to cause repose. I said to Michael, "Here's a great big spider." Michael was in the bath room and looked about and saw any number of them and started in slashing and killing them. The result was that we both moved downstairs and abandoned the third floor.

After nestling down and getting fairly on the way to a sleep, Jo entered the house with her latch key, about twelve o'clock. She had been to some party given to a Bessie Baum. You can imagine how I blessed Bessie Baum, when I was disturbed just as I was going to sleep. But we had a good thunder storm during the night with plenty of rain, which cleared the atmosphere and everybody feels better this morning.

M. C. has been patiently engaged with the John P. affair for the last three or four days and I want to say that I think he is a wonderful man, to be able to meet all sorts of conditions and make the best of the situation. I do not think I could be quite so philosophical, and methinks I can hear you say, "Indeed you could not."

Every lady I speak to about your trip says, "Isn't it lovely your wife had an opportunity to go to Europe and have a good time by herself." Aunt Josie embraced me the other day, when she was at the house, and said I was one of the loviest men in the country to allow my wife such a good time. And so I hope you are having this good time that everybody thinks you are, especially that you are sleeping well, for if you sleep well I know you will have a good time. And all you have to do in order to sleep well is to do as M. C. does, make the best of all conditions. Be a philosopher, throw yourself down on

the bed at night, like a lump of clay, just as though you did not have a nerve or anything living about you, and you are bound to sleep. Ask Mrs. B. if I am not right.

Your loving husband,

They are two gay old ladies,
For they left behind no babies.
They are off for a merry prance,
From Erin's Isle to LaBelle France.

August 26th, 1910.

Dear Old Sweetheart:

William Curtis again. The weather man's cold wave arrived duly on time and we slept very comfortably under a couple of good heavy blankets last night. I remained over night in the city and Michael and I went to see "The Sweetest Girl in Paris." Of course, if you happened to be in Paris she would not count. We did not go together, however. I went alone and Michael went with a young lady. What do you think of that? She is a sister of Ferd. Bartlett's wife, whom you have heard the boys call a "peach," so who knows but what there might be something doing? A sister of a peach may count.

The play was of the usual high-kicking order, and, although the weather was quite cold, the girls did not wear a great amount of clothes—about the same attire that David Harum reported about the girls that he saw. You remember he said that he could cover all the clothes they had on with a postage stamp.

The language I am using here is shocking Miss Burki.

Presume I had better wind up with another of my effusions.

Your loving husband,

We are still at Kill Kare,
But care will not kill,
For you are not there,
My own darling dear.
No, you are off on a lark,
And in your eye there's a spark
Of my former dear Annie,
Of such there's not many.

August 29th, 1910.

Dear Old Sweetheart:

I stayed home Saturday to loaf, and Michael brought me out two letters from you, one of them from Dublin, and, judging from the date of the letter you are about six days ahead of schedule time. Thought you were not going to rush, that you were going to take it easy and rest. If I were with you I would be getting all kinds of scoldings for traveling fast. However, I presume you have some particular reason.

I was very sorry that you did not have any letters at Killarney, but in order to have letters there they would have had to be written a day or two after you left, but even so, it would have been a pleasure for you to receive them. However, we will try to make up in the future what we fell short there.

I judge by the tone of your Dublin letter that you are feeling fit, as the Englishmen say, which is encouraging.

Jo is not getting round shouldered with household cares. She is just the same Jo, light-hearted and happy. She has Jean McLeod visiting her this week, and Helen has Alice Murphy, so you see we still keep alive. Katherine is still with us, but talks some of going home this week Thursday. We have decided to leave the country on next Monday.

John Bannen has arranged to get two good scrub women for Jo, so that she will get the house thoroughly cleaned and in order. Elsie has secured a good second girl and they have a cook in view who has worked nineteen years for the Asmuth family, but they have moved into a new home up on Newbury Boulevard, and the girl refuses to go out so far, so we think we will secure her. She is very highly spoken of, and, of course, the fact that she was nineteen years in one place either speaks well for the girl or for the family that employed her, or possibly for both.

Your little German Tessie went to Hartland the other day and got lost. Sidney waited about an hour and a half for her and made up his mind that she must have started to walk home, and that he would go along slowly

and probably pick her up. But along in the afternoon she telephoned and finally came up with one of Wittenberg's rigs. She became turned around and could not find her way. She certainly will never die with brain fever.

We have been having good rains of late and the country looks green and nice again, and the prospects are good for a good corn crop, providing frost holds off, but it will have to hold off for at least another month for the corn made very little headway during the dry weather and it is very green now. Of course, we must have corn in order to get hogs. As the fellow says, to plant more corn to make more hogs, to get more money, to plant more to make more hogs.

I have not seen anything of Mrs. B.'s hub. since you left, but presume he is a good boy like myself, behaving himself.

Now I shall have to close with one of my effusions. I think I will have to quit the packing business and go into literature.

Your affectionate husband,

Annie and Mary went off on a spree,
From Cork to Paris great sights they will see.
Joseph and Patrick were left at home
To think and to ponder, all alone, all alone.
Yet they are both happy in anticipation
Of their darling dear ones' emancipation
From household cares, of which they'd plenty,
And of which we hope they'll return empty.

(Mary mentioned in this verse is the Christian name of an old friend of my wife's, who went with her on her trip, and Joseph is her husband.)

August 30th, 1910.

Dear Old Sweetheart:

If you could get my letters, one a day in the order that they are written, no doubt there would be some pleasure to you in reading them, but as you will get them all in one bunch, presume one letter would be as good as a dozen. However, if the reading of the letters is as much

pleasure to you as the writing of them is to me, it will not be time wasted.

I have been alone since Sunday night. Michael has gone down to Cleveland to look after an apparatus they have there, whereby they take the air out of railroad ties with the vacuum system and impregnate them with some sort of a preservative. We think we might be able to make use of it in the way of curing meat, so I had him go down and look at it. Expect him back this evening or tomorrow morning.

Have not heard anything from C. J. since he went into the forest—three weeks ago—but, of course, I know he is all right and enjoying himself, otherwise I would hear from Mr. May.

The apostle of the cowboys and the idol of the rising generation, our own Teddy, is out at Cheyenne, whooping her up at a wild west show with his fellow cowboys. No doubt if C. J. has heard of it he will be there to enjoy the fun, but presume on account of being in the woods he has not had a paper or mail of any kind.

We are having a good soaking rain here today and everything is recovering fast from the long period of drought and heat.

I had a talk yesterday with my co-conspirator's husband. He told me that he had a letter from his dear wife in which she stated that she and you also were enjoying yourselves immensely, which, of course, is the kind of news we want to get from you.

The wheels of my poetical bump are not working this morning, presume on account of the cold, wet, rainy day, so you will have to forego the pleasure of one of my effusions.

Your affectionate husband,

September 1st, 1910.

Dear Old Sweetheart:

We spent last night in the city. Josephine has her scrub women hard at work house cleaning, and, as they say, you will be able to see your face in the furniture as well as the walls of the house when you return.

Jo took dinner with her favorite sister, Mrs. Helmholtz. They had quite a dinner party. Among the guests were Mr. Frederick Vogel and wife. Helen, Katherine and myself took in Mrs. Fiske in Becky Sharpe at the Davidson. It was a good many years ago since I saw it before, but she seems to grow better as she grows older. She had a splendid troupe and the show was one of the best I have seen for a long time. Yet, like all good shows, it was poorly attended. Nothing seems to take in Milwaukee but legs.

After we get through with our scrubbing, which we hope will be tomorrow, we are going back into the country to spend Saturday and Sunday. Then it is our house-keeper's intention to close up the country home and move into the city for good.

No poetry today.

Hope you are enjoying yourself. You seem to be rather stingy with your letters. Have only had two since you landed.

Your loving husband,

September 2d, 1910.

Dear Old Sweetheart:

Judging from your Dublin letter, I figured you would be ahead of your schedule, so I have been mailing my letters to Cologne and have already mailed one to Vienna, but in talking with Mr. Baird yesterday he informed me that you were going into Scotland and probably will lose the time that you have been ahead, so have taken a chance in mailing this one also to Vienna.

Everything is working nicely at home. Josephine secured the cook that I wrote you about, who had worked nineteen years for Asmuths. If she will work nineteen for us, if we happen to be alive, think we will have to have soft feed, as we are pretty sure to be minus our teeth. You remember what the fellow said in the play, when someone inquired about his chum that was left behind in New York State; he supposed his hair and his teeth were falling out, which is about what we could figure on in case we are in the flesh about that time.

I enclose you a few kodak pictures which I took myself. They will probably interest you.

Michael got home last evening from a trip to Cleveland. Think that his trip was of some benefit in the way of information, as well as from a loosening up standpoint.

Hope that when I go out to Hartland tomorrow there will be some letters for me. If not I fear my poetical bump will freeze.

Your loving husband,

I 'phoned Joseph, I've no letter.
Said he, "I'm no better."
I said, "It's no use to make a fuss,
For they don't care a cuss.

You know we're old and gray,
And not so flip and gay
As in the good old time,
When we hooked them on our line.

We both should also know,
That they're not so very slow;
They may have made a "fluke,"
And are flirting with some duke.

Tuesday, September 6th, 1910.

Dear Old Sweetheart:

The cause of the intermission in letter writing was a visit to Pine Lake, and if I were to write there I would have to do it with a pen and I'm too lazy for that. I received your letter that you wrote after being to the horse show at Dublin and note that you enjoyed the show and have a better opinion of Ireland and the Irish people than you ever had before. This, in a measure, will be a compensation to me for the money you spend on the trip, as you know you have always been an Irish knocker.

I also heard from Mr. Baird, and his good wife writes that you are sleeping well and enjoying everything on your trip, which is certainly good news.

We all, including the Dahlmans, packed up and left Kill Kare yesterday. Jo had quite a busy day, and I tell you, she's a true daughter of her mother. She's a dirt chaser like the Dutch Cleanser. Rugs were ripped up and pounded and laid down again and all that sort of tomfoolery that you people always go through with when you are leaving a place or moving into another one.

The little park and the whole surroundings out there looked so awfully pretty that I hated to leave, yet the days are so short that unless one remained there, there was not much pleasure in coming and going, and on account of my old sweetheart not being there, there was not much pleasure spending the days there. I think that as a grass bachelor I will be able to put in my time better in the city.

Our own Teddy will be here Wednesday and I have seats for Michael and myself, so with one excitement or another, think I will be better off in the city.

I will now close with an effusion from the heart.

Your loving husband,

My darling, 'tis of thee,
Sweetheart across the sea.
I think of you so deep,
That I cannot, cannot sleep.

I think of thee at night,
While my peepers are closed tight,
I am thinking in the morning,
When the peep of day is dawning.

Now you will say to Mrs. Baird,
"Well, if you had ever heard,
This same old fellow snore,
You'd say those lines do bore.

To believe him would be folly,
He's just giving me a jolly."
She'll say, "I think you're right."
Then you'll say, "Good night."

September 7th, 1910.

Dear Old Sweetheart:

As per my latest effusion, you are ever in my mind, so in order to ease my mind I am obliged to write a letter.

The weather here is beautiful the last couple of days, bright sunshine after plenty of rain. Corn crop going to be a bumper.

In my letter of yesterday I forgot to mention that we were honored with Father Keyser at dinner with us on Sunday. You need not give me credit for inviting him, for he invited himself. Jo had but one girl. Little Dutchy left us the week before we moved in, but I was equal to the occasion and had the Dahlmans come and dine with us. That gave us Mrs. Sullivan as a table waiter, so we were all right. We had a very nice visit—talked horse and religion.

Hope you are sailing around in good shape and are happy and sleeping well.

Your affectionate husband,

It's three weeks and some more
Since a drink I had ashore.
Yes, I made a resolution,
And it will not be broken
Until again I meet my mate;
But when she arrives in state,
I may take a glass of rum
Just to have a little fun.

September 8th, 1910.

Dear Old Sweetheart:

Not very much to write about. Things are going on very nicely at home. Josephine has three which seem like very good girls, and things are moving along very smoothly.

I have a very nice letter from Mary this morning thanking me for favors at Pine Lake during the summer. Louis also spoke his piece when we were leaving there.

Our own Teddy stirred up the animals in Chicago last night in good shape. Refused to attend the banquet

if Lorimer was present, so, of course, he was not, and Teddy gave them a good sermon on fraudulent politics, etc.

Do not believe I mentioned in any of my letters that our old friend Jerry Connors died a week or so ago. The papers gave his age as eighty-six. I did not know of his death until after the funeral.

We appreciate your letters very much when we get one of them, but that is not very often, yet if you were to answer all the letters you get, you would be likely to get writers' cramp, so we will have to excuse you.

Hope you are having the best kind of a time.

Your affectionate husband,

September 9th, 1910.

Dear Old Sweetheart:

Thought I would try my hand with a few Dooley letters, as I can furnish you whatever interesting news or gossip I may have, as well as some amusement:

Dear Ould Swateheart:

'Tis very little I have to write about. The family ar-re all well and everything is going on all right, so I believe I will have to fall back on our ever interesting subject, our own Teddy Roosenfelt. Shure and he's just returned fr'm his cowby cilibration and a lot av gintlemen that belong to some club in Chicago thought it would be noice to give a banquet in his honor, and in order that there'd be no mishtake, wan av thim wint out a bit to meet him and consult him about it, do ye moind, and whin he mintoned the subject to 'Teddy, says T. R., "Is Lorimer goin' to be there?" "He has bin invoited," says th' man. "Well, thin," says T. R., "if you are going to have him there, I'll not go." "Very well," says th' man, "Oi'll tell him not to come thin, f'r ye know we must have our own T. R."

And so poor Lorimer, afhter buyin' his ticket and all that, was obliged to sthay at home. Did ye iver hear the loike? Shure ye remimber th' Bible sthory about the fresh guy that took a seat at the head of the table and was tould to go away back and sit down at th' other ind,

for fear that his bethers moight come in, and that he moight have to give way to thim; that it would be more pleasant f'r him to move up than to be obliged to move down. Av course, even that was hard enough on th' poor fellow, but our own Teddy says, "Out with him. Oi'll not ate with him."

The Lord turned the money changers out av th' temple, but our Teddy says, "Lock thim up." And all the toime that he's pratchin' in this way, the devil is getting fifty thousand dollars a year f'r pushin' a pincil, wroiting a few loins f'r a magazine.

Did ye iver hear the loike av it, me darlin? The devil a wan o' me cares, phwat Teddy does or says, so long as your own dear silf is well and happy as Oi meself am at presint. Thanks be to Gawd f'r it, so good-bye, darlin'. May Gawd love ye an' be good to ye all the days of yer loife. No more at presint fr'm

Yer own dear
Patrick.

September 12th, 1910.

Dear Old Sweetheart:

Just two days since my last talk with you, and now for a full report of my doings.

I loafed Saturday forenoon, played eighteen holes of golf in the afternoon, and as usual, beat my man, but as you would say in Ireland, "Little credit it was to me, for he was a poor little "Angashure"—poor little Crandall." You know him and so does your partner. I felt almost ashamed to be beating him. I played a game yesterday and had the same good luck, with a more husky fellow.

We had no company to dinner yesterday, and C. J. deserted us for the Dahlmans and other friends.

Hope you are having the best kind of a time.

Your affectionate husband,

Monday, September 12th, 1910.

Dear Old Sweetheart:

I received your letter on Saturday and note that you are having a lot of rain wherever you go. Well, they

say rain is good for the complexion, so I hope to see a pair of beauties when you return.

As to going over with Helen. It would give me the greatest of pleasure to be able to do so, but the fore part of October is rather a critical time in our business and I fear I will not be able to go away. However, one never can tell. I will at least meet you in New York on your return and we can whoop it up there for a day or two.

Your affectionate husband,

September 13th, 1910.

Dear Old Pet:

Not very much to say. Writing a letter of this kind every day is quite a task and it is the attraction of the magnet for the needle that causes me to do it.

A short time ago I saw a criticism in the Chicago Record Herald on a book, "How to Keep Fit." The name attracted my attention and I wrote for one. It seems so interesting as well as useful, I have mailed it to you today under separate cover. However, I presume by the time it reaches you, you will be so fit that you will sling the thing in the basket.

Everything at home moves on nicely. Jo and Helen spent yesterday in Chicago, purchasing some of Helen's outfit before she takes her departure.

Walter Bartlett had supper with the boys last evening. He seems such a fine fellow that I am anxious to have Clarence go back to Cambridge with him. C. J.'s excuse is that he has gotten in with a theatrical club down there and that if he continues with them it will take a lot of his time and upset his work, which, of course, is a good excuse. And, on the other hand, should think he could very easily quit the club. He is like all young fellows of his age—that theatrical business has a great fascination for them.

Probably Madison would be just as well, yet I think it would be a great satisfaction for him in future life to be a law graduate of Harvard. Of course, as to the lawyer part of it, that he has to make himself, and could be just as great a lawyer made from a shanty as from a great college.

I am going to write you another letter with a pencil,
which will be on the heart to heart order.

Hope you are having a jolly good time.

Your loving husband,

September 15th, 1910.

Me Darlin' Cushla Machree:

Yisterdah was Milwaukee day at the Fair and I did the kind act by takin' out Josephine's three maids, yer own little Sid, or as they called him at Hartland, "Billy Bounce," his wife, his kid, Helen and meself—all went to the fair together. Shure and we saw the cows and the gintlemen cows and all th' rest of the foine things, but th' greatest sight iv all wus the flyin' machine. Shure, the man wint up in the air like a bird and flew around for full a half hour, right abuve our heads, around and around, abuve the thrack, dippin' up and down, like a meadow lark, and whin he wus tired uv flyin,' he glided down to th' airth, prithier than ever anny lark did. It certainly wus a gr-reat sight and wan that set me thinkin' that there wus a little more to th' flyin' machine than a plaything.

An' now, for fear that yer might be a' thinkin' that I am getting too thick or too faymiliar, as they say, with Josephine's girls, I'll have to exshplain to you. Shure, I know that ye have a gr-reat deal uv curiosity to know all about thim.

Now, to begin, the girl that's th' laundress and also takes care us me room, is a German girl, with brown hair, but th' frosty face she has on counteracts th' brown hair. Somethin' must have fallen on her whin she wus young, or she must have had a gr-reat deal of throuble during her young days, or maybe 'twas her mother. At anny rate, she seems to have a perpetchul grouch, but Jo says she's a good wurker, so av coorse, that's what we want, ant not looks. But I'm simply exchplainin' to ye that there is no affinity there.

Now, the girl that waits on th' table is a much better looker. She is also a German girl, or I might say, maiden lady iv about thirty, but looks younger. She has nice

soft eyes, as some would say, meltin' or of the liquid kind, a plazing voice, talks a little bit thru her nose. Now, if she were the wan that was takin' care of me r-room, instid av the grouchy blond, there might be raisin' for ye to suspec' thruble, but your daughter Josephine is a good dale like yerself, she know better than to be placing anny timtashun before me.

Now, last, but not least by anny means is th' cook. I can't tell ye annything about her legs, for av coorse they ar-re always cuvered up, but she has as fine a pair av hips as ye ever saw on annybody. Her apurn strhing is tied well up under her ar-rms and makes her waist look very small. She is of the roly-poly kind, weighin' about two hundred pounds, aged about fifty, with silvery gray hair, rolled up in a rat, like the rist of yees. She's a pleasant ould girl, but very shy in her manner and doesn't spake very good English. The furst two are Holy Romans and the lather is a follower of Luther.

Now ye have the hishtory of your three maids, which I know ye have been longin' to hear. Everything goes along fairly well, only that the ould dumplin' in th' kitchen is a little bit slow and is not always on time with the meals, but whin it is time for me meal I goes and bangs the gong on the table in the dinin' ro-room and makes all the noise I can and in that way I think I'll wake up me old roly-poly, so that she'll be more prompt with her meals.

We had yer ould riverind friend at dinner with us last evenin', the Riverind Fayther Seleinger. He wus on his way home from the congress at Montreal and shpent the evenin' with us. We gave him your address and probably you'll hear from him.

Now I will close with wan of me famous pomes, which it is yer own dear self that inshpires in me. No more at prisint from

Your affectionate husband,

P. S.—Pardon me for having this letter typewritten, but I'm expecting a provision man from Liverpool this morning and would not have time to write it with a pen.

The poetry was composed after my breakfast this morning.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
So it's been with me, by thunder;
I never knew I loved you so,
Until that bump had a chance to grow.

Yes, dear duck, I do love you,
Because you are so good and true,
I love your good and kindly face,
For it helps me in the race.

I love your happy words of cheer,
That you jingle in my ear.
They so help to make me fit
When I'm almost ready to quit.

I love you for your gentle care,
For it saves some wear and tear,
And in other ways doth serve,
Yes, it also gives me nerve.

And I love your kindly smile,
Which you have on all the while,
Except on some winter's night
When things at home do not go right.

September 22d, 1910.

Dear Darlin':

Whin I arrived home last evenin' I found what I supposed was a lether from you, but on breaking the envelope I nearly fell over, so shocked was I to find a pitchure of a fine looking venus sitting on the back of a wild baist and shure and it's more shocking than the wan they put clothes on down in Boston.

Ye ar're takin' gr-reat chances to be sindin' such pitchures to yer husband and he at home all alone without a wife, and it's daymoralized yersilf must be to be doin' such things.

I know by th' writin' on the back of this shame-faced card that you ar-re goin' to Oberamergau to see the gr-reat play. I hope it will do the two of ye some good,

f'r afther lookin' at the card, I am shure yon need some-thin' religion to schweeten yer minds.

The card has also convinced me that ye need lookin' afther, so I have decided to take passage on the same steamer that Helen will go over on and bring ye home with me, for if I were to leave ye there very much longer 'tis to run off with some Frinch jude you would be doin'.

I b'lieve we stop at Boulogne and I suppose that's where Helen will land with her taeher. As to mesilf, I may go on to Rotherdam and take a look at the Dutch girls and a bit av th' country ar-round before I go to Paris, as we have about tin days afther we land and I might as well see a bit of the counthrie before I settle down.

We ar-re having the finest kind of weather here and 'tis sorry I am to leave the nice weather, but av coorse, the gr-reat attracttion of me life is across the wather now and nothing can hould me back fr'm crossing over to ye.

The husband of my co-conshpirator was talkin' with me over the 'phone last evenin' and gave a very good report of the both of ye. Said you were sleepin' sivin to aight hours every night, which I hope is thrue.

No more at prisint from

Yer own schwateheart.

FINALE

They first did land on the Isle of Saints,
But it was too wet to spread their paint;
They prayed the Lord to stop the rain,
But it did rain, and rain again.

They then crossed over to the land of the Scot,
Where some wear pants and some do not,
Where men wear feathers in their caps,
But a mon's a mon for a' that.

Next they go to John Bull's land,
And take a stroll upon the Strand;
This is the country where the letter H,
If used at all it's in the wrong place.

From here we sail to where the tulips grow,
Oh, that word doth tickle so;
Two lips are nice, but two pair are nicer,
And when young, and meet, then call the splicer.

Then on we go to the Kaiser's land,
He does not order, but commands;
He claims he rules by right divine.
I'm glad I'm not one of his kine.

From here we skip to poor Italy,
Where there is plenty room for pity.
Once where were fine palaces, now are shops,
For the people there have the dry rot.

You'll say, "They still have got the sky,"
'Tis true, but I'll tell you the reason why;
The sun's so high and far, far away
That it's not in their power to lead it astray.

Now we're off to fair Switzerland,
Where the scenery is so great and grand,
And all the people are content,
Because their lot they do not repent.

From here we go to the city of sin;
If you've plenty of money, please walk in.
Where the men are foppish and the women do
guile,

It's not a good place to stay a long while.

So please get a move on, and hurry home,
Where you left all alone, all alone,
Two sad, but young old men,
Oh then! Oh then! and Oh then!

CHAPTER XI.

I am now approaching my sixty-second year and it has been a pleasure for me to go over my life and put this matter together.

Fifty years ago I was a barefooted boy, running around like a great many others, stubbing my toes against the stones, not very particular about what I had to eat or what I had to wear. Now I am president of three different corporations, representing a total of about three and a quarter millions of dollars, of which I own about eighty per cent. Am also director in one of the largest banks in Milwaukee, as well as a trust company, and have refused an invitation to be director in another bank.

Our company is borrowing money today at one-half of one per cent less than what the largest concerns in Chicago can borrow money for, and I believe, if I cared to do so, I could borrow three million dollars on my own paper.

I belong to the principal club in the city, namely, the Milwaukee Club, also to the Country Club, Blue Mound Club and Town Club.

Speaking of clubs, I want to tell you a good club story. Along about 1888, a number of congenial fellows, myself among the number, organized a card club, known as the Pedro Club. They were all married men, good respectable business men. We went

from house to house, alphabetically. The rule was that we were to begin playing at eight o'clock in the evening and stop at ten. Our stakes were twenty-five cents a game. Now and then some fellow would be in hard luck and be out a dollar or so and would beg for just one more game, and as is always the case, it did not take very much persuasion to get the crowd to stay awhile longer.

One night we had played to the time limit, at a Mr. A.'s house, one of the best fellows in the bunch. Another old sober sides and myself refused to continue playing any longer. We both put on our coats and left, while the other six settled down to a sociable game of poker. As soon as we reached the sidewalk we met a Hibernian policeman. I don't know what in the world prompted me to do it, but I tapped the green cop on the shoulder, saying, "You are just the man I have been looking for. There is a stiff game going on in that house," pointing to the house we had just left, "and I want you to come right in with me and pull the crowd."

I spoke sort of strong and earnest like and must have hypnotized the fellow some, for without saying a word he came right into the house with us. There was one good fellow in the bunch, a Mr. C., who has since crossed the river, and I hope is with the angels. He was a fellow we all delighted to tease, so I pointed him out to my fool cop, saying, "That old fellow there is the leader of the gang, take him along." The cop looked at me sort of bewildered like and said, "There is no money or chips up, I cannot arrest those men."

One of the crowd, who always drank lemonade,

looked at me with a smile and said, "Well, Cudahy, where in hell did you get him?"

Mr. Q. took the fellow out to the table where he had a spread for the boys, and gave him a drink and sent him off about his business.

My friend and I made for the door and left. The joke was such a good one that I laughed every time I thought of it for a month afterward. And to add to the run, I called up a couple of the fellows next day on the telephone and had them call up our old friend, Mr. C., and tell him that they had heard that the cop had reported the matter to the chief in the presence of a newspaper man; that the chief was serious about it and was going to investigate to the fullest extent. Along late in the afternoon Mr. C. called me up and said, "That's a nice scrape you got us into last night." "Why, what's the matter?" I asked. "Matter," said he, "there's a whole lot the matter. That d—— fool of a policeman went and reported the whole affair to the chief in the presence of a newspaper man and it is coming out in the papers and is going to be a nasty mess." It was hard for me to keep from laughing in the 'phone, but I succeeded and told him it was too bad, that I would see if I could not suppress it. That evening the devil seemed to be still in me, so I sat down and wrote a Jesuit priest, a jolly fellow, who was stationed in Chicago, formerly rector of the college in Milwaukee, telling him of the joke, requesting him to write Mr. C., that he had learned with surprise of his narrow escape from arrest for gambling. This the priest did, and the next time I met Mr. C. he was furious and said, "By cracky, I will sue you for defaming my character."

This ended one of the funniest experiences I ever had. It was so absurd for the policeman to enter the private house of one of the most respectable men in Milwaukee, and everything worked so well all the way through that it amused me every time I thought of it for a long time afterward.

I have done a little as I went along, in the way of charity, helping the different institutions from time to time. One action, worthy of mention, is the donating of about four acres of land and the building, for a fresh air home for Catholic babies, or foundlings. The Sisters named the home, in honor of my wife, St. Ann's Home, her name being Ann. This, in all, was an expenditure of about fifteen thousand dollars.

I am now going to tell you about some charity work in which I took an active part. Along in the eighties, St. Rose's Orphan Asylum was in charge of a good hearted generous Sister. She liked to feed and clothe the children well and as a rule would run behind in finances and every now and then be obliged to appeal to the people to help her out, which was generally done by means of a fair, where money was raised by the selling of chances, voting contests, etc., etc.

One of the women in charge singled me out as a victim or candidate for a writing desk to be voted for. My opponent was a brother of one of the priests and on that account it was up to his friends to see that he got the desk. When Mrs. D., she was the wife of my old friend D., the contractor about whom I have been telling you, came to see me about using my name, I put on the frostiest face I could, and positively re-

fused to allow my name to be used. But she winked her eye at me and went ahead with her scheme just the same.

A younger brother of mine became interested, went among our friends, and succeeded in getting them interested. The result was I won the desk. The contest netted the orphans about two thousand dollars. The fair was quite a success, but it was not more than a couple of years until the sister was broke again, so a few of us got together, held a meeting and decided on another fair, as well as soliciting private subscriptions among business men. A Mr. C. and myself took charge of the subscription list. I conceived a scheme that worked like a charm. I had a sheet for each industry. I headed one of them myself with two hundred dollars. Then went to a banker whom I felt I could work pretty well. He went down for two hundred more. He came with me to another banker who happened to be an Episcopalian and something of a churchman himself. He had just been out on some such mission himself and as soon as we broached the subject he went up in the air, saying, "Catholics are always begging and never give anything to anybody else," which was true. One of his junior partners, also an Episcopalian, had listened, and spoke up, "The Catholics are all right. They do more charity than any other denomination. Put me down for twenty-five dollars." This brought the old man to time and he gave us twenty-five.

My scheme of having a sheet for each line of business, and selecting the most generous one to head the list, worked fine. We had a list for trunk makers. I

got a young man who had formerly been an employee for one of the oldest concerns in the city, to head the list. He also went down for two hundred. We went next to his old employer. This man was a good man, always did his share, but had a habit of scolding about so much before he would give. So just before we entered his office, I said to my partner, "Don't become provoked, no matter what Mr. R. says, for we are likely to come in for a good tongue thrashing here." He replied, "That's all right, I know him as well as you do," and as he said it he spied a long hickory club, with a string run through the end of it, something like the policemen's clubs, hanging on a post outside the door. "Cracky," says he. "I am going to hide this thing before we got in." So he took it down and hid it behind some boxes. Knowing the blustering way of the man we were to call on, it was very funny.

We went in, and after a little preliminary talk, got down to business. We stuck his former bookkeeper's subscription of two hundred under his nose. He went off in a tantrum, made the air blue for a little while, but finally cooled down and gave us a nice subscription.

We established a police force in the fair. Had handsome young ladies for policemen, and whenever a fellow came in that was suspected of having money, he was arrested and fined a good sized sum. The fair was a great success. I think something like ten thousand dollars was netted. But I tell you it was a costly one for me, not only what I spent at the fair, but for years afterward I had to pay back to those I called upon when on my begging expedition, for some such purpose when they had their turn at it.

As I have already stated in this story, my education was somewhat limited, as it was more a question of finding employment than education, when I was young. When I got to be about sixteen years old, I began to realize that a certain amount of education was absolutely necessary, particularly in mathematics. I felt that if I could figure well, I could manage to get along. Made known this fact to the teacher of the school I was then attending, a Miss Maybrick, and she took me in charge and I think I learned more in that term than I did in two or three terms prior to that.

This matter of education anyhow, is what we see, and what we pick up, as we go along. We are learning from one another all the time. As I heard a gentleman once say to a party who was going off on a junketing trip for the purpose of getting some experience in his line. His friend said, "Steal all you can, but steal with your eyes," and this has been my motto all through life. I have been stealing all the time, with my ears and my eyes.

I presume that I would come under the head of self-made man, but after the experience I had with a certain dapper young school ma'am, who wore a very intellectual looking pair of spectacles, and who was spending a few weeks with us at our home at Elm Grove, I am wary of using the term "self-made man." One evening while we were sitting on the porch, I happened to mention a little something in a boasting way about myself, and she remarked that self-made men were all right, but the only trouble with them was, that most of them thought too much of their maker.

This was a body blow and I have always been shy in making use of the expression ever since.

Talking about education reminds me of an incident worth mentioning. Some years ago, one of my nephews, with a couple of young men friends came to visit me. It was in the early summer and the country was at its best. I had a nice pair of short tailed horses, so I hitched them up to an open country wagon, and took the boys out for a ride, to one of the lakes.

On the way out I asked, "What kind of a tree is that, boys?" pointing to a hard maple. If one of them attempted an answer, it would be a pure guess and he was as likely to call the tree a willow as anything else. It was the same way with the crops growing in the fields. They did not know barley from wheat, nor timothy hay from rye. Yet those young men were supposed to be educated, and so far as book education goes, they were, but they lacked the education of the world, the education that counts.

One of our leading manufacturers in Chicago has taken the stand that college or university education is a drawback to young men, and when a man attends a theater where a lot of those rah rah chaps are together in a mob, making themselves appear like so many young savages, one is inclined to think that our Chicago man is about right.

Then again, go into a restaurant with one of them. He is not going to eat a meal, he is going to "feed his face." He will not talk plain English and ask the waiter for a small cup of coffee. He tells him to bring a demi-tasse. He has his pants rolled up, and when

he sits down, pulls them up as to show his fancy stockings. He smokes his cigarette and talks the latest slang.

When an old hard head like myself looks on at this sort of thing, I feel that it would have been better for that boy if he had been at work in some good business office, under the influence of good sensible men, during those four years that he has been making a monkey of himself.

Just a word as to my habits. I consider myself a temperate man, that is, I always could take a drink or two, or leave it alone, as I saw fit.

In the way of smoking I never was a success. I at one time got to smoking a cigar or two in the evening after my evening meal, but found that when I smoked two I did not sleep so well as when I smoked but one, or none at all, so I cut out smoking entirely.

I have always kept myself well in hand and had absolute control over myself in all lines of dissipation. At one time I got to joking with my wife as to how cheaply a person could live if he were to set out for that purpose, claiming that a man could live on ten cents a day.

She said, "Would like to see you do it." And I replied, "I will just show you that I can." So I purchased some beans, small piece of pork, some rice and some corn meal, total cost of the different articles was just two dollars. I had the cook give me pork and beans in the morning. I had rice for my lunch at noon and corn meal for my "dinner" in the evening. Instructed the cook that in case I did not eat all that was set before me, she was to give it to me at the next

meal. In other words, she was not to waste a morsel of it. I kept this up for twenty days, inclusive, without eating anything else, and in my own way made good my bluff, so to speak.

When I began the experiment I drank nothing but hot water, but this was a little bit too much like starvation, so I smuggled coffee for my breakfast, milk for my dinner and a cup of tea in the evening, which was not paid for with my two dollars, and of course, this did not include fuel, or house rent, etc. Yet, I proved, in a measure, how cheaply a person could live, and it was also a satisfaction to me to know that I could practice self-denial to that extent.

The rest of the family sat at the table with me, had their beef steak or mutton chops, roast beef or spring chicken, while I was swallowing my mush with a smile on my face. In fact, a smile was necessary, otherwise I could not do it.

Presume if I were placed upon an island with that amount of supplies and obliged to live on it for twenty days, I would feel terribly abused, but doing it voluntarily, it did not affect me at all. I think that all I lost in weight in the twenty days was two pounds and felt very much better for the experiment.

Although my life has been a busy one, yet I generally succeeded in leaving my business at the office. Never talked shop at home. Occasionally, when my brothers and myself got together we had a good pork talk, but at home, with my family I very rarely, if ever, discussed my business affairs.

I have quite a taste for reading. Especially do I enjoy biographies of some of our great men, prin-

cipally Benjamin Franklin. I have always thought his life was the best kind of an object lesson for any young man to keep before him.

In the line of stories Dickens always was my favorite. I think I have read all of his works, read some of them over the second and third time, and enjoyed them every time. What I like especially about Dickens' works is that one meets his characters every day on the street and in every walk of life. I always found that what I read in Dickens stayed with me much better than any other story.

On the whole, as well as being a busy man, I think I have gotten about as much out of life in the way of amusement as most anybody else. I manage to go to the theater whenever there is anything good, but unfortunately of late there is never anything very good. Formerly, when we had Shakespeare's plays, McCullough in Virginias was one of my favorites, as well as Barrett in Julius Caesar. I remember seeing Booth and Barrett play Julius Caesar. I think I shall remember it as long as I live, Booth taking the part of Brutus and Barrett the part of Cassius.

I manage to get away almost every year for a short vacation somewhere. Sometimes I go south and sometimes across the ocean.

On one of those vacations I went to the Hot Springs, Arkansas. Generally my wife accompanied me, but this time she did not come with me. I was all alone, but succeeded in getting acquainted with quite a few nice people, among them a banker from Oklahoma, named Turner.

He was a cocky old chap, about my own age, who had taken the baths regularly for years, knew all the

gambling houses, when they were run wide open. At this time they were suppressed, with the exception of a back door entrance. Turner, however, had access to them all. He took us about, introduced us to the proprietors, etc.

One evening there was a ball given at the Park Hotel and Turner proposed going to the ball. In order to attend a ball I had to have my evening clothes, which I supposed I had stored away in the bottom of my trunk. Hot Springs being a rough and tumble place, especially at the Arlington, where I stopped, it was the first time I had occasion to don my evening clothes.

The first thing I had to do was to chase down the street to get a white necktie. It happened to be a legal holiday and only one or two stores were open. From one store to another I chased in quest of that tie, until I had almost given up. But finally I found a store that was open and purchased my tie. Then went back to the hotel and proceeded to dress up for the evening. Had quite a time getting my collar on, collar button would not work. After fuming and fussing quite awhile, I got all ready for the coat, but lo and behold, when I went to put it on, it was my son's coat which my daughter had packed into my trunk by mistake, and I could not get into it.

However, I did the only thing I could do and go to the ball, changed back to my business clothes and attended the ball. Of course, as everybody else had on evening clothes, I did not feel just right.

At this ball there were three particularly dashy, well dressed women. One of them caught my eye

and I told Turner that if I was to be the beauty judge, I would pin the blue ribbon on this particular woman. It turned out that Turner knew her and went and told her what I said, and there was a general laugh all around.

But I felt so awkward in my business suit that I only remained at the ball until about eleven o'clock. Although I missed some fun, I think I averaged about as well as Turner, who remained, did, for we were put in the bath next day together and the attendant could not furnish ice water enough to satisfy Turner.

Speaking of this Mr. Turner, I must have made a pretty good impression on him, for he has never missed a Christmas since, but what he has sent me a telegram of greetings.

I am a kind of an amateur golf player and get a little pleasure out of that as well as exercise. My first game was on Mackinac Island, Michigan. I was up there visiting my oldest brother, and his daughters invited me out to the golf ground. Up to that time I had never seen a golf ball or club. I threw down the ball and hit it a swipe, driving it about as far as a professional. Walked up to where it lay and hit it again. The girls declared, "Why, Uncle Patrick, you are a golf player."

This little experience gave me a taste for the game and I have played it more or less ever since. Whenever any of my bacon friends came from Liverpool, if they happened to have any pretensions in golf, I invite them out for a game and generally succeed in "putting them down," as we say in golf.

The last one that visited me, a Mr. Jones, was supposed to be quite a crack player in Liverpool. He

and I went out to the Blue Mound Country Club for a game and whatever was the matter with the fellow, I do not know, for he made a bad mess of it that day. I put him five down in eighteen holes. In order to let him down easy, when we finished the game, I said, "Jones, if you played a little more on this course, I think you and I would play about even." He replied, true English style, "Ah! I think I would beat you," which is characteristic of the English every time.

I also have a billiard table in my house, and although not much of a player, get quite a bit of pleasure when my sons-in-law call on me of an evening.

In politics I think I would have to be considered a mugwump. I inherited my father's politics, which was that of a democrat, but was not so much dyed-in-the-wool but what I could see merit in a candidate on another ticket when there was merit there.

My first vote was cast for Horace Greeley, who was an abolitionist during the war. I also voted for Cleveland and for McKinley. In city or local politics the man I considered the best man was my man. I voted for Tom Brown, republican, for mayor two different terms. I did not vote for Rose, who was a democrat.

I never aspired to hold any kind of a public office. Did not imagine I would be a success at it if I did. Do not think I am made of the kind of material that succeeds in politics. The only public office I ever held is the one I hold at the present time, being a member of the County Park Board, which is an insignificant office.

I have just been appointed by Governor McGovern

as a delegate to the Peace Commission that will sit between May third and fifth, at Baltimore.

Being what is known in Chicago as an out of town packer, about every time that I visit the Chicago Board of Trade, I have pretty much all the commercial editors or reporters of the different Chicago papers after me for interviews. There must be some importance attached to what I say to them, for they will not allow me to escape any time that I call there.

Following are a few copies of talks I have given them from time to time:

Expects Higher Prices for Provisions.

"You may put me down as a crazy bull on provisions," said Patrick Cudahy of Milwaukee, who was in the trade here yesterday. "There is a sensational condition developing and we are liable to see higher prices during the latter part of this summer and the early fall than any man now living ever saw before. The Cincinnati Price Current of this week tells the story. Editor Murray shows that the consumption of meats during the summer of 1908 was 227,000,000 pounds more than for the summer of 1907. Supposing we should have a corresponding increase for the summer of 1909 over 1908, where are we going to get the stuff? We are beginning the packer's summer season with about 20,000,000 pounds less than we had on hand a year ago, with a prospect of 1,000,000 less hogs for the summer than last year. I base this on the fact that our hogs are now about 12 pounds lighter than they were a year ago. Twelve pounds means twelve days' hogs, and twelve days' hogs

means fully 1,000,000 or more that have been drawn from the summer supply. Farmers' experience with 4c hogs and 60c to 80c corn is bound to tell. If the consumption increases this summer as it did last, how are we going to supply it, and why should we not have the increase? It is the history of the trade. It requires more meat every year to feed the people of the world; more people, more meat.

I think lard is in a specially strong position. The world's supply is already about 50,000 tierces short, and you know that lard can only be made from hog fat nowadays. It would not surprise me to see 15c lard next November and meats correspondingly high. It looks as though the consuming power of the cities has increased faster than the producing power of the country. Not along ago 2,000,000 bushels was considered a full corn crop; now we need 3,000,000 to fill all requirements, and I presume in ten years from now it will take 4,000,000 to meet our needs."—(Chicago Record-Herald, March 6, 1909.)

The above article was copied by the Cincinnati Price Current, March 11th, 1909, with the following comments:

Provision Trade Talk.

The statement last week by the Price Current showing the indicated consumption of swine meats during the eight months, March 1 to November 1, has attracted some attention. Elsewhere in this issue appears some expressions published in the Chicago Record-Herald representing an interview with Mr. Patrick Cudahy, of Milwaukee, who appears to find

basis in the evidences as to production and probable consumption of hog products for suggesting that "We are liable to see higher prices (for hog product) during the latter part of this summer and the early fall than any man now living ever saw before." He also says: "It would not surprise me to see 15 cents for lard next November and meats correspondingly high."

Mr. Cudahy is a manufacturer of hog product, but so far as we know is not a speculator. He is a wide-awake observer, and likes to find foundation for constructing a forward view of events in the provisions trade. In the present instance there appears to be reason for regarding his view as one to be accepted with some allowance. If prices for hog products are to soar to exceptional altitudes there should be expected to result a lessening of demand for consumption.

(The following is from The Chicago Sunday Tribune, September 25, 1910:)

Patrick Cudahy, the Milwaukee packer, was on the floor yesterday, and, as usual, his views on the provision situation were eagerly sought by local traders. At the present time he is bearish.

"I think there are several reasons why pork products should sell lower," said Mr. Cudahy, "the principal reason is that meat eating people of the world, since prices have been so high, have learned how to economize to the extent of 25 to 30 per cent compared to when values were normal. We all know that the country is full of corn and pigs, and these pigs

will soon be fat hogs. January product is selling on the basis of 7c hogs, while corn, which we make hogs with, is selling on the basis of a 5c hog. To add to this, high prices have lost us a large portion of our English trade. They are now getting quite a lot of stuff from China, Servia, and other countries. I also understand there is a good deal of labor trouble in England in the shipbuilding and mining industries which will curtail their requirements. Then again our own political mixup is not tending to help general business conditions. It has paid farmers immensely to feed hogs at the high prices of a year and a half, and it is reasonable to assume farmers will have plenty of hogs just as soon as they have time to breed them. The lard trade is only fair and generally the demand for product is poor. Instead of buyers running after us we are running after the buyers."

(From the Chicago Evening News, February 25, 1911:)

Patrick Cudahy, the Milwaukee packer, was a visitor on change yesterday. He is still very bearish. He says: "Prices for provisions will go much lower before things become normal. Hogs are 2c a pound higher than what they can be produced for at present price of corn. The only reason we are getting more of them is because there is such a premium paid for making them heavy. The only thing that is scarce now is the light hog to make breakfast bacon with, which in itself tells the story as to what the farmers are doing."

(From the Chicago Tribune, February 25, 1911:)

"I think prices are going much lower for provisions," said Patrick Cudahy, the Milwaukee packer,

who was a visitor on change yesterday. "The hogs are coming awful fat, and the only reason we are not getting more of them is that farmers won't part with them until they are big and fat. The average weights at the present time are 20 to 25 lbs. heavier than a year ago, and, as hogs put on about a pound of flesh a day, this would indicate that there are twenty days' hogs back in the country of last year's weight. The packing of the west is approximately 75,000 per day. This, you see, would make 1,500,000 hogs that would be in the market if farmers were selling as close as in other years. I think March will be a big month, as it is generally a cleaning up month before farmers begin spring work. I believe the west will pack 2,000,000 more hogs next summer than last year, and that the stock of product on hand next October will be 150,000,000 lbs. more than last October. The hogs are too big and too fat, the trade is too poor, too many men are idle, for prices to hold anywhere near where they are now. Hogs today are 2c a pound higher than what they can be made for at the present price of corn. This is all wrong and has got to be adjusted before things are normal again."

(From the Chicago Record-Herald, February 25, 1911:)

"There can be only one logical side to the provision market until prices adjust themselves," said Patrick Cudahy, who was here from Milwaukee yesterday. "Corn is selling in the country at a price whereby hogs can be made for less than 5c, and there seems to be no shortage of young hogs to feed it to;

so until hogs and corn come together there is no sense in looking for prices to remain anywhere near where they are now. Every packer will tell you that from 75 to 80 per cent of the hogs that have been slaughtered so far this winter were barrows. The sows have been held back and bred, which accounts for our not having more hogs to slaughter. Those sows will come in in April and May and their pigs will come as hogs next September and October. Of course, muscle and money can do considerable, but it is hard work to make water run up hill. You have to be with the tide in order to make money and feel good over making it. The weather has been good for both breeding and fattening and both are progressing well in the country. I have a small farm near Milwaukee. I bred five sows last October and they now have fifty-two pigs, all doing well. These pigs will average from 220 to 230 lbs. next September, and I expect to sell them at $5\frac{1}{2}$ c per lb. Why, even our bulls are only advising their people to buy for a short turn. Nobody thinks of buying the property as an investment. I expect to see July and September product easily 2c per lb. lower."

(From the Chicago American, February 25, 1911:)

Cudahy's Still Bearish on Provision.

The provision market suffered losses all along the line yesterday, with the selling influential in character while the buying was quite scattered.

Patrick Cudahy, the millionaire packer, put in an appearance on the Board of Trade yesterday and prices melted away not unlike a pound roll of oleo-

margarine under an August sun. "Down, down, down and down again, for the entire provision list as well as hogs," said Mr. Cudahy. "We are not selling the usual amount of meats and lard in the United States, and the demand will not improve until we are down to a level where the working class will consume it. We are not selling any meats for export. A further 2c break in hogs will be seen, as the basis on which corn is being sold must be reached. The man who puts out short lines of the deferred provision futures is certain to reap a profit."

I am now closing in on my sixty-second year and am enjoying unusually good health, and I attribute it largely to the fact that I have learned now to be a philosopher. I have joined the No Worry Club. I find it is worry that kills, not work.

I have a room in the upper story of my house, where I can make as much noise as I want to and not disturb the other members, so every morning I get out of bed at six-thirty, take a half hour to dress, during which time I sing two or three songs in my own way, making considerable noise. I find by doing this, in case I should get to thinking about some thing or other, it stops my thinker, and puts me in a good humor for the day. I also find that if I have had a poor night and my head is not quite right, the singing drives the fog away and sets my head right.

Singing, I think, is a great thing for the health. It keeps one from thinking, aids digestion, and helps in many ways. If I were a doctor I would prescribe it for all my people as a preventative for sickness. You cannot get some people to sing unless they can

read music. That may be all right when you take your friends into consideration, but when you are thinking only of yourself, and especially your health, drive dull care away, make all the noise you can, even if you have to do as I do, go up into an upper room and shut the door.

One of my favorite songs is Tom Moore's "Believe Me." Do not know the history of it. Think it must have been written for a groom to sing to his bride, a sort of serenade. And for that matter, a man can continue to sing it to his wife as long as they live. It is sort of a declaration of faith and love. I think the lines are about as pretty as anything that ever was put together and the oftener a man would repeat them, whether talking or singing, if he gave them thought, the better husband he would be.

BELIEVE ME

Believe me if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself fondlier still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

I do not want to appear as the Pharisee, simply want to be a plain publican, but I can truthfully say that if this song was my own composition and I had made it as a declaration to my wife, I could not have followed the lines that are laid down by it any closer than what I have ever since we have been married.

I have always enjoyed looking at good-looking women, the same as I would enjoy looking at fine paintings. I take an interest in their hats, hobble skirts, and all the varieties of the styles. I enjoy chatting with the ladies, and whenever I succeed in entertaining a handsome woman I feel quite flattered and think I am something of an It. But any such thing as a handsome woman, no matter how handsome she might have been, taking the place of my wife in my affections—NEVER.

I like to cut up and have a little fun with women as well as men, and the more lively a woman is, and the more plump and handsome she is, the better I enjoy her company, but that is as far as it ever went with me.

I love my wife today and enjoy her society more than the first day I met her, with her beaded waist and dapper sealskin jacket. Yes, I am like the sunflower in the song. I look upon my dear old sweetheart today, in the sundown of life, with the same look that I did when we first met, in the sunrise of life.

Ever since I have been down at Cudahy I have made it a point to walk to the city once or twice a year from Cudahy, a distance of about seven miles. When I first began it the fellows used to josh me, saying I was doing it so that I could say Cudahy was only a nice walk from the city, using my walk as an ad to

Cudahy lots. I walked in last Saturday, a distance of seven miles, in two hours and five minutes, and felt fine. Pretty good for an old fellow, eh?

It happened to be my lot to live all my lifetime, until I moved over on the east side, in the Jesuits' parish, and by the way, I want to say here, that the non-Catholics do not understand the Jesuits. Most protestants associate them with the early day Jesuit of France, that had a hand in politics and everything else that was going on. All the Jesuits that I have come in contact with are fine, clean, up-to-date men, who attend strictly to their own business. They are an order or community of educators and are good ones.

The same mistake that non-catholics make about Jesuits is made by some catholics about Free Masons. They associate them with the Free Masons of old and look upon them as their dreaded enemies, whereas the Free Masons, at least so far as this country is concerned and as I know them, are as fine a lot of men as you could find. Think the main object of the society is sociability. Presume there is some bond of union between them that calls for one member to assist another.

I myself do not believe in any kind of secret societies. I believe if a man is married his home should be his lodge after his supper. Some men, particularly catholics, seem to think that they are at a great disadvantage in not belonging to the Masons. I do not look at it that way. I never joined a secret society of any kind and I think I have held my own

with any of them. But that is enough about this sort of thing.

Let's get back. As I said awhile ago, I always lived in the Jesuits' parish and about the time we moved into our Grand Avenue residence, there came to Milwaukee a group of fine young Jesuits. Among them was a Father Fitzgerald. He used to visit our house, play with the children, chat, and occasionally spend an evening. He was a great orator. I could listen to him preach and enjoy it more than any concert I ever attended. He was of the new school. His aim was to enlighten. There was none of that hell fire, seven devils, and all that kind of stuff which some of the old heads used to make use of to frighten people. I became very much attached to him.

But it is a Jesuit rule not to leave a man very long in a place, so after he was with us about four years, he was ordered to pack up and go to some other city. I regretted very much to have him go. Thought it would be a nice thing to give him a serenade before he left. I mentioned it to the members of our card club one evening, thought we might chip in, hire a band and give him a good send off. There was only one in the crowd that seemed to endorse the suggestion. I went on myself, hired a brass band and the band assembled in front of the college about eight o'clock in the evening and began their music.

Father Fitzgerald happened to be down at old St. Gaul's Church at the time, but came up after we had been making Rome howl for about half an hour. In the meantime several hundred people had gathered

about to hear the music. Nobody knew what it all meant. Father Fitzgerald got hold of me and asked, "What does this all mean?" I said, "I heard you were going to leave us and just thought I would show how much we appreciated you, before you left us." "My goodness, man," said he, "how can I ever explain this rumpus to my superior? It will take me the rest of the night writing letters explaining this."

He tried to look disgusted, but I knew he liked it all the same. Some time after that he was made provincial, or head, of a certain portion of the order. He was an over sensitive man, took responsibility too serious and became a nervous wreck. They sent him back to Milwaukee, where he acted as pastor of the Gesu Church for a number of years, where he died at the age of sixty-two.

I said to him one day, when chatting with him, "I would give a lot to have the faith that you have." "Why," said he, "haven't you?" I said, "No. I cannot feel and talk about heaven in the same way that I can about Chicago, New York, or London, and I think you can." "Well," said he, "If I did not feel that way, I would feel that I was one of the greatest fools that ever lived, to live the life that I have been living." The meaning of that was the rigid discipline of the Jesuit life, the order being founded on military lines. Obedience is one of their principal vows. When their general gives his command, they all bow their heads.

I also used to joke him, saying that I wanted him to go first, so that I would have a friend in court when it came my turn to knock at the gate.

The following is one of my crude rhymes I composed after his death. It expresses my feelings toward him if nothing more :

Dear and kind Father Fitzgerald,
He was our good Herald
Of great tidings of joy,
To old man and young boy.

When on a Merry Christmas morning,
Hours before the time of dawning,
He spoke the message of Peace and Good Will,
And the tale of the Infant, joyful still.

About the terrors of hell,
He was too kind to tell.
He'd a much better plan,
For the uplifting of man.

He preached hope and good cheer,
Not darkness and fear.
He always aimed to enlighten,
And ne'er tried to frighten.

And if the number in heaven,
Be but one hundred and eleven,
I am sure he is there,
With his rough tousled hair.

Pray for him? Not I,
Pray to him, I'll try,
For he was Perfection,
Or the word has no definition.

Following up this talk about the Jesuits. Just after the Gesu Church was built, the subscription list was passed around. I think three men of the parish went down for five thousand dollars each and I intended to do likewise, but an old chum of mine, a Mr. C., got after me and jollied me up to putting my name down for six thousand dollars. However, I stipu-

lated it was to be paid in installments of five hundred each for twelve years. I figured that, if I were to give five thousand down then, it would not be more than three or four years when they would be after me again, and the way I fixed it I would have a standing excuse to offset any further subscriptions.

Soon after I had subscribed the 1893 panic set in, and the priest in charge began to fear as to whether or not I would be able to make good. He conferred with one of his friends, who was a narrow-minded, envious kind of a fellow, who would probably delight in seeing me go into bankruptcy. What he said I do not know, but after leaving him Father F. called on me. He looked rather sheepish, stuttered and mouthed his words, but when he got through I understood that he proposed to compromise with me. He said he would prefer a smaller subscription, say one-third of what I had subscribed, to be paid immediately. In other words, he thought I was going under and he thought he had better take what he could get. It hit me pretty hard to have him talk as he did, for he was the first one to intimate any mistrust in my ability to pull through. But I held myself well under control. I told him I would do just what I had agreed to do and nothing else. I said I subscribed for six thousand dollars and the church will get every dollar of it, and it did, but I had the pleasure of paying the greater part of it to my old friend, Father Fitzgerald, who took charge of affairs a little later on.

Father F. always felt cheap about the position he took with me and generally avoided meeting me whenever he visited Milwaukee afterward. How-

ever, the Jesuits, as a rule, are broad gauged good fellows. One of them who is here now, a Father Shyne, is a fine man. He has taken a special interest in my son, C. J., and I feel that it is through his influence and advice that the young man has done so well.

Father Shyne was formerly a missionary priest. He traveled about from city to city, preaching and exhorting, gathering in the sheep that had strayed from the straight and narrow path, those that got out among the thorns and had their shins scratched, also any he could catch from his separated brethren's folds. His health gave out and he has been laid up for repairs in Milwaukee now for a couple of years, but he is still at his old tricks. I composed and mailed him the following rhyme the other day:

Father Shyne.

In Milwaukee lives an eminent divine,
He is our own dear Father Shyne.
He is a jolly interesting chum,
Who never tastes a drop of rum.

But it is the general belief,
That he is something of a thief.
They say he has stolen many sheep
From other pious shepherds' keep.

And when he has them in his fold,
And on them has a firm hold,
He sprinkles them with holy water
And places their heads in a Catholic halter,

Now what do you think St. Peter will say,
When Shyne appears on the last day?
Will he consider it all a square deal,
Or wave him back, saying, "A steal's a steal?"



CHAPTER XII.

I look upon the half a century of my life, about which I have been talking, as a very eventful one. The great Civil War, of course, was the greatest sensation of all. The question at issue was whether or not slavery was to continue, as well as to grow, in this country. The South was in favor and the North opposed to it. It was a question whether the union of states was to stand or fall, and it had to be fought out, and it certainly was a costly fight, so far as men and money were concerned. At one time I think there were about two million men in the field.

I remember well the assassination of the great Lincoln. The country was in mourning. All through the union states funeral services were held and funeral processions acted out.

In European countries, when they are engaged in a war, it is one nation against another, speaking different languages, all of them united in defeating their opponents. But with us it was a war of brothers. It was a war of the same class of people, speaking the same language, simply divided by a political question. There were men all through the South that were opposed to their own people in the war. The same thing held good in the North, there was the copper-head whose sympathies were with the South. Neighbor was abusing neighbor. Internal strife was at high

pitch on both sides. I remember well the terrible accounts of the thousands killed and wounded, as the newspaper boys would yell it out for the purpose of selling their papers.

The Americans, or what were commonly called the Yankees, were the republicans, or union men. They did the talking of preserving the union, etc., but most of them remained at home, while the foreigners, particularly the Irish, were "agin" the government, yet most of them went to war. There was one regiment, the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin, which was practically all Irish, yet probably before they enlisted, a good few of them were copperheads. The republicans got all the credit, but the democrats did most of the fighting.

Although it was a terrible war, I think the result was great business extension and great prosperity later on. The North was obliged to borrow immense sums of money to carry on the war and that, in turn, inflated our currency to such an extent that a dollar in gold purchased equal to two and one-half dollars in paper for some little time after the close of the war. Farmers received two or two and one-half dollars a bushel for their wheat, paid off their mortgages, which were made on a gold basis, with this inflated currency, and, of course, the currency being inflated, it required that much more of it to fill the position of a circulating medium. The resources of the country being so great, in a very short time, all this paper was redeemed and put the country on a gold basis again.

It has always been a question with me whether this great expansion and prosperity would have taken place had it not been for the inflation of the currency.

After the Civil War came the Franco-Prussian War. When the war was talked of I had such a high opinion of the French soldier, caused, I presume by the prestige that Napoleon's victories gave to France, that I thought it would be easy work for the French to defeat the Germans. I had a sort of a mental picture of every French soldier standing about six feet high, straight as a dart, weighing about two hundred pounds, but you can imagine my disappointment, when I visited that country later on, and saw the slouchy, lazy-looking, undersized Frenchmen, with their baggy trousers and big boots.

When I look back over my life and consider all the changes that have taken place since I was a boy, it makes me feel that we will soon reach the end of progress, yet I suppose that fifty years from now some other fellow will be saying the same thing. Still, it does not seem possible that there is nearly the room in the next fifty years that there was the past fifty years, for progress, improvement, and evolution, if one looks back fifty years and considers the primitive state of everything.

The farmer did his plowing with an ox team and horses were used on the roads to haul freight for long distances. I can remember well a train of teams hauling lead from a lead mine about one hundred miles west into Milwaukee. As I have already stated, the first railroad out of Milwaukee was started in 1849.

Farmers cut their grain with what was known as cradles, composed of a large blade with a boat shaped cradle attached to it and the man who could swing one of those cradles commanded high wages. An

expert at it would lean forward and bring his cradle around, cutting the grain pretty close to the ground, while others, who were not so expert, would slash the cradle in, cutting very little of the straw below the heads where they struck in on the right, then sloping outward until almost the ground with half the stroke and coming out at the left again with a little more than the heads. One could stand behind them and notice a regular dish shaped row, where they had passed over the grain.

Even some resorted to the old fashioned hook. This was made with a blade about fourteen inches long, by two inches wide with an edge, instead of being keen and sharp, was made something like a saw. A man took hold of the grain with the left hand and then reached down with this hook and cut it off at the bottom. The grain was bound by hand with a straw band and a good deal of the threshing was done on the barn floors with a flail. Corn was all planted by hand, cut by hand, and husked by hand, potatoes and everything else pretty much in the same way. Now, of course, there is machinery for doing all this work. No need to enumerate all the different kinds of machines.

All that the farmer has to do is to sit on his machine and drive his horses. Even the plowing is done with sulky plows and quite often you will see a man driving a pair of horses, seated on a reaper with a nice covered top over his head, something after the style of a buggy top.

All lines of manufacture have progressed equally as much, or more than what the farm line has.

In olden days the shoemaker was quite a fellow, driving pegs and sewing with a last and waxed thread. if one wanted a decent pair of boots, one had to get them made to order and pay ten or twelve dollars for them. The ordinary boot, which working people bought, for boots were worn altogether in those days, women being the only ones that wore shoes, were made out of heavy leather called cowhide. It was so thick that where the foot bent at the toes a great big wrinkle formed and in a very short time, unless the boot was kept thoroughly oiled, there would be a crack across the toe.

Boys generally kicked the toes out of their boots. Some genius invented a preventative for that by putting a piece of copper in the toe of the boot. Those boots were called copper-toed boots. The boot was also made with a piece of red leather in the front of the top of the leg and after a boy got a pair of those boots he generally wore his pants in his boots in order to show the red tops, until the brilliancy of the red wore off.

The real dude had patent leather boots that came up to his knees. He, of course, wore his pants in his boots all the time.

In those days it took at least six months to tan a hide so as to make leather of it. Now, thanks to inventions and improvements, they can tan a hide in a week with what is known as the chrome system. They also split the hide, making three sheets of leather instead of one thick sheet, as then, and the shoes today do not crack from the bending. Nowadays there are scarcely any boots worn by men, all

shoes, and although the leather is very much thinner, the shoes will last three times as long as the old, thick, clumsy cowhide boot did then.

This reminds me of an anecdote I heard a short time ago about a judge refusing to admit on the jury a man who wore boots at the present time. The judge's explanation was that he was afraid the man could not be induced to change his mind.

Talking about machinery for making shoes. I strolled into a shoe factory the other day, owned and operated by Mr. Weinbrenner. He kindly conducted me through the factory, and it certainly was a revelation. There were machines for every part of the work, for cutting out the pieces of leather, nailing the soles, sewing machines, button machines, eyelet machines, etc., etc.

One machine that I noticed in particular was a machine which drew the leather of the upper part of the shoe down around the soles and put several nails in it to hold it there, all at the same time. It really looked like the work of a human hand.

Mr. Weinbrenner stated that the capacity of his factory was twenty thousand pairs of shoes per day and the cost of the labor was seventeen cents per pair.

There is no need of enumerating the different lines of manufacture, as the same progress relatively has taken place in each line.

When my folks crossed the ocean in 1849 steamships were unknown. Now they are building them over eight hundred feet long with six or seven decks, equipped with elevators for the accommodation of passengers, to save them the labor of climbing stairs,

grand dining saloons, with the best food and wine that the world affords. So when one sits at a table aboard a ship, it is not much different from being at a fine banquet.

It took my people about three months to cross the ocean. Now they cross it in a little over four days.

When locomotives were first used, wood was burned. The speed was ten to fifteen miles per hour. Now coal or oil is burned, making sixty to seventy miles per hour—elegant trains of Pullman cars, fancy dining cars, etc., etc.

When electricity first was discovered everybody marveled at the fact that a message could be sent from one city to another over a wire. Then some genius invented what was known as the Gray Printer. This was a machine with a wheel of paper tape passing through an arrangement and the party operating it printed the letters by striking keys. This in turn printed the same letters at the other end of the wire in some other office.

We had one of those printers when I was with Plankintons, between the office on West Water Street and the office in the Menomonee Valley. However, it was only in existence for a short time when the telephone was invented and when it was said that messages could be sent by talking into a mouthpiece at one end and the party could hear at the other end of the wire, a distance of three or four miles. People marveled again. Now, of course, the telephone is a very old thing and distance does not seem to cut any figure and nobody knows whether the wave goes through the wire or over the wire, yet we know it is

done and feel now that we could not get along without it.

The latest invention in the line of electricity is the wireless telegraph. There was a time not long ago, when doctors advised tired business men to take an ocean trip, to get away from their business. But the genius of man has put an end to this means of rest, for the wireless telegraph has made it possible for one to get quotations of stocks, wheat, pork, etc., in mid-ocean. In fact all of the well equipped steamers of the present day issue a morning paper.

I had the pleasure of making use of this novel and up-to-date means of communication not long ago while making a trip from Charleston to New York on a steamer. Just for the novelty of the thing I sent a message to the office, which was delivered a few hours after the time I sent it.

We also have the phonograph, which affords us the pleasure of hearing an up-to-date concert in our parlors at home, grand opera, or anything we wish to turn on. We also can hear the voices of people that have been dead for years.

We have the moving picture machine, whereby, for the small amount of twenty-five cents, we can travel for an hour or two through Japan, or any other part of the world we choose to.

Then we have stenography—to the average business man one of the greatest boons of all luxuries. Formerly pens were made with quills, then the steel pen, next the fountain pen, until, at the present time, all we have to do is talk. The average business man is not any too well trained in the art of making use of

words, but the refined young lady to whom he talks is. He can put his expressions in his own brusque, blunt way and the young lady, if she is the right kind, can put a little polish on it. When he wrote with a pen, if he had "damn" in his mind, he generally put it on paper. Now if he says "damn" while dictating, she uses some other word.

This reminds me of a story about a gentleman on the Chicago Board of Trade. It must have been before the days of the stenographer, because it is said that this particular gentleman told another he feared he would have to go to Boston. The other said, "What for?" He answered, "Well, if I don't go I will have to write four or five letters and I would sooner take the train and go down there than to write the letters."

The professional men have made progress as well as the manufacturers. The doctor in old times had a pill or a powder for all ailments, a different kind for each ailment. Now he will tell you that you do not require any medicine. He tells you, "Let nature take its course. Assist nature as much as you can, and you will get well."

The same thing applies to religion. A preacher of one denomination would entertain his people, or guarantee them a through ticket, by roasting his neighbor, if he happened to be of a different denomination.

I am a Roman Catholic myself and we believe that we have got the real thing handed down by Christ when he was here on earth. Probably it is so, but there have been a great many amendments to the original religion since then.

Religious and race prejudice ran high about the time we came to this country, or a short time prior. Catholics were not allowed to worship in churches in Boston, and I think on account of the Irish race being principally Catholics, they came in for their full share of persecution. The same prejudice existed among the Catholics against their separated brethren, but the Protestants being in the majority, and of the more wealthy class, were, so to speak, on top. The fact that my name was Patrick branded me beyond a doubt as an Irish Paddy Catholic, and I tell you, it was the worst kind of persecution there was. Now and then an Irish fellow would change a letter in his name, or hide in some way, but I was not of that type. I preferred to show my colors and be called Irish Paddy and take the rest of the petty persecutions, and I assure you I got plenty of it.

I remember when I was a boy, of hearing the priests describe the tortures of hell. One of the illustrations was that you might light a candle and hold your finger over the flame until the incineration proceeded far enough to cause the fat to fry from your finger. This, of course, was only a fly speck compared to the tortures that you would suffer in hell. Then they would tell you about seven devils and all that sort of thing.

Then another thing I remember them describing, about eternity. One illustration was to place a child on the shore of the ocean, with a teaspoon in his hand, dipping the water out of the ocean into a stream that carried it away. The length of time it would take the child to dip all of the water out of the ocean, was only

a fly speck compared with eternity and the sufferings of hell, of course, were eternal.

But thanks to education and the broadening of peoples' minds, how different things are today. In that same city, Boston, which in those old days was the hotbed of persecution, there is now an Irish Catholic mayor. And not long ago an Irish Catholic, named Patrick Collins, from Boston, represented this country as American consul in one of the large cities in England.

All that method of preaching and the old foolish prejudices have practically passed away. The style now is to encourage people to do good. We do not hear so much about hell or the devil. Protestant ministers and Catholic priests associate. It is not long since I saw a Presbyterian minister sitting along side of Catholic priests at the opening exercises of a Catholic school. Let us hope that the good work will continue, for what is better than to be able to see good wherever it exists. Let us all look through the same kind of spectacles.

People are working more toward good fellowship. The old Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," seems to be more the order of the day.

There is a whispering agitation going on which proposes to have but one church and one religion. This would certainly be a great accomplishment, but fear that it is a long way off. Yet, who knows! We are certainly living a pretty fast pace at the present time, January nineteenth, 1911.

The automobile I look upon, although a luxury, is at the same time a demoralizer. Before the introduction of the automobile, well to do people took great pride in their turn-outs. Often, while visiting my brothers in Chicago, I enjoyed sitting on their front porches and admiring the fine equipages that went by, high stepping, handsome, short-tailed horses, with polished harnesses, coachmen and footmen dressed up with their high boots, white pants, cockades in their hats—ladies in their victorias or open traps, dressed up with fine hats, fancy colored parasols—one continuous procession of this kind for an hour at a stretch. It was certainly grand. The same fine procession could be seen at the Fifth Avenue Park in New York, only in addition to the fine equipages, one would see a number of ladies and gentlemen riding horseback there.

Now all this grand style is done away with. The automobile has destroyed it. It is now a question of speed only, not style. The ladies we have described can now be seen with veils tied down around their heads, goggles over their eyes, as they pass through the country covered with dust and dirt, looking more like the witches in Macbeth than like the dainty society lady.

In addition to this demoralization there is another one, which is the craze for people of small means to own automobiles. It is a generally understood thing that many a man has mortgaged his home in order to have one of them. Even farmers, who ought to have pride in their horses, are buying automobiles. It has added to the cost of living immensely and bankers are

now taking the automobile extravagances into account as one of the demoralizing situations of the day.

I joined the army of fools myself and bought one. Had to do it in self defence. I was always a lover of horses and raised a horse that would trot in a little better than twenty. Enjoyed very much driving him, but what was the use. Every time I attempted to drive in the country I was tooted into the ditch by one of those things, either coming up behind me or toward me.

If I had my way about it I would tax every automobile in the country twenty-five dollars a year and apply the money to making good wide roads for them, but instead of the automobile owners being willing to do such a thing as this, whenever there is a bill tending that way introduced at Madison, their hired attorney is there to fight it. The farmers and pioneers of the country went out into the wilds, chopped down the trees, tilled the land, made the roads. Now the speed dude, with his goggles on his eyes, leather cap and immense leather gloves and long, loose automobile coat, comes out from the city with his sixty-mile an hour machine and drives the farmer off the road he built, into the ditch and will hardly look over his shoulder to see whether the farmer's horses ran away or not.

I have said about all there is any use of saying about those infernal machines, but if the people of Wisconsin were to make me czar of the state, I would abolish them entirely.

We have progressed also in the meat line, but not so much, I think, as in other lines.

When I first took charge of the Plankinton Packing House the labor was all done by hand, yet the quality of the laboring man in those days was so much superior to the quality of the laboring man of the present day, that we did about as much work a day then by hand as we do now with a lot of improved machinery. I killed four to five thousand hogs a day in the old Plankinton Packing House, and did all the labor by hand, while at the present time it is hard to get that many killed with our scraping machines, etc. Yet the scraping machine was an innovation, as it saves a lot of hard work. Scraping the hair off the hogs as they come out of the scalding water is about the hardest work about the place. The scraping machine, which was invented in about the year 1880, does the work of about twenty men and does it fully as well. Then we have the casing cleaning machine, which is a very valuable machine, cleaning the casings fully as well, or better than had been done by hand. The endless chain for conveying hogs along is also quite a benefit. The circle saw and the band saw also work in well. The machine for cleaning pigs feet is a good one. There is also a lot of good machinery used in the way of cooling lard, agitating it, etc. And the ice machine, of course, is the greatest benefit of all, as it makes it possible for us to slaughter the year round. In early days it was a winter business, while now it is an all-year-round business.

The farmers have also become educated to breeding and raising hogs for market every day in the year, so instead of seasons, now it is an every day business.

I think the greatest improvement of all in our line, however, is in the process of curing. When I was a boy, it was the proper thing to pile up meat, well coated with salt—we will say a pile of shoulders—and in about two weeks' time turn those shoudlers over and resalt them. The superintendent passed through the curing cellar and if he saw any bare spots on the shoulders, he would call the cellar-man's attention to it and tell him those shoulders had better be resalted. This process continued as long as the shoulders would take any salt, in fact, until the meat became as salty as the salt itself. When a cook or housewife went to cook a piece of one of those shoulders she had to soak the meat in water and parboil it in order to get the salt out of it, to make it fit to eat. Otherwise it was about like eating a piece of salt. The salt also had the effect of purging out all of the red liquid, or juice of the meat.

We finally learned that all that was necessary was to put on sufficient salt to cure the meat, so it would not ferment, or become tainted, and by experimenting it was discovered that about six to eight pounds of salt was all that was necessary to cure a hundred pounds of meat.

Strange thing about meat; you can put just what salt is necessary on a shoulder, we will say, and leave it in a cold cellar and that salt will dissolve and penetrate into the meat in about eight days. Then if you were to cut that shoulder in two, you would find that the salt was only in the surface of the meat, probably about a half inch down. But by allowing it to remain for about thirty days, the cure becomes equal all through the shoulder and the center is cured as well as the outside, making it all a nice mild cure.

Saltpeter is not necessary for cure. It is supposed to improve the color of the lean, giving it a bright red color.

At the present time we cure all our English meat as I have just described, putting sufficient salt on the green meat and giving it plenty of time to equalize. It is then packed in boxes with a very thin coating of borax dusted over the meat to keep it from sliming. Or, in other words, to close the pores and keep the meat in the condition it was when it left the curing cellar.

The making of sausage by the packers was begun along about the year 1875. Up to that time such a thing as a sausage room attached to a packing house was not thought of. Retail butchers made their own sausage and it was generally quite expensive, but the packers found that there were a great many small pieces of good wholesome meat going to waste that could be worked into sausage, and finally got to making it, and they sold it at such a price that the retail butchers practically gave up making it and bought it from the packers. They could buy it much cheaper than they could make it themselves.

We, ourselves, at the present time, are making a total of a carload a day. We make smoked bologna, liver sausage, "wiener wurst," head cheese, pork sausage, as well as two or three kinds of summer sausage.

The cleaning of pigs feet was another thing that was added. We clean fully half of our pigs feet now and are making a very nice pickled goods, or souse. In early days they all went into the tank and made grease and glue.

We also have a glue factory attached to our packing house at the present time. After cooking all the bones and by-product sufficiently to get the grease out of them,

the liquid is run over to the glue factory and made into a very nice bone glue.

In fact, an up-to-date packing house at the present time makes use of all by-product. They tell a story about a colored boy acting as a guide, taking a party through one of the packing houses in Kansas City. After describing what use everything was put to, one of the visitors remarked, "You make use of about everything that comes from a hog." "Yes," said the boy, "everything but the squeal, sah." And the latest is that they are going to make use of that in the phonograph.

CHAPTER XIII.

I now have to relate the saddest tale of all, for about as I had this story of mine finished, my oldest brother, the man that I loved and revered so much, was taken sick and died. My last chat with him was in September, 1910. After talking over business and things in a general way, we parted, he stating he was going to see a doctor and I was on the way to take the train for Milwaukee. Although not looking quite his robust self, for things had not been going just right with him for six months or a year prior to that time, and he showed the effects of it, he was still a big powerful man.

He visited the Virginia Hot Springs, hoping to recuperate, but after being there about six weeks, returned and was stricken with paralysis. He had the best doctors in Chicago and they were quite hopeful of his recovery.

After being confined to his bed about two weeks, he attempted to sit up, when it was discovered that he had appendicitis. He was taken to the Mercy Hospital, operated on and died.

It is not often that a prominent man is better spoken of by the people and the press than what he was after his death. Two of the most prominent papers in Chicago had most flattering editorials on his career as a business man and a citizen.

Among the honorary pall bearers are numbered about fifty of Chicago's most prominent business and professional men. He was buried in Calvary Cemetery, December 2d, 1910. The memory of his good deeds and kind acts shall always live with me.

(Clipping from The Chicago Record-Herald Nov. 29, 1910.)

"It is held by some pessimists that there is no longer room at the top. They say that there is practically no chance for the poor boy to rise to the head of affairs because of the changed conditions of modern business. However that may be, one who did achieve this result has passed away in the death of Michael Cudahy. From the most modest beginnings the poor Irish boy, who was later to become the influential manufacturer and merchant, triumphed over all obstacles in his way and set an example of success won without double dealing or unfair advantage over any man.

With none of the advantages open to the youths of today who can prepare for a business career as the sequel to a college education leading directly to that end, Mr. Cudahy applied to the tasks and problems he encountered a native, commercial sense which his perspicacity developed with years. He found the packing business of the west practically in its beginnings, a vast, untried field of commercial endeavor with no precedents to guide those engaged in it. He, Armour, and a few others were nearly the only ones to perceive what great things its future held. To him, as much as to any other, is due the credit for the marvelous development of that industry which is now one of the world's wonders.

The success which he accomplished as an employee he bettered as an employer, and with the acquirement of power and position he never forgot those who worked as he once had—for a wage. Nor did he ignore the worthy claims which are made upon success. He held his wealth in trust and gave of his store to charity. He bore himself towards society with consideration and a real sense of brotherhood. His life furnishes a good example to the rising generation as a business man and a citizen.”

(Clipping from the Chicago Evening Post.)

MICHAEL CUDAHY

“In the last few years Chicago has lost many conspicuous members of the older generation, and now another oak has been felled in Michael Cudahy. A quiet but powerful personality, Mr. Cudahy was honorably known in business, and the tributes that have been paid to him by his associates and rivals have been distinguished by their warmth. He won not only men’s respect, but their enduring affection.

Measured by any standard, Mr. Cudahy made a big success, but the quality of success is what really counts at the end, and in this case the quality deserves emphasis. The son of poor Irish immigrants, Mr. Cudahy inherited evidently admirable qualities. He rose by unusual powers of perseverance and organization. At the right moment he struck out for himself, and in more than one crisis he proved his business acumen, responsibility and courage.

Publicly Mr. Cudahy did not assert himself, although he was prominent in the Roman Catholic Church, and al-

ways ready to be enlisted in the cause of Ireland. As in the case of many others of his generation, it was in his private life that this rich man showed social conscience. His kindness to men in trouble was known to few outsiders, but he shone in kindness. As a man he had a charming naturalness and simplicity. He was fond of simple things, with an increasing pleasure in reading and in quiet travel in his later years. His success was a real one—a success in which the desire to do right was always a guiding desire, and one in which the human side of the man was matured to the very end of an admirable life.”





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